Collier's

15¢

October 28, 1950

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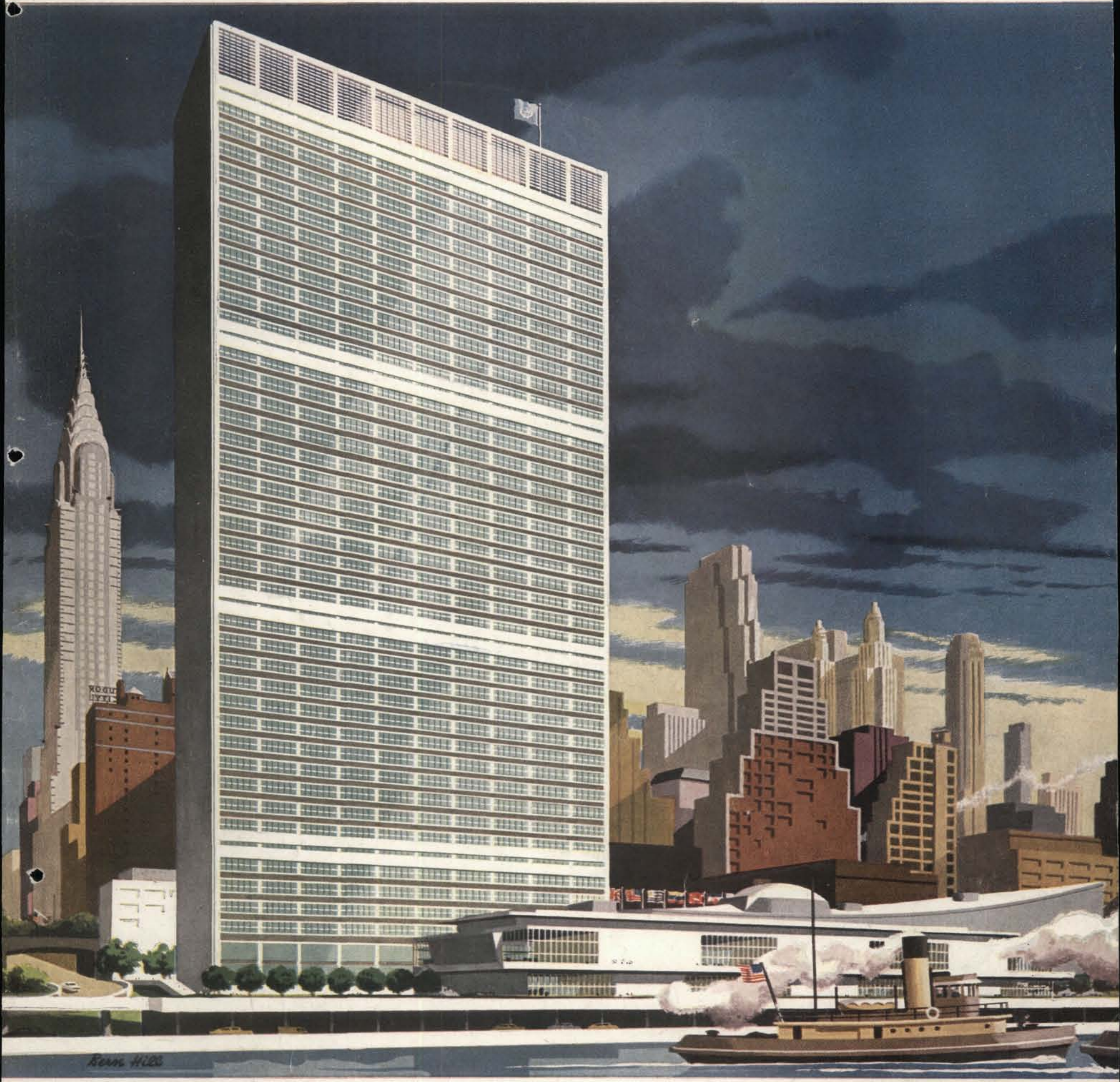

U.N. HEADQUARTERS, NEW YORK

UNITED NATIONS WEEK: OCTOBER 22-28

THE PRO GAME ISN'T FOOTBALL

Says Army Coach Red Blaik

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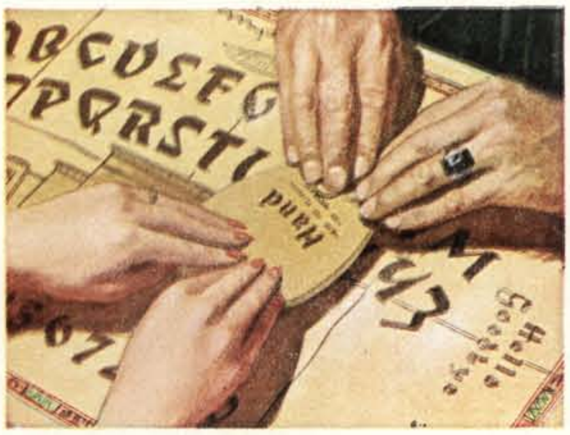
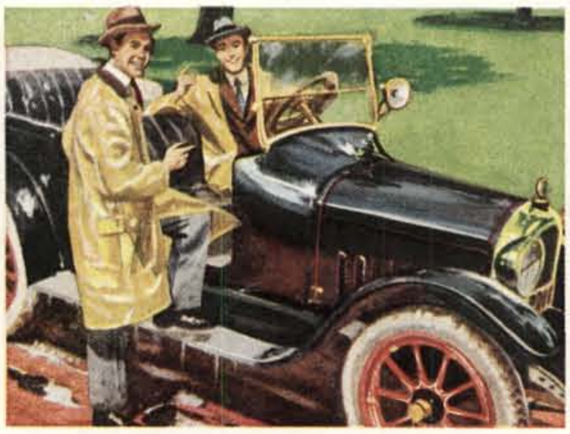
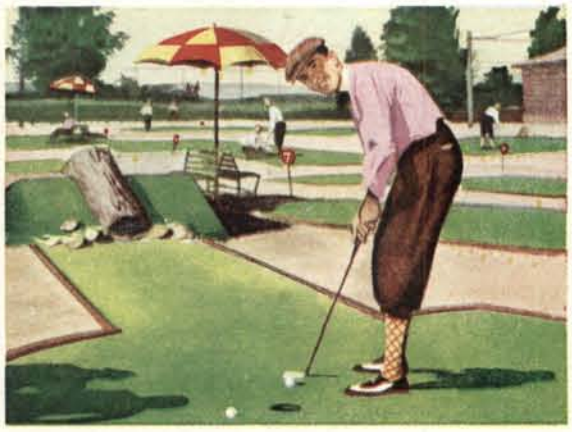
Did you fall for these fads?



1893 **Folks went** slightly haywire over the Ouija board. A fortune-telling gadget, its name meant "yes" in French and German. The answers it gave made hilarious fun for all. This fad appeared as the name Corby's celebrated a 34-year reputation for fine Canadian whiskey.



1925 **Wacky fads** marked the Roaring Twenties. The Charleston, raccoon coats, "jalopies", and King Tut novelties were but a few. Top craze of the day was probably the yellow slicker raincoat. Also in high regard was the name Corby's, a famed symbol for fine whiskey to Canadians.



1930 **Tom Thumb** golf appeared like magic, spread like wildfire. Promoters spent pennies on dyed cottonseed hulls for "grass" and made $125,000,000. For one exciting year, it was king of fads. When this craze hit, the whiskey name Corby's was a byword for the best in Canada.

1950 **Biggest** clambake now is Canasta. Even television goes unwatched as Dad gets 4 red threes down, then can't meld! But even the great popularity of this craze can't match that of Corby's, the whiskey with the 91-year-old Canadian name. If you've never tried this favorite, it's time you did. Ask for Corby's . . . made famous by millions of folks who wanted good whiskey at a sensible price.

Say CORBY'S

...a grand old name in Canada since 1859
Made in U.S.A.

CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited—Peoria, Illinois

To keep your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner, guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Never risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective, doubly-protective *Ipana* care for healthier teeth, healthier gums — better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—

to keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give you this double protection!*

If *you* want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, take the advice of dentists—fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll like Ipana's wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

Teach your children *doubly-effective* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
REPLACE CAP

Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

Now try this for Size!

The amazing belt that G-I-V-E-S for Comfort!

Completely hidden springs!
$1.50 to $10.00
In a variety of fine leathers. Ribbon styles in regimental and other stripings.

Look! It BREATHES *In* and Out

For sheer comfort there's never been a belt like it. And only EXPANSO makes it.

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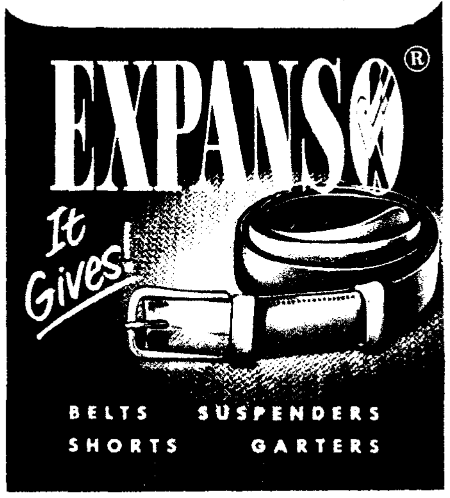
*U. S. Pat. Off. 2,414,253



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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

During United Nations Week (October 16th-24th) we present Bern Hill's painting of the 39-story, $22,000,000 glass-and-marble U.N. Building on the East River at Forty-second Street, New York. A vanguard of U.N.'s staff of 3,000 moved into the nearly completed skyscraper late in August; the rest expect to be settled early in January. To orient you, Mr. Hill's vantage point was the East River separating Manhattan from Brooklyn and Queens and looking northwest. At the left are Tudor City and the Chrysler Building. In the foreground is the East River Drive. At the right, in the background, may be seen the gigantic RCA Building, the twin towers of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and to the right of them, the G.E. Building.

Week's Mail

Alive & Kicking

EDITOR: RE JAMES STEWART GORDON BONANZA BY MAIL (SEPT. 16TH): AFTER PREENING AT MENTION IN COLLIER'S, SALTWATER FARM CURDLES IN RESENTMENT AT USE OF PAST TENSE IMPLICATION THAT IDEA WAS NOBLE BUT DEFUNCT EXPERIMENT. PERHAPS NOT NOBLE BUT NOT DEFUNCT EITHER IS ED MYERS, HARD-WORKING PRESIDENT OF SALTWATER FARM WHICH IS PRESENT TENSE ALL YEAR ROUND, SHIPPING LIVE LOBSTERS SUCCESSFULLY TO ALL UNITED STATES EXPRESS POINTS. SALTWATER FARM STILL SEEKING BONANZA, HAVING FUN DOING IT. SO PLEASE DON'T BURY US YET.

JULIA BOOTH MYERS, HARD-WORKING VICE-PRESIDENT, SALTWATER FARM, INCORPORATED, DAMARISCOTTA, ME.

General Rejoicing

EDITOR: In the 50 years I have been reading Collier's I haven't pestered you more than two or three times, but now I wish to hand you a great bunch of orchids for your editorial MacArthur Is Not to Blame (Sept. 16th). May your unbiased co-ordination of gray matter and the printed page continue with such forceful pronouncements.

F. E. HARTWELL, Bolton, Vt.

. . . Congratulations on the stand you have taken in defense of General MacArthur. He is the one man who has always known where he was going, and who accomplished something when he got there. No one has a better understanding of Asiatic problems. It's unspeakable that he should be slandered, handicapped and annoyed by stupid, ignorant officials in Washington who have nothing to offer except their adverse criticism.

HELEN LUZADDER, Payette Lakes, Idaho

. . . Even editors of national weeklies forget! The "yackety-yack" about General MacArthur began with the infamous bonus army march on Washington. The Reds, pinks and what-have-you have been after him since.

BEN JONES, Lyons, Kans.

Days of Our Youth

EDITOR: Hats off to Parke Cummings for his article, "When I Was Your Age—" (Sept. 16th). Since I'm a kid of fourteen, I'm constantly open to remarks such as "In my day we didn't read comic books," etc.

I had my mom read it, and she agreed with it. JIM DRENNAN, Oildale, Cal.

. . . Nobody asked for my two cents, but might I suggest a possible addition of my own to Parke Cummings' "When I Was Your Age—":

"At your age I didn't scuff up a pair of shoes so badly I had to have new ones every couple of months."

(And, I might add, my folks could not

Some simple facts about
DIABETES

Diabetes is a condition in which the body is unable to utilize properly the sugars and starches in food. This condition is due to a deficiency in the body's own supply of insulin.

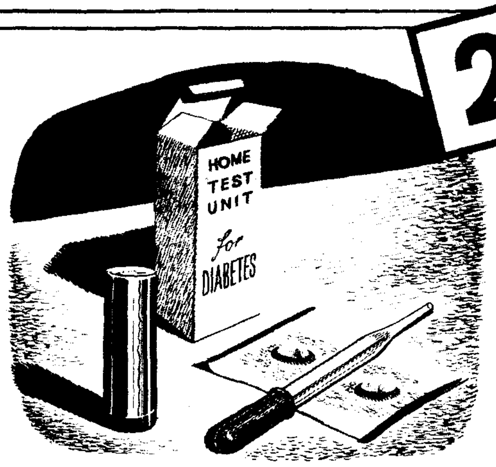
The use of insulin, made from the pancreas of animals, has made the treatment of diabetes increasingly effective. As a result, diabetics usually live long and nearly normal lives. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic today is double what it was before insulin was discovered, and has increased even more for young diabetics.

1

RESEARCH *promises more effective treatments for diabetics*

Medical science is constantly improving the treatment of diabetes. Different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, have been developed to meet the varying requirements of patients. A new type of insulin, now under trial, combines fast action with long-lasting effect.

There is continuing research on other phases of the disease. Work with radioactive isotopes and other studies offer the hope for further progress in treatment, and perhaps for the prevention of some cases of the disease.


HOME TEST UNIT for DIABETES

2

DIAGNOSIS *is quick, and easily accomplished*

Sugars and starches cannot be utilized satisfactorily by the untreated diabetic. As a result, sugar appears in the urine. It is now possible for anyone who suspects diabetes to make a simple, inexpensive test at home for sugar in the urine. Kits for this test may be obtained at most drug stores. If the results of the test are positive, a doctor should be consulted for further examination.

One recent survey showed that for every 4 persons known to have diabetes there were 3 others who had it without knowing it. Having periodic medical examinations that include a check for diabetes, or making the simple test oneself, helps to insure early diagnosis. If proper treatment is started at once, serious complications can usually be avoided.

3

TREATMENT *is largely the patient's responsibility*

Most doctors agree that the diabetic himself largely determines his own future. Cooperation between patient and doctor, of course, is essential. Only the physician can determine whether or not insulin is required, and in what dosage. He will also prescribe proper diet and advise about necessary exercise.

Once the correct treatment is established, however, continued successful control of the disease depends mainly on the patient. He should be careful and faithful in following the prescribed instructions, and he should be alert for signs of possible complications. If the average diabetic observes these and other precautions, he can usually look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

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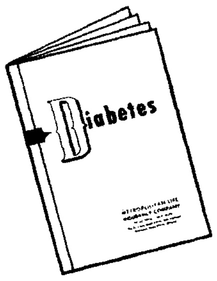

I'm wise TO SMOKE
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and Domestic t
you a much di
much better fla
aroma than any
long cigarette.
ENJOY FATIMA YOURSELF
... BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

understand it either. The reason was I took the darn' things off as soon as I got out of sight, hid 'em, and scampered around barefoot like the rest of the gang.)

Well, the *article* was cute, anyway . . .
JOSEPH MORRIS, Orangeburg, N. Y.

Self-Examination

EDITOR: When Charles Coburn was in Indianapolis in connection with his personal appearance at the local *première* of Louisa, and the running of his pacer Rush Hour at the Indiana State Fair, the article on him broke in Collier's ('The Monocle' from Georgia, Aug. 19th).

The magazine was brought to him as he was seated in The Keys, Indianapolis' ultra-swank dispensary of incredible edibles.

By strange coincidence—it is always strange coincidence—the Universal-International press representative produced a photographer from under a nearby table. This production, in the form of George Tilford of the Indianapolis News photo staff, caught Charlieboy in the act of looking at himself.
ARTHUR HERZOG, JR., New York, N. Y.

Prescription for Stalin

EDITOR: Brigadier General Bonner Fellers in his article How We Can Lick Stalin (Sept. 16th) hit the nail on the head! I think President Truman and the other civil authorities would do well to read and heed his approach to the situation at hand.

At a time like this, the politicians should take a back seat to the military authorities. We are doing exactly what the Reds want us to do; the military brass is aware of this, but how about the civil brass?
F. M. MURRAY, El Campo, Texas

. . . Your courageous action in publishing General Fellers' article was a singular service to the nation. May the American people have the good sense to listen to these words of wisdom and act upon them.
RALPH P. COLEMAN, JR., Jenkintown, Pa.

. . . I do not fully agree with the ideas expressed by General Fellers.

To abandon our friends in Europe at this crucial time would be disastrous. If they are willing and able to defend themselves against the Communist hordes for even a short time, we should give them all the financial, material and moral assistance we can. ERNEST GARDOS, Miami Beach, Fla.

. . . After perusing the mush, bunk and blurbs which have filled the magazines and newspapers the last few months, the general's exposition of the problem before us and its solution is remarkably sane. It gives me a new respect for at least one brass hat, who has progressed with the times in his profession. W. M. HATCH, Springfield, Mass.

. . . Thanks for printing Fellers' wonderful article. If you will start collecting funds to put propaganda into Russia, count me in.
J. H. MEYER, Coral Gables, Fla.

. . . I am a Ukrainian writer, who came to the United States not long ago. I find General Fellers' plan of the psychological campaign against the Soviets as presented in the article completely unrealistic. The principal reason for this is that only half of the population of the U.S.S.R. are Russians (99,000,000, according to the latest census in 1939); the other half consists of the nations enslaved by Russia. The Communist regime cannot be defeated without the active co-operation of these oppressed nations.

The sending of small "Russian-piloted planes" with anti-Red propaganda literature, as proposed by the general, will simply not reach Russian territory. They could at most drop their pamphlets over Ukraine, White Ruthenia or the Baltic States which would only be a waste of time and resources, as these peoples are enough anti-Soviet as it is.

Hitler counted on anti-Communist slogans without liberation of the subjugated nations. General Vlassov, the commander of the Hitler-made, anti-Red Russian army, made only vague promises to the other nations of the U.S.S.R., and consequently they gave him no support. These nations conducted their own anti-Soviet and anti-German fight during the last war and after it. It would seem that the case of Vlassov is a good example of a mistake which should not be repeated again. Russia can be defeated only by the ideals of freedom for all nations and individuals.
GEORGE S. HORDYNSKY, Linden, N. J.

. . . I believe Albania (map, page 15) should be in the Communist camp while Formosa should be in the anti-Communist camp.
EARL C. KLINGENBERGER,
Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.

You're quite right.

Rebuilding Men

EDITOR: Please accept our very sincere congratulations on your publishing of Harold Titus' excellent article on Michigan's Happy Convicts (Aug. 19th).

We are happy to inform you that Governor Frank J. Lausche last January directed the Ohio Department of Natural Resources to establish such camps, and we already have in operation two camps on our state forest nurseries.

From our own experience thus far we can verify the good results recounted for our neighboring state of Michigan. We believe we are rebuilding men, as well as accomplishing important projects which could not otherwise be attempted because of limited appropriations.
A. W. MARION, Director, Ohio Dept. of
Natural Resources, Columbus, Ohio

. . . I have read with interest the article entitled Michigan's Happy Convicts.

The thing that I am a little disturbed about, however, is the boxed-in part of the article entitled A Program to Copy. You intimate, at least indirectly, that Michigan is the first prison system in this country to introduce a forestry program for its prisoners.

The state of California has had forestry camps for some time and the federal prison system has had them for some time also. I would particularly like to call your attention, however, to the forestry camp system here in the state of Wisconsin, which has been in operation since 1931.

In addition to the two forestry camps that we now operate in this state, we operate a number of prison farms also scattered a considerable distance away from the main prison. It is common that, out of our entire prison population, we keep assigned to these strictly honor farms and camps somewhere between 25 and 30 per cent of the prison population.
JOHN C. BURKE, Warden, Wisconsin State
Prison, Waupun, Wis.

"Slick" Science Fiction

EDITOR: I was exceedingly pleased to find that you were publishing another science fiction story (Thanasphere, by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.) in your September 2d issue. It proves that more and more of the various "slick" magazines are waking to the importance of this type of literature today.
ROBERT P. HOSKINS, Lyons Falls, N. Y.

How ATLAS Perma-Guard* protects through freeze and thaw

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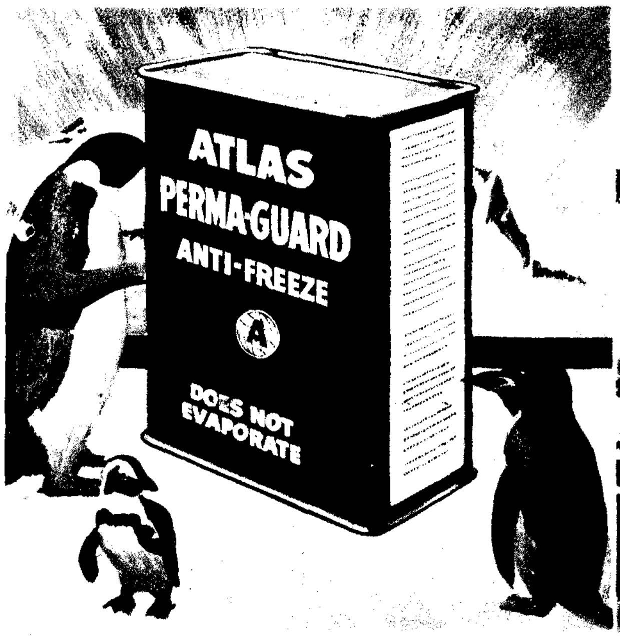
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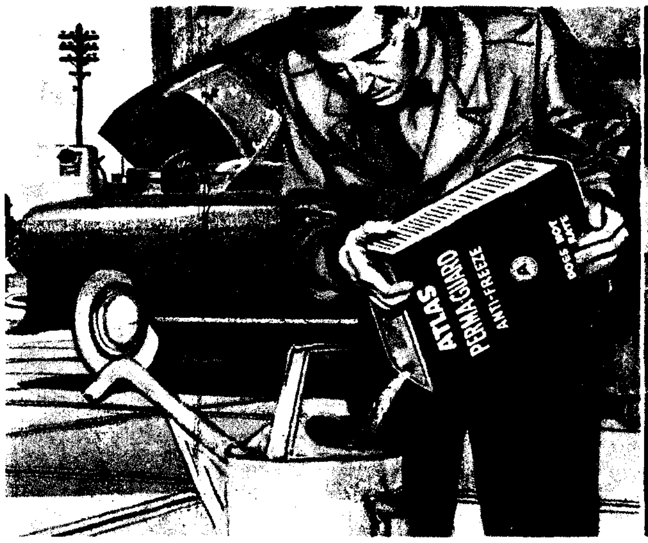
PERMA-GUARD
ANTI-FREEZE
A
DOES NOT EVAPORATE

2. Made from refined, concentrated ethylene glycol, Perma-Guard can keep your car safe even at 60° below zero.

3. Heat can't faze it! No need to worry about a spell of unseasonably warm weather. Even if you take a motor trip to the sunny South, Atlas Perma-Guard won't evaporate or boil over.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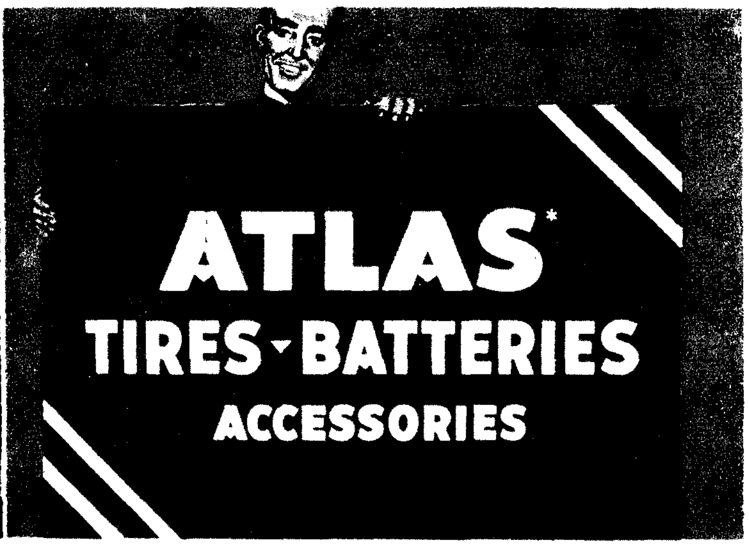
PERMA-GUARD
ANTI-FREEZE
A
DOES NOT EVAPORATE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5. Just one filling of Perma-Guard lasts all winter. Special ingredients guard against solution loss due to foaming.

6. Don't wait! See your Atlas dealer for Perma-Guard...before the cold weather rush.

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SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

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Which is really Betty Hutton?

STARRING IN "Let's Dance" A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
Color by Technicolor
(See answer below)

Batteries also look alike but AUTO-LITE STA-FUL

NEEDS WATER ONLY 3 TIMES A YEAR

IN NORMAL CAR USE

No matter how much batteries look alike, you'll have the answer when you install Auto-Lite "Sta-ful," the battery that needs water only 3 times a year in normal car use and gives 70% longer average life* than batteries without "Sta-ful" features. And you'll have the right answer when you select the girl at the right as Betty Hutton, star of the Paramount production "Let's Dance." At the left is Vicki Janis of New York City. Remember, car batteries may look alike, but be wise . . . be safe . . . be sure. Buy an Auto-Lite "Sta-ful."

AUTO-LITE BATTERY CORPORATION
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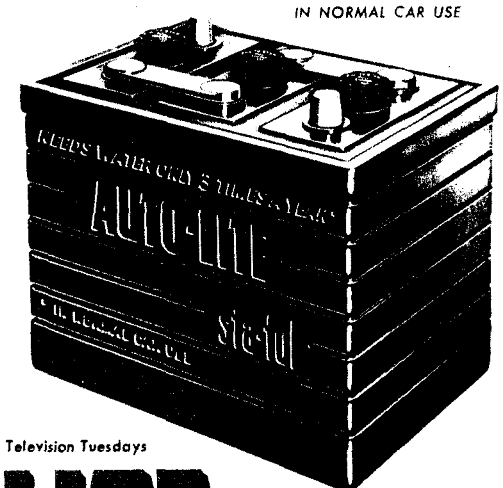
Tune in "Suspense!" . . . CBS Radio Thursdays . . . CBS Television Tuesdays



AUTO-LITE sta-ful

70% Longer Average Life*

*In tests conducted according to S.A.E. Life Cycle Standards

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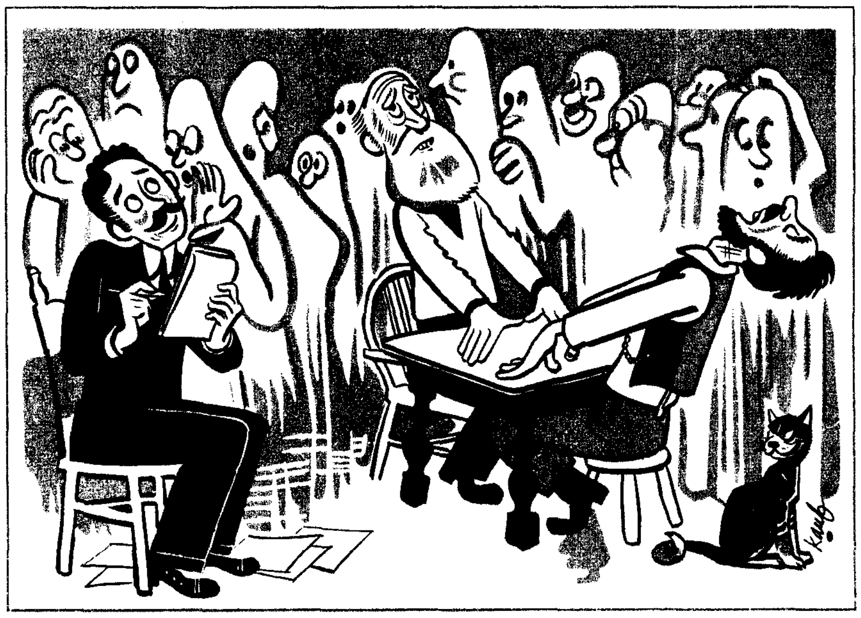

G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

In 1874, a writer on a New York City newspaper was sent to investigate a rumor that ghosts appeared nightly at séances held by William and Horatio Eddy in their farmhouse near Chittenden, Vermont. Claiming the rumor was true, the newsman stayed there and wrote—and his paper alone published—one of the strangest series of articles in U.S. press history. Although as many as a dozen spirits were materialized at some of these sessions, all were completely described by the reporter. Besides giving their names and occupations when alive, he told how they were dressed, what they said and the way they acted. The series ended after the newsman had spent 15 weeks on it and had allegedly seen more than 300 ghosts.

* * * * * * * * *

Although history contains 31 cases of wild human beings, the only one of these reports that was fully authenticated concerns the finding of two girls in India on October 11, 1920. Discovered living in a cave with a family of wolves, they were captured by a party headed by an Anglican missionary and taken to the orphanage which he and his wife maintained in Midnapore. The news so interested scientists of many countries that they went to India to photograph the strange creatures and write articles and books about their animal-like habits. While the younger girl, who was about eighteen months old when found, died a year later, the other who was eight lived until 1930. But "Kamala" was fifteen before she could say a few words, make friends and do simple errands. Despite the fact that she had long known how to walk upright, Kamala never did learn how to run.

* * * * * * * * *

A fantastic case of injustice began on September 30, 1908, in Mount Carmel, Illinois, with the surprise arrest of Jesse Lucas for a murder that had baffled the police for three years and was still unsolved. At the trial, the jury believed the prosecution's three witnesses, who swore that they had seen Lucas kill the victim; and, consequently, the defendant was convicted and given a life sentence. In 1931, a George Pond, on his deathbed, confessed to his wife and friends that he was the murderer; and then others who had been involved in the case admitted they had lied. So Jesse Lucas was set free after serving 23 years for a crime that he did not commit. As the job he had when arrested would have paid him $26,400 during this period, a bill to compensate him for the amount was presented to the Illinois state legislature. Although the proposal was passed unanimously by the House, it was defeated by the Senate and Lucas never received a cent.

* * * * * * * * *

Few men have caused more human misery indirectly than Sir Basil Zaharoff, who was born in Turkey in 1850 and died at Monte Carlo in 1936. For nearly 50 years, Zaharoff was instrumental in fomenting wars so he could sell armaments. After getting one country to give him an order, he would inform neighboring nations of the purchase and, thereby, frighten them into buying similar quantities of munitions. Eventually, Zaharoff became the friend of Europe's monarchs and statesmen and also a large stockholder in a number of tremendous arms manufactories, such as Krupp, Vickers and Schneider-Creusot. Although Zaharoff never disclosed any facts about his income, he is thought to have been one of the wealthiest men of all time. During 1936, the year he died, the world was at peace, yet his companies and their subsidiaries sold some $6,000,000,000 worth of war materials.

* * * * * * * * *

At the Paris Exposition in 1937, a unique exhibit was a small fountain that spouted mercury instead of water. Its operation required $18,000 worth of the liquid metal which, in turn, required the protection of day and night guards. Thus, its maintenance costs were probably unapproached by any other fountain of comparable size in existence at the time.

* * * * * * * * *

A new kind of radio for automobiles contains an automatic tuning device that is set in motion by a button in the floor near the brake pedal. Unlike present receivers which require considerable tuning by hand on the road, this device quickly brings in another station within range of the car each time the button is pressed down.

Seeing can be deceiving

Your eyes can deceive you . . . show you a distorted world of shadows, blurs, foggy images . . .

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The truth is . . . nothing is more precious than your eyes. They must last you a lifetime. They cannot do this without the best professional care. Nearly all errors can be corrected. Glasses alone may not be the answer to your visual problems.

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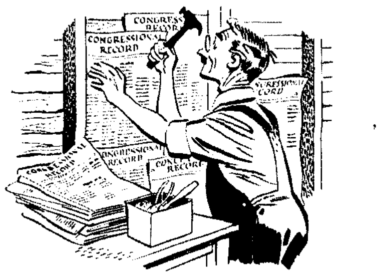
48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

This being Collier's for October 28th, we can't think of a better time to tell you that it was on this date 64 years ago that the Statue of Liberty was dedicated in New York Harbor. The big, bronze girl standing at America's front door, gazing calmly and resolutely at seething Europe, has been staring down tyrants for a good many years, and she isn't going to flinch now. This, then, is to let her know that we bristle inside and out when we see Reds from over yonder nipping at her toes and American Commies yapping at her heels. Neither is big enough to reach any higher.

★ ★ ★

Grateful to his government is Mr. John Tell Luckie, of Fort Smith, Arkansas. For three years he has been receiving copies of the Congressional Record. Better still, he has saved them. He had intended taking a few years off and reading them, but still better he has finally used them for insulation on the addition he has just built to his home.



★ ★ ★

And Mr. Elwood P. Staino, of Pocatello, Idaho, wants to know what colleges do with their football teams after the close of the season.

★ ★ ★

We learn from Mr. Pat Reedhouse, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, that Mr. James Dilworth, president of the Exchange Club of New Orleans, has defined the Mason and Dixon's line as "the division between 'you all' and 'youse guys.'"

★ ★ ★

Although he has not lost his self-control, Mr. R. E. Laudick, editor of the Putnam County Sentinel, Ottawa, Ohio, is just about out of patience with people and groups of people who devote otherwise valuable time to holding forth on the subject: What's the Matter with America? Mr. Laudick earnestly suggests that they stop writing and talking long enough to ask *themselves*: What's the Matter with Me? "Then," he adds, "when they've satisfactorily answered that question they'll have the right to move on to one of greater importance."

★ ★ ★

Nevertheless, Mr. Amos F. LaPietre, of Helena, Montana, insists on being critical and we're not going to stand in his way. He says that he has received a dozen letters "urging me to go around repeating G.O.P. slogans that someone ought to have his mouth washed out with soap for." (That quote will require several readings.) One of the slogans urged upon Mr. LaPietre is: Less Palookas—More Bazookas—Vote Republican. "I am for more bazookas," says Mr. LaPietre, "but no matter which way a guy votes there's nothing he can do about the palooka crop."

★ ★ ★

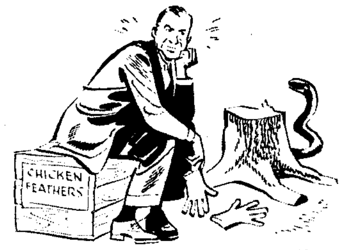
Mr. Truman is not the only prominent citizen to trip occasionally over his own tongue. There's Errol Flynn, the handsome movie actor, for example. Of course Mr. Flynn hasn't nearly as many things on his mind. Not long ago Mr. Flynn arrived in Salina, Kansas, with his fiancée, Patrice Wymore, to visit her parents. Naturally newshounds rallied around. Being original-minded journalists, they asked him what he thought of Kansas. Mr. Flynn replied majestically that until he arrived there he had no idea where Kansas was. He seemed a little surprised by the complete absence of applause.

★ ★ ★

We frequently fall back on our favorite newspaper, the Dahlonega (Georgia) Nugget, for items. But even that fine journal lets us down now and then. Mr. W. H. White's column—Here and There—is on the arid side this week. But Mr. White has an explanatory paragraph: "The writer had some kind of an attack last Sunday morning. We thought our time was about up."

★ ★ ★

This week's mail is aimed at being helpful to us and of course we're properly appreciative. But there's not much we can do with advice on the most efficient way to remove old tree stumps, or how to encourage black snakes, or better ways to clean rubber gloves. Furthermore we have no interest in dyeing chicken feathers, nor do we want to buy a covered bridge. It was generous of you to send us such intelligence but we have no old tree stumps, we want nothing whatever to do with any kind of snakes, we own no rubber gloves, have no chickens and among the several things we would have no use for is a covered bridge. But keep on trying, chums; ease up on the helpful hints and let us have more news.



JACK BETTS

★ ★ ★

Stand back there. Give us room to stick out our neck and make a political prophecy. The Republicans will gain five Senate seats, not quite enough to take over. The Democrats will lose about 25 in the House but, of course, retain at least nominal control there. That control can vanish when domestic issues bring about coalition between the Republicans and the Southern Democrats. We were less coy about predictions before the Korean Reds crashed

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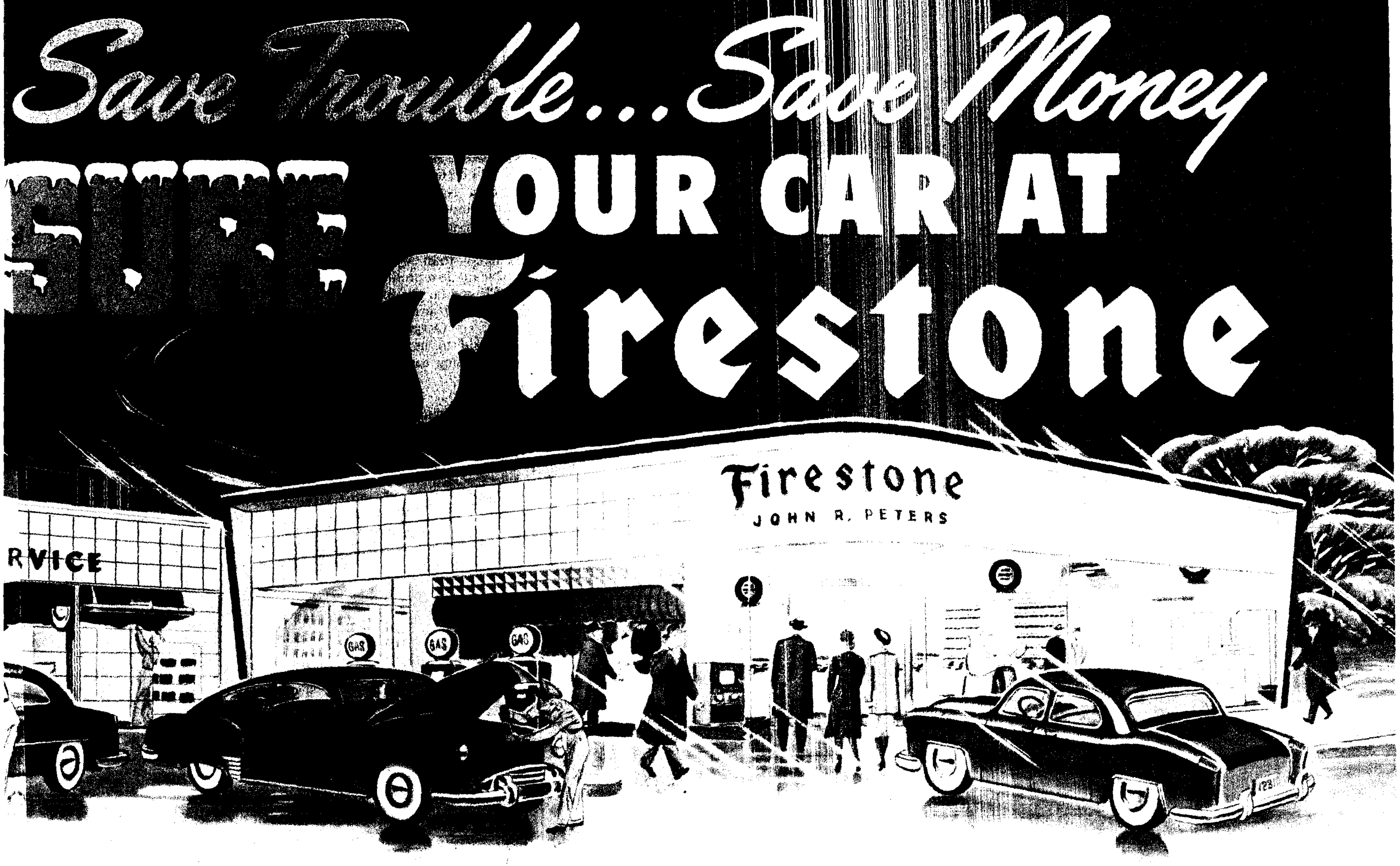
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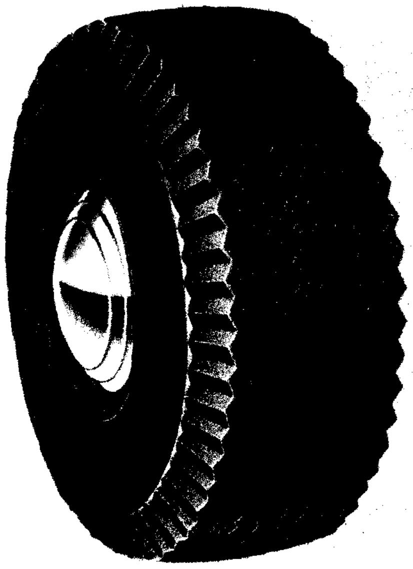

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you
know...

for years they
were after Mr. but whenever they
came close, he
would just skidoo!
It remained up Burt Lancaster
the number Secret Service Man
find him...
then along came Dorothy McGuire,
and Lancaster
almost forgot
his business.
But finally,
they cornered and saw to it that
the old rascal
paid his crimes.

WHICH ALL ADDS UP TO
wonderful picture!

with MILLARD MITCHELL · Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Produced by JULIAN BLAUSTEIN · Screen Play by Robert Riskin
Based on an Article in The New Yorker by St. Clair McKelway

the 38th parallel. But today we Americans are an apprehensive people. In times of peace, in a democracy like ours, the federal administration follows the people. When the guns begin to roar, the reverse occurs.

★ ★ ★

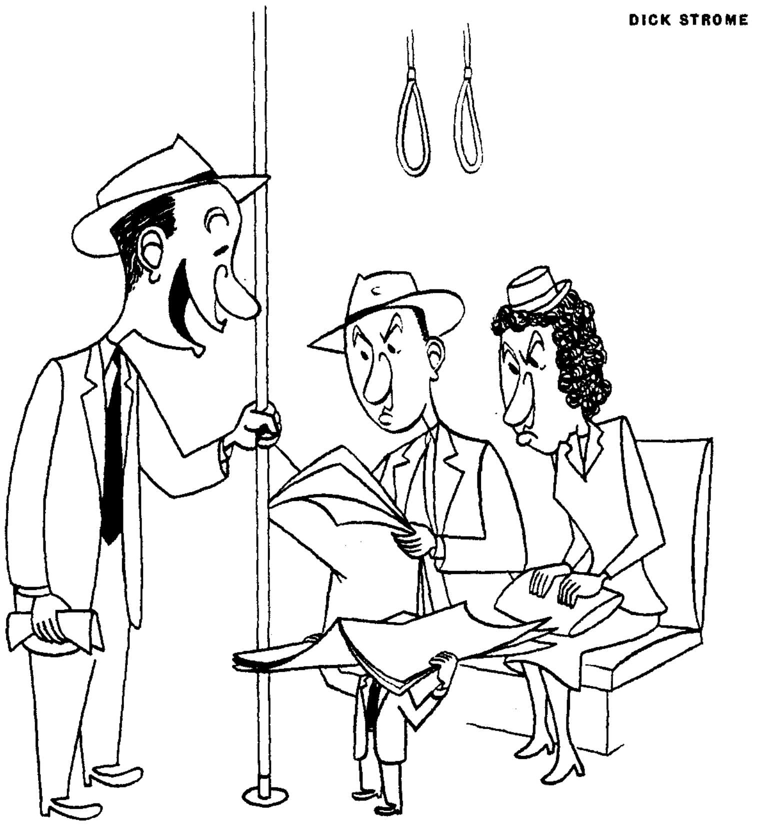
With war on our hands and visibility poor, we look to the White House and fervently hope *it* is strong, right and fearless. We huddle and follow what leaders we have. All this makes us less sure of great Republican gains—repudiation of the Democratic management—than we were early in June. But we've made a prediction. We'll stand on it. We'll not be the first to be wrong. Nor right, either. It was in Oklahoma, we think, that an Osage Indian named Robert Cloud said to us: "Every man is right today and wrong tomorrow."

★ ★ ★

When, inevitably, Harry Truman writes his memoirs, we hope he gives plenty of space to the Fire Johnson row. Of course we know nothing reliable about the fight. But from what we hear it was quite a brawl—the President refusing to be pushed and the demanders refusing to budge. We hear too that language was used that would have scorched the tongue of a baseball manager. There used to be a guy on Collier's who resigned because, he said, he would not stand for what the editor said to him. The editor had merely said, "You're fired."

★ ★ ★

Twenty men who save American businessmen many millions of dollars every year recently held their annual convention in Houston, Texas, and we're sorry we weren't there to listen to them. They are the complete membership of The Great American Society of Questioned Document Examiners. They're death on forgers and forgeries. Due largely to their art, many poison-pen letter writers have landed in jail. Even ballot-box stuffing has become highly hazardous due to their skill. A couple of the GASOQDE boys found that Alger Hiss's old Woodstock typewriter had been used to copy secret government documents. Another pair helped send Bruno Richard Hauptmann to the electric chair for the kidnaping of Colonel Charles Lindbergh's baby. We're told that the papers read at the GASOQDE made the stuff ground out by the whodunit writers read like railroad timetables. Couldn't get there. Too bad. Maybe next year.


DICK STROME

The Conversationalists

4—The Public Addresser

THIS character either thinks everybody is hard of hearing or else he harbors a frustrated ambition to be an orator. To make matters worse, he generally accosts you in a crowded elevator or streetcar.

"WELL, WELL, HOW'S MY OL' BUDDY-BUDDY?" he bellows.

"Fine," you reply softly.

"IS YOUR BROTHER STILL IN THE INSTITUTION YET?" he shouts.

"It was a *hospital*. He's fine now, thanks."

"I HEAR YOU'VE BEEN OUT OF WORK! THAT'S PRETTY TOUGH!"

"No, I just changed jobs," you correct him.

"WHAT'S THIS BUSINESS ABOUT YOUR WIFE LEAVING YOU?"

(You try to hide behind the Evening Graphic.)

"No, no, she's just visiting her aunt in Harrisburg for a few days."

"THAT SO? BY THE WAY, I SAW A COP GOING INTO YOUR HOUSE THE OTHER NIGHT! NO TROUBLE, I HOPE!"

"No, that was my BROTHER!" you say, trying to top him. "He's a NAVAL OFFICER!"

(The audience seems unconvinced.)

"WELL, IT'S BEEN GREAT TALKING TO YOU, PAL!" he hollers in parting. "TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF! YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!"

You don't at that.

—BY PAUL RITTS

new shampoo sensation actually shines hair

gets it so clean you can feel the difference!

Now bring out the *full* beauty of your hair with a revolutionary shampoo that works in a completely new way! Helene Curtis Shampoo Whip bombards hair and scalp with billions of lively, lanolin-loaded bubbles that *rush* dirt and dandruff away—even in hardest water. Actually *shines* hair. Leaves it so gloriously fresh and clean you can *feel* the difference. So sunbeam bright...so enchantingly soft...you'll take new, exciting pride in your hair.

It's the world's first whipped LOTION-LATHER shampoo—wonderfully *good* for your hair and scalp. A marvelous beauty treat—with amazing new *atomized* lanolin, that penetrates like magic mist to EVERY part of hair and scalp. MORE lanolin by far than ordinary shampoos.

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This amazing new discovery by Helene Curtis, leading authority on hair, makes ordinary shampoos old-fashioned. Try it today, and you will throw away your *old* shampoos.

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SHAMPOO
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Just press nozzle —
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ACTUAL LATHER
(like whipped cream)

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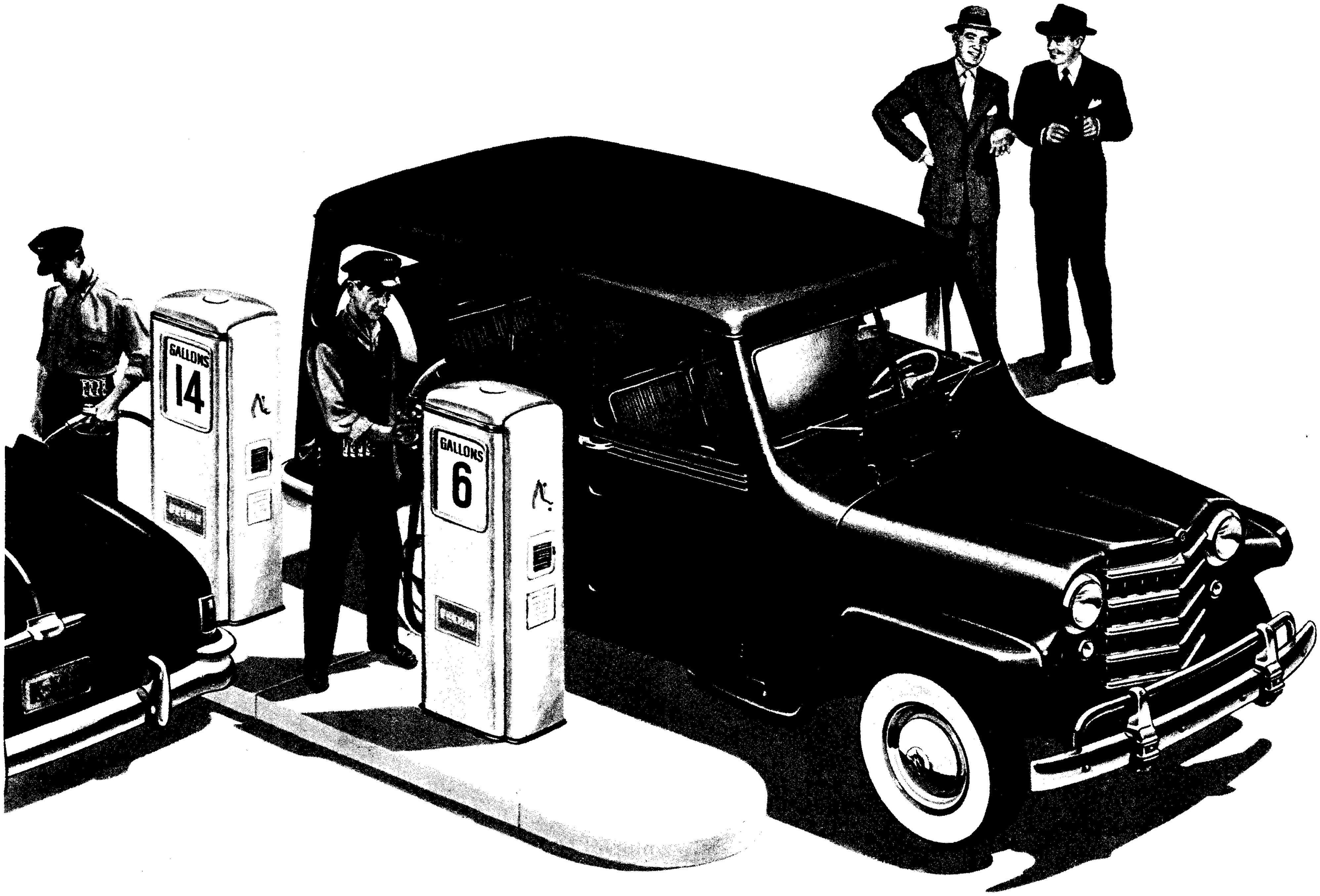
Far MORE lanolin than any ordinary shampoo.

"...and it rides swell, too"


GALLONS
14
GALLONS
6

WILLYS

makes sense

—IN DESIGN
—IN ECONOMY
—IN USEFULNESS

BLUE SHARKS
off the Red Coast

By JOHN CONNER

Collier's WAR CORRESPONDENT

These Navy bombers, each packing the wallop of three destroyer broadsides, interrupted routine patrols to strafe ground targets in fighter-plane style

Tokyo

AT AN air base in Japan, a Navy briefing officer was laying down the law to a group of pilots. "There will be no more firing at ground targets," he said grimly. "If there's to be any more shooting from now on it will be with cameras only. Or does anyone here want a court-martial?"

Thus ended a strange and wonderful chapter of the Korean war—a chapter which saw big, sleek, long-range patrol bombers, intended mainly for antisubmarine work, going out every day to wage war almost in the style of fighter planes: swapping angry bullets with beached Communist patrol boats, blasting railroad trains, bombing bridges from low altitudes. For the pilots of this Navy squadron, that kind of action was a lot letter than spending long hours aloft looking for submarines that weren't there.

The squadron was one of the Navy's Blue Shark outfits—flying the shark-nosed, blue-hued P2V Neptune Patrol Bomber, successor to the clumsy, night-camouflaged Catalina which was called The Black Cat in World War II.

Born to the fleet between the wars, the Neptune built up its reputation overnight in 1946 with the famed Truculent Turtle's spectacular nonstop flight from Australia to Columbus, Ohio—a performance that helped the Navy prove it had the longest-range two-engined bomber in the world. Although it is primarily a sub hunter and killer, the P2V has undertaken a wide variety of chores in Korea, watching the movement of Communist shipping, doing the spotting for warship gunnery, shepherding convoys into port and guarding the landing beaches during amphibious operations—acting, in short, as the eyes of the United Nations forces in the battle area. For this task, the Blue Shark is equipped with the latest radar equipment for peering through darkness and clouds.

But in addition to its electronic eyes, the P2V packs a powerful punch: rockets, bombs or torpedoes, and both 20-millimeter and .50-caliber guns. A full salvo of its rockets is equal to nearly three times the hitting power of a destroyer broadside. The Blue Shark crews, yanked out of a scheduled six-month training stint to patrol the Korean battle area, were initially ordered to attack any worthwhile target they saw in enemy territory, in a move to step up their proficiency with that imposing array of weapons. They cheerfully obeyed.

Lieutenant Commander R. L. (Stretch) Ettinger, of Medford, Oregon, a six-foot five-inch giant who builds hot rods as a peacetime pastime, led the way. Ettinger hadn't fired in anger since his patrolling days of World War II and no one had yet felt the fiery bite of an attacking Shark, when one hot July day he saw a freight train steaming south out of Chongjin. He alerted Lieutenant Bill Pressler, of West Palm Beach, Florida, flying another Shark behind him, and then whipped down after the freight. Four rockets caught the string of cars dead middle and lifted two of them clear of the track in a slow, high roll. Then Ettinger called to his wingman: "Hot Rock, I want that engine. Get it for me."

Collier's John Conner rides the copilot's seat of a P2V Neptune. Conner was a World War II combat correspondent in the Marines

Hot Rock came in steeply, spitting fire and lead. The engine boiler erupted as he swept overhead. For good measure, Pressler dropped a bomb on an undamaged railroad line on his way home, leaving a twisted loop of tracks to mark his passing.

As the air offensive against North Korea gained momentum, the Sharks, restricted largely to coastal patrols, tackled everything floating that had an enemy gun on it.

Lieutenant Commander E. B. Rogers, of Sumner, Mississippi, squadron executive officer, got into a cove one day to check on an island that looked suspiciously like a camouflaged boat. As he approached it in a shallow dive tracers came up to meet him.

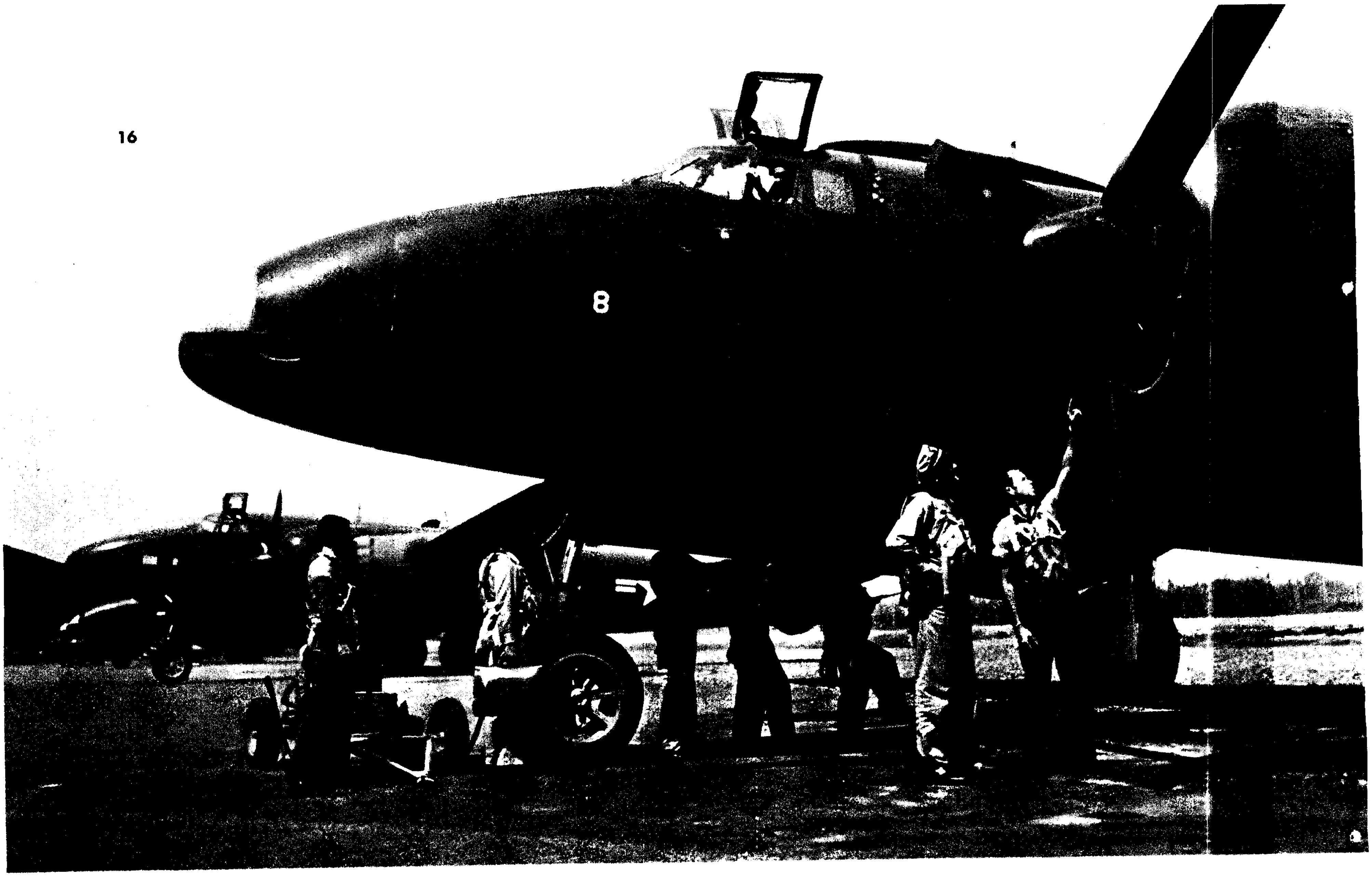
"It looked as if someone was firing at me from a rock and from behind a tree," he said. "I made my run with rockets and 20-millimeters and came back for another. This time two of the 'rocks' let me have it and when I fired back eight more opened up. No matter where I turned I seemed about to get shot down.

"I got two of the boats at the waterline with rockets and then got out of there—with my skin whole and six holes in the plane."

The next day that same plane was shot up so badly that it had to ditch in the sea near Japan—thus ending the shooting exploits of the hard-flying Blue Sharks.

Ensign Bill Goodman of Fountain, Minnesota, and Lieutenant Commander Wylie Hunt, of San Diego—a World War II veteran who was shot down during the Battle of Midway and captured by the Japanese—were flying partners that day. Hunt, in the lead and out of Goodman's sight, made a rocket attack on a camouflaged gunboat off Chinnampo and maintained his course south toward Inchon. Goodman came on behind a few minutes later and, without knowing it had already been attacked, made a pass at the same vessel.

This time the North Koreans were ready. They met him with fire coming down and going away. The top turret gunner, Chief Machinist's Mate



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STAPLETON, COLLIER'S COMBAT PHOTOGRAPHER

Getting ready for a mission. Lt. Comdr. R. L. Ettinger (in cap) checks engine with crew member as others file aboard

Comdr. Arthur F. Farwell, who heads the Japan-based Blue Sharks, is shown with a chart of North Korean plane insignia

Houston Rhodes, of San Diego, saw the tracers coming up as Goodman climbed.

"Pilot from top turret—sir, we've got fire in the starboard engine."

Goodman gunned his plane up to 1,000 feet, feathered the right engine and hurried out to sea to get away from the coast and capture. A P2V can fly on a single engine if it's light enough, and as this one headed home, its crew pitched everything loose out through the deck hatch.

The other engine began to smoke. Rhodes, an old hand who had escaped from the sinking carrier Lexington in World War II, called the pilot again. "Mr. Goodman, we'd better think about ditching. That burning wing is going to buckle."

But only when he heard that his radioman had contacted the base did the plane commander finally order: "Stand by to ditch."

The plane stayed afloat ten minutes. The crew timed her from their rubber rafts and then saw her slide under in a sigh of steam. In ten minutes more Hunt was circling overhead, signaling: "The British are coming."

Six hours later, just at dusk, a British cruiser and destroyer picked up the plane crew.

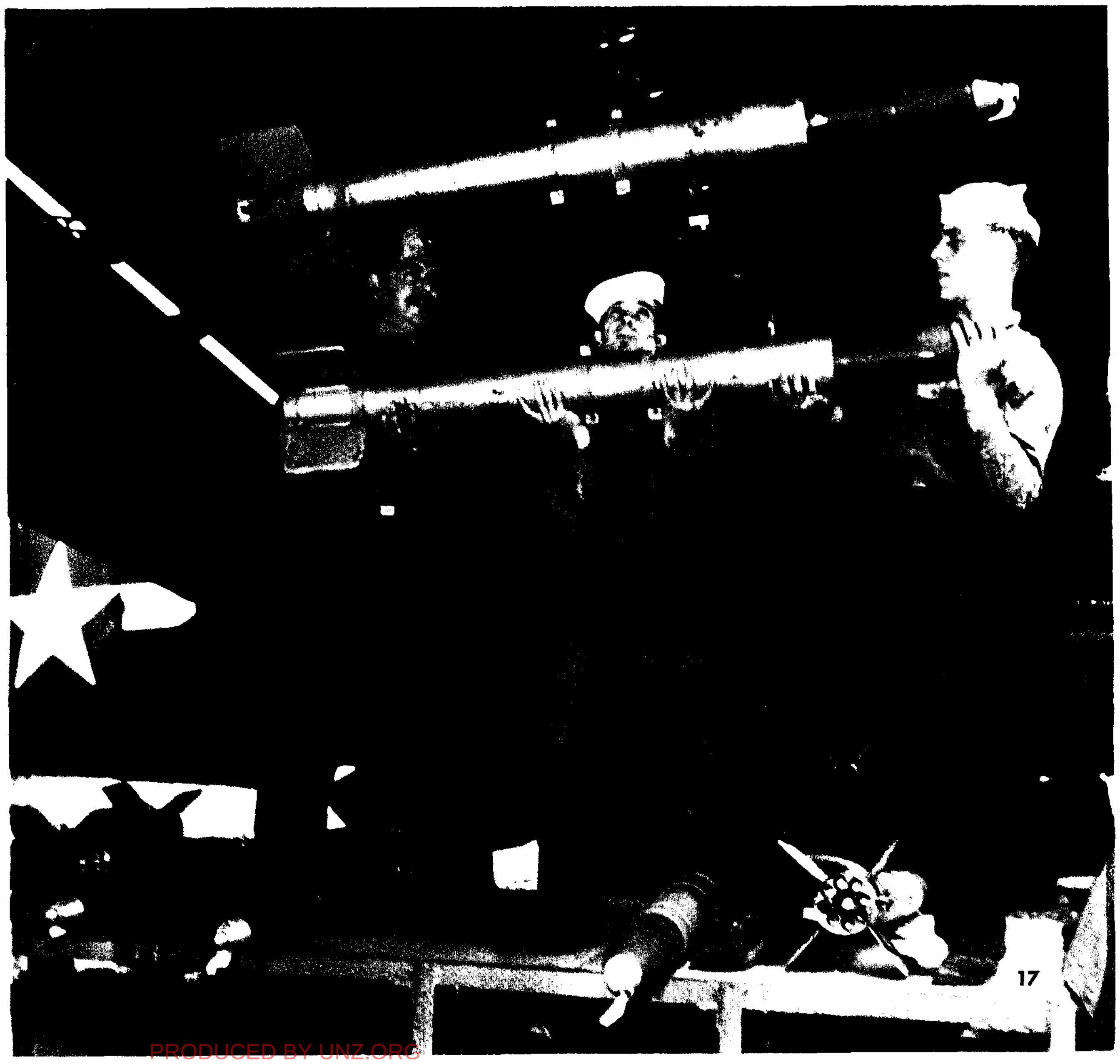
Back at the air base the next day the bad news arrived. Admiral Joy, chief of the Navy's Far East Command, had celebrated the first loss of a Blue Shark with an angry order. It was passed on at the preflight briefing. "No more shooting." With their expensive radar and other equipment, the P2Vs were just too valuable to lose that way.

The patrol missions aren't as exciting as they used to be for the Blue Shark squadron. In fact, they're pretty dull (in World War II, American pilots flew an average of 1,800 hours of patrol for every enemy sub sighted; in this war the hours of fruitless searching are even longer).

Nevertheless, in their painstaking patrols, the Neptunes may be doing noble duty by heading off submarine trouble before it starts. The squadron's leader, Commander Arthur F. Farwell, Jr., of Pensacola, Florida, knows how effective air patrols can be.

After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, Farwell commanded a squadron whose slow flying boats were assigned the dusk-to-dawn antisubmarine watch from Cape May to Cape Hatteras on the east coast of the United States. Radar was crude in those days and Farwell's planes were not permitted to use flares because they would illuminate American shipping as well as German conning towers. So the Catalinas hunted and dived in the dark and the rate of reportable sinkings was low. Yet from May to June in 1942, the number of submarine sightings was cut down from 105 to three in the area.

"We were doing a lot of good but we didn't realize it until the statistics came in," said Farwell. "Then we knew our ventures had not been in vain. I think the same may be true today." THE END

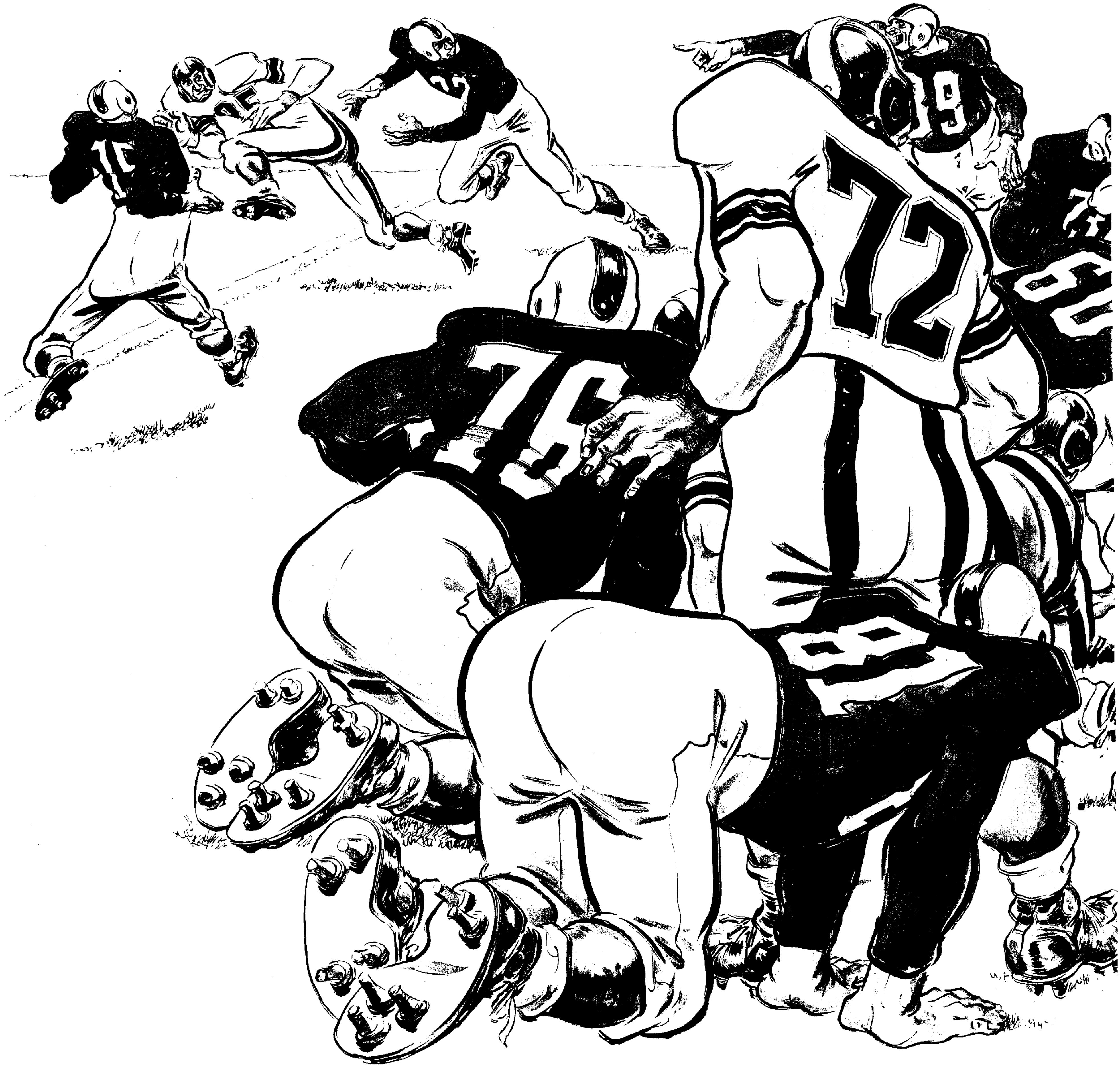


A team of Blue Sharks on anti-sub patrol off Korea. When this work got too dull Neptunes would hammer inland targets

Navy ordnance men load rockets on a P2V. Hard-hitting plane also totes machine guns, cannon, torpedoes, bombs

ARMY COACH RED BLAIK SAYS:

THE PRO GAME ISN'T



"Rushing the passer is grueling work . . . A man must drive himself if he's going to break through . . . The pros stand on the line of scrimmage and hope some secondary-defense man knocks it down"

FOOTBALL

By STANLEY WOODWARD

IT HAD been a game to rouse the dead. The supposedly unbeatable Cleveland Football Browns had gone into the second half trailing by 21 points, and 70,000 people had howled a savage éloge to a team that appeared to be at the mercy of the underrated New York Yankees.

But in the second half an exhumation began to shape up and when the iron November twilight closed in on Yankee Stadium, the New Yorkers were fighting the clock to hold a 28-all tie.

The Cleveland comeback had been cruelly systematic. Marion Motley, the big fullback, had taken a series of hand-offs from quarterback Otto Graham and riddled the core of the Yankee line. Graham, keyman of a T attack that was suddenly alive, had whipped passes to his buttonhooking halfbacks and had found Dante Lavelli and Mac Speedie, his spectacular ends, with long loopers. The Stadium was in a turmoil as the Browns started for their fifth touchdown. But time ran out on them before the tie could be broken.

Going downtown I shared a cab with Colonel Earl (Red) Blaik, the Army coach. He sat in his corner silent and apparently unmoved by the recent heroics. Trying to start a conversation, I said, "Great game, eh?"

"Yes," said the Colonel, composedly rubbing his chin, "but it wasn't football."

Not football!

Recently, when Collier's asked me to report the Colonel's views on college versus professional brands of the game, I reminded him of his cryptic remark in the cab after the Cleveland-Yankee hair-raiser three years ago.

He was in his shirt sleeves behind his big desk on the top floor of the West Point gymnasium during an interlude between sessions of clinical football. Down the hall the movie projector whirred as members of the staff studied the technique of some impending opponent.

"Sure, I remember it," he said, "and that's what I think. Football is a college game. It calls for these things: youth, condition, spirit, plus continuous hard work by coaches as well as players."

What's the matter with professional football?

"Nothing. It's what it aims to be. It's a show. The pros are in the entertainment business."

Subsequent questioning revealed that Earl Henry Blaik, Colonel U.S. Cavalry, Retired, developer of five undefeated Army teams in nine years, doesn't think a pro eleven would stand a chance if it undertook a schedule of eight or nine games against tough college teams.

He admires the individual skills of the professional players, likes to see the games himself. But he doesn't think the pros work at team development like the colleges. He doesn't think the players keep in good condition. He thinks they lack spiritual lift. He thinks they are turning the game into basketball by depending almost wholly on the forward pass. He misses the detailed execution of the college running attack. In pro football he discerns no "second effort," i.e., getting downfield to block the secondary or pursuing a runner who has got away.

His comments are observations rather than criticisms. He says he does not know the problems of pro football and admits the pros may be proceeding in a logical manner for the promulgation of their business—which is show business.

"However," he says, "I don't learn anything from pro football. I know that if I could not develop a team which would play harder, faster and with greater co-ordination than the pros, my career as a college coach would be—shall I say—limited."

That day and other days I listened while Colonel Blaik expounded the revolutionary theory that the best football is not played by the pros and cannot be. His approach was positive—an evaluation of the college game rather than a mere arraignment of the shortcomings among the pros. In an attempt to get at the reasoning behind his conviction I attended meetings of the Army football staff and practice sessions of the squad. I sat in the projection room while the coaches ran movie reels of past games with prospective opponents. I listened to detailed discussions of blocking methods and faking techniques. Ultimately I began to see what the Colonel meant when, albeit without malice, he classified the pros as mere showmen.

The work a collegiate coaching staff puts into football is staggering. Blaik himself hasn't taken a vacation in nine years. Day after day around the calendar, Sundays and holidays often included, he is at work either in the football office or out on the Plains where the cadets practice.

He is not unique among college coaches. Frank Leahy of Notre Dame, Bennie Oosterbaan of Michigan, Bob Neyland of Tennessee, Dutch Meyer of Texas Christian, Lynn Waldorf of California, Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma and many others apply enough fanatical devotion to their profession to make them millionaires in a more rewarding field. To beat their teams you have to match them in staff work as well as man power.

A Visit to the Colonel's Office

The Army football office occupies a whole floor in the east tower of the West Point gymnasium. It has cubicles for assistants and scouts, a conference room, a projection room and filing space for hundreds of movie reels and scouting reports on every team and every player Army is scheduled to, or conceivably may, play against.

Blaik's office, a square room in the front of the tower, is dominated by a huge photographic blow-up of General Douglas MacArthur, the Colonel's personal hero. There is also a composite chart of the schedules of all impending Army opponents, leather chairs, a sofa and ash trays strategically aligned for visitors. The Colonel doesn't smoke.

In this room, with occasional shifts to the movie room or practice field, I made Blaik the slightly unwilling victim of an inquisition on pro football.

Do you actually believe, Colonel, that a good pro team could not beat a good college team?

"Wait a minute! I don't say that. I think a good pro team might get itself up to beat a good college team in a single game. But if the pro team were put into a league with good college teams—like Notre Dame, Michigan, Ohio State, Oklahoma, Southern California, Tennessee and Texas (we'll leave West Point out of this)—it would have to learn to play football the way the colleges do or it wouldn't stand a chance. A fiery team like Tennessee would cripple a pro club."

Don't you think the professionals have better man power?

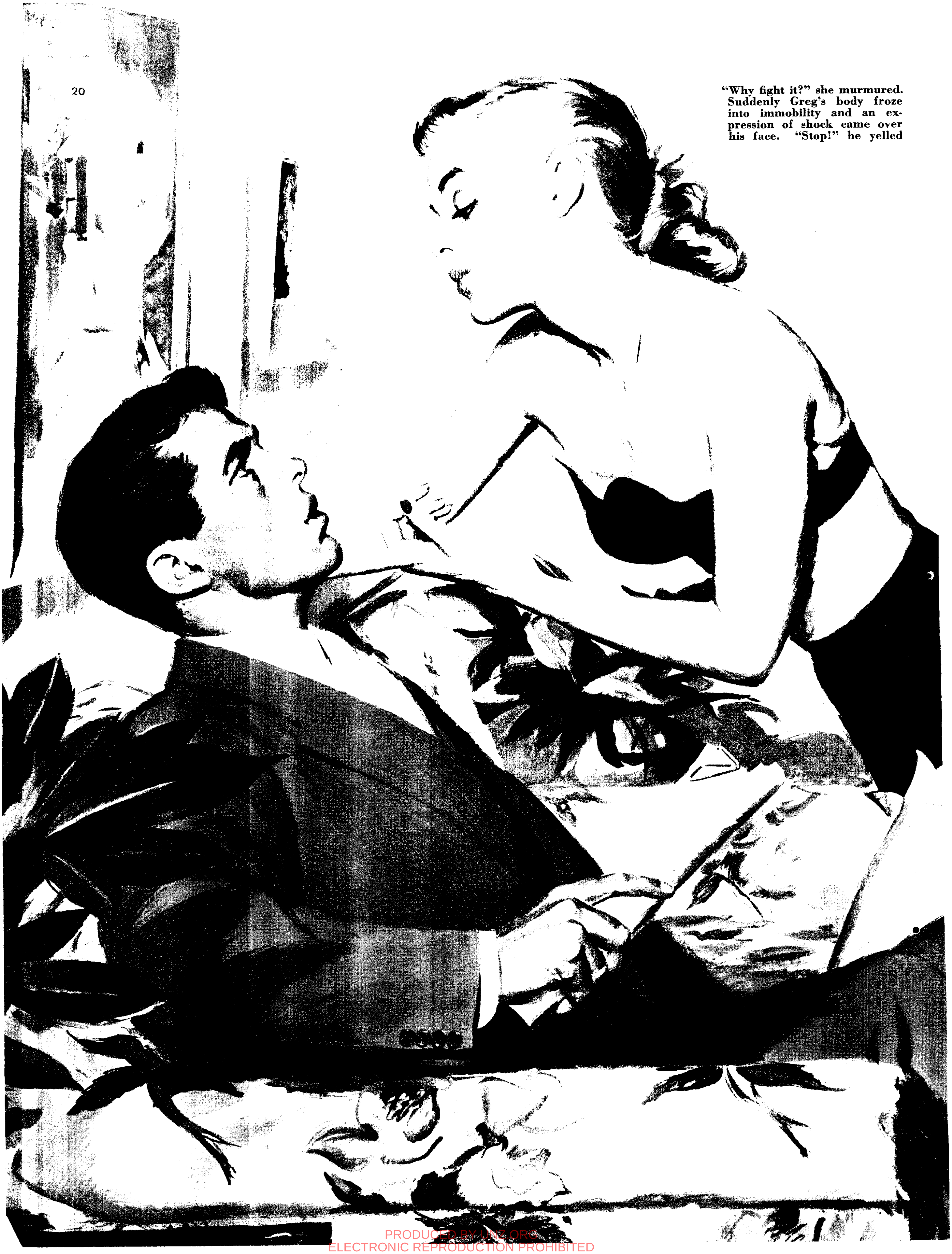
"I do not. Football is a Spartan game in which youth, spirit and condition count heavily. The colleges have the boys in their best years. Few of them ever play as well after they become professionals.

"As they grow older they acquire responsibilities and perspective, also caution. They lose the reckless abandon that marked their play in college. They get bigger and fatter. They may look imposing to the fans, but they are not the same football players. I know, and other college coaches know, that an active, enthusiastic young fellow of 190 pounds can do everything better than an old pro who weighs two-fifty or -sixty."

When Colonel Blaik is thinking things out, he has a habit of whirling his reading glasses round and round by the bows. He whirled them fiercely, as he continued:

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN



"Why fight it?" she murmured. Suddenly Greg's body froze into immobility and an expression of shock came over his face. "Stop!" he yelled

Make Like a Panther

By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

Greg could see no reason for marrying anybody—even Hope Morrison—except for money

IT IS as difficult to cause a sensation with a grand entrance at Sardi's Restaurant in New York as it might be to start a gold rush by running down San Francisco's Market Street with a rock in your hand and shouting, "Gold!" The trouble in both cases is that it has been done before, by experts.

Every head at Sardi's turned when the blonde made her entrance. I suppose she would have got the attention of a clear majority of the men present, no matter what she did. She was that lovely. It was what she did, however, and the way that she did it that gave her a perfect score in the house.

She started by following the captain a little too closely and got her lovely legs tangled with his. Pulling out of that, she knocked over two empty chairs out of a possible three as she threaded her way to her table. She topped this by somehow engaging the tablecloth as she sat down, sweeping the contents of the table to the floor in one fell, crashing motion.

The blonde smiled in apparent unconcern as bus boys rushed to clear the debris in her wake. She lighted a cigarette and nearly set fire to the toupee of a waiter who was leaning over her table to set things up again.

When all this violence struck, I was having lunch with Greg Major, the director, and a girl named Paula Norman. As soon as calm was restored, I returned my attention to our table. Greg was staring at the girl with a very strange expression on his face. He is normally a good-looking lad with dark, curling hair and an intense look sometimes seen in the horned owl. His eyes don't normally pop, though. It was only a moment before he leaped to his feet and said, "I've got it!"

"If you mean the blonde," I said, "it's worth having."

"Sit down, darling," Paula said. "You couldn't steal this scene from the girl if you stood on your head and whistled Dixie."

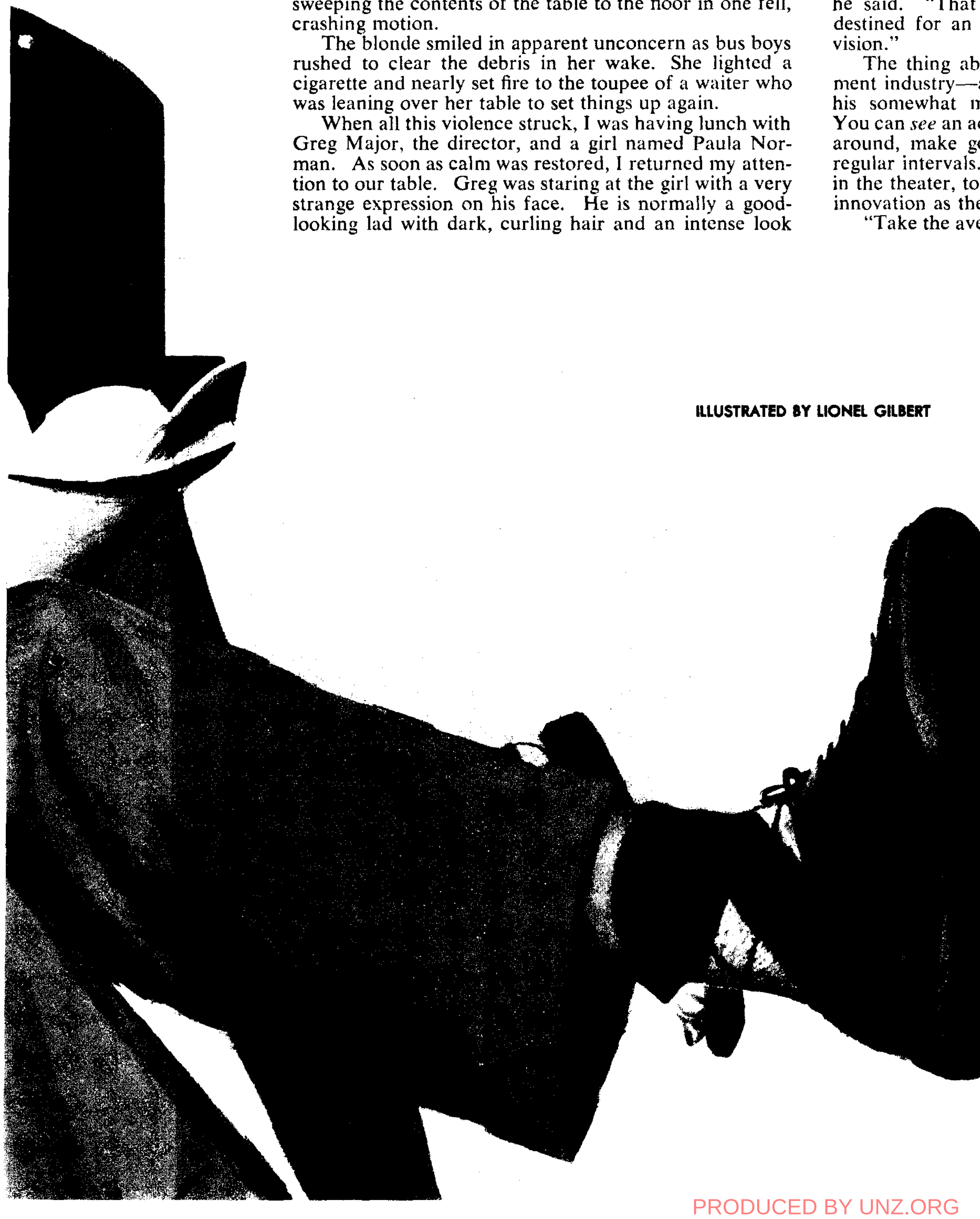
Greg sat down but he was obviously excited. "This is it," he said. "She's the one."

"I'm not sure I follow you, darling," Paula said coolly. She was a handsome brunette with an executive manner as crisp as overdone bacon. She regarded Greg with the fond, proprietary eye of a mother cobra. "If you have fallen madly in love with this destructive woman, I should be the first to know."

"Nothing of the sort," Greg said. "It's just what we've been discussing." He paused for effect. "Television!" he said. "That girl doesn't know it now, but she is destined for an important place in the history of television."

The thing about television that shook the entertainment industry—and, incidentally, set Greg Major off on his somewhat magnificent obsession—is quite simple. You can *see* an actor on television. An actor has to move around, make gestures, and *even* change expression at regular intervals. While this is nothing particularly new in the theater, to a lot of radio actors it is as startling an innovation as the self-starter.

"Take the average radio actor *(Continued on page 51)*



ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

JCHEW GISEY PYMQP

*Translation: How to Crack Enemy Codes. You can decipher the message yourself by using the Vigenère tableau

By JOHN KOBLER

Once again the U.S. is turning to a civilian group of intense hobbyists who devote themselves to the dark science of secret communications. The pastime is almost as old as writing itself

ONE night, during the fighting around Colmar, France, in World War II, black-market thieves sneaked up behind the American lines and stole a truck, thus bringing to an abrupt halt all Allied operations in the area. For inside stood a small, black, typewriterlike object whose loss worried the U.S. General Staff more than would the theft of a thousand trucks. It was one of the machines with which our divisions sent and received military messages. These machines automatically converted such messages into cipher at one end and at the other automatically deciphered them. If captured by the enemy with their keying apparatus still set, they might conceivably have revealed our next move.

While a detail of troops scoured the countryside, General Eisenhower suspended all operations. But presumably the thieves failed to grasp the purpose of the small, black object, for in their flight they dumped it by the roadside as superfluous cargo. There, to the general's immense relief, it was recovered a few hours later, and we were able to get on with the war.

The episode illustrates the vital role played in military operations by cryptography, the science of secret communications—how to concoct them and how to unravel them.

Last June, when the Reds invaded South Korea, among the first reservists whom the U.S. armed forces urged to volunteer were those with cryptographic training. If hostilities spread, civilians gifted in the field are sure to be called upon too, as they have been in every war. And the more skilled among them will be put to work as cryptanalysts—cracking enemy codes.

How do they go about it—making sense of a strange gibberish disguising a message that is, more than likely, composed in a foreign language?

Cryptographic achievements won't seem nearly so startling if you remember two things: In the words of a favorite professional aphorism, what the mind of man can conceive the mind of man can penetrate. With few exceptions no cipher system has been permanently break-proof. And, further, consider that cryptography, like any science, is based on a set of fundamental principles which are known to the initiate of all nations. Once you realize that, you will understand too that the battle between the cryptographer and the enemy cryptanalyst is essentially one for time rather than originality.

Perhaps the most brilliant feat in all the long history of cryptography was accomplished by our own cryptanalysts. Long before Pearl Harbor, Black Chamber operators, as military cryptographers are called, working in a secret room at Fort Washington, Maryland, completed construction of a crypto-machine. The code name for it was MAGIC, and it proved more decisive in winning the war in the Far East than the atom bomb.

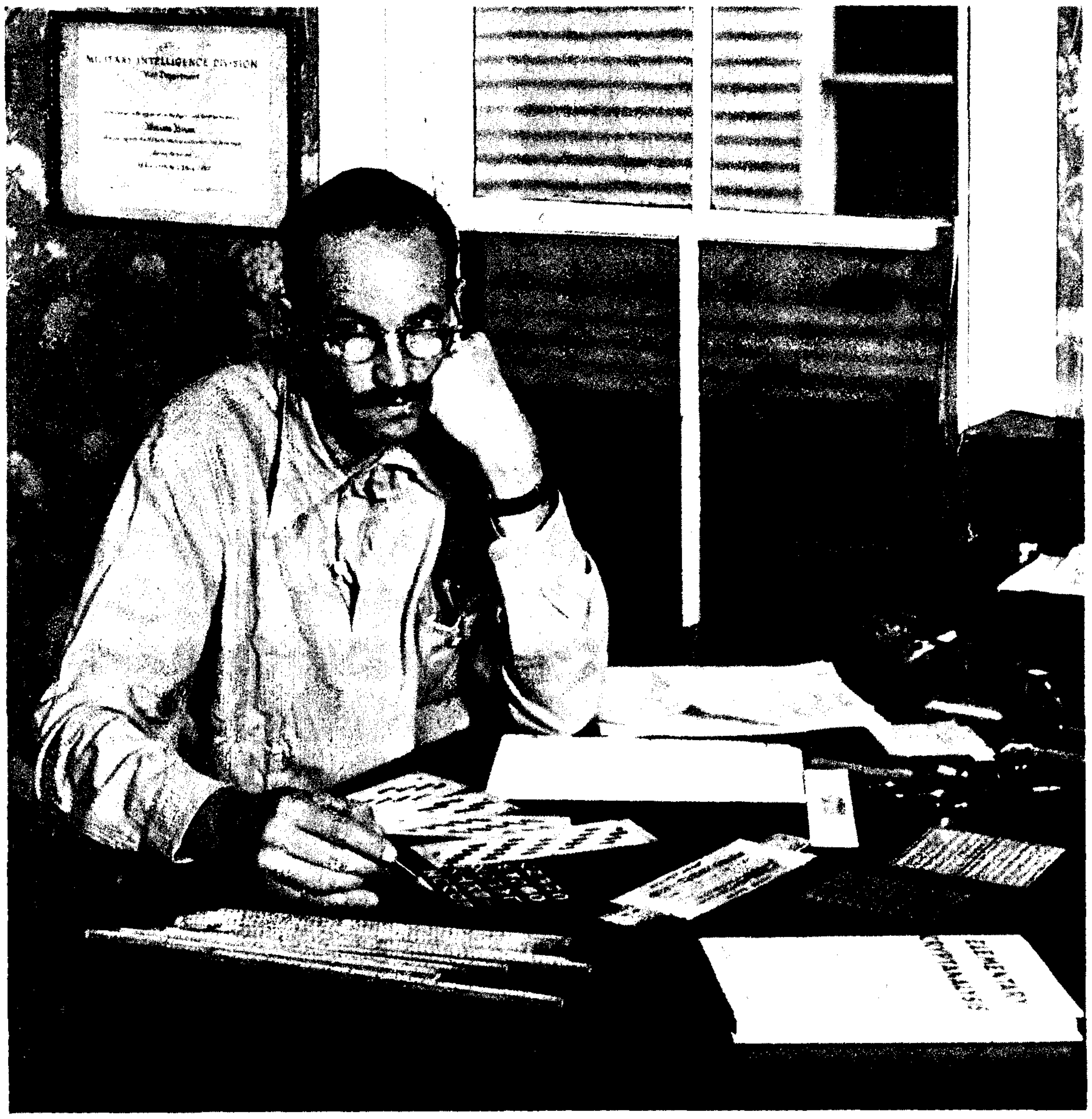
MAGIC was nothing less than a duplicate of the apparatus which Tokyo used to encode and decode its top-secret messages. With it we were able to anticipate Japanese strategy for four years. Republican leaders later cited the machine as evidence that President Roosevelt must have been forewarned of the attack on Pearl Harbor, but whether such a warning actually reached the White House itself is doubtful.

It took several years to build MAGIC. The precise nature of the machine and how its basic principles were uncovered probably never will be disclosed. According to one rumor, the Japanese Imperial Diet included an American secret agent. Whatever the methods—and sheer inductive reasoning was certainly among them—MAGIC tipped us off to the full strength of the Jap fleet heading for Midway, whereupon we massed our battleships in sufficient numbers to ensure victory. It guided our submarines to sea lanes traveled by Jap convoys. It permitted us to eavesdrop on communications between Jap and German top brass.

Code Worries for Our High Command

Throughout the war our high command was dogged by the fear that the enemy would know what we knew, change their machine (merely changing the codes used with it would have made it tough enough), and force us to start again from scratch. There were some close calls. In Boston, Counter-Intelligence nabbed a spy in the act of trying to peddle the secret. In Lisbon, O.S.S. agents broke into the Japanese embassy, leaving traces of their visit behind. That time the Japs did change part of their code. (It took more than a year to break it.)

The shooting down of General Yamamoto's plane over Bougainville in 1943 apparently betrayed too much inside knowledge, for shortly afterward, Tokyo notified its fleet that a new codebook was en route aboard the Tami Maru. The message was radioed, however, in the old code, and we intercepted it. Our high command promptly ordered planes to hunt down the Tami Maru and sink it. They did. Subsequently, unknown to the Japs, U.S. Navy divers retrieved the codebook, and we were as well-informed as before.



Wm. G. Bryan edits Cryptogram, bimonthly publication of American Cryptogram Ass'n

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEOFFREY LANDESMAN

UQRPD*

system explained in the box at right

The worst scare arose during the 1944 Presidential campaign, when our high command suspected that Candidate Thomas E. Dewey had got wind of our pre-Pearl Harbor decoding and might use the knowledge to embarrass the administration (as, indeed, Republicans did after the war). It was this scare which led General George C. Marshall, wartime Chief of Staff, to write a letter to Dewey telling him all about MAGIC, but pleading with him to keep mum. Dewey acceded, and we were still relying on the machine when the Japs surrendered.

What are the essentials of this darkling science? To begin with, it embraces two different methods of secret communication—cipher and code, and a sure way to irritate an insider is to confuse the two. Cipher is a flexible language which can express any thought that occurs to the sender. It disguises the individual letters of a message. The key to the enciphered message can be memorized by sender and receiver, and the receiver can work out its meaning with paper and pencil.

Germans Announce Impending War

Contrariwise, code is a fixed set of whole words, phrases or sentences representing specific ideas. To communicate in it sender and receiver each require a codebook or dictionary of secret definitions for every term they are likely to employ. In other words, code can convey only a limited number of prearranged meanings. Possibly the most famous code sentence ever drafted was A SON IS BORN. The German radio broadcast it in August, 1914. It served notice to German officers and diplomats that the Fatherland was about to declare war.

Although hundreds of cipher systems have been devised through the ages, all of them fall into one of two broad categories—substitution or transposition. (Often both are combined in the same cipher.) In substitution, the letters of the clear text retain their normal relative positions. In transposition, the clear text letters may be retained, but their sequence is broken up like a jigsaw puzzle according to a prearranged pattern.

Armies generally prefer to use cipher as against code. Code is harder to break, and even if the enemy succeeds in decoding a word or two the whole system will not collapse. But codebooks, which may list a hundred thousand phrases or more, would be awkward to lug around in the heat of battle, not to mention the risk of capture. Navies, on the other hand, favor codes because the officers of an endangered ship can toss a codebook overboard.

The mere fact of being at sea, however, does not ensure absolute security. In World War I, the German raider Madgeburg ran aground in a fog off the Russian coast. As the fog lifted and Russian battleships closed in with their guns blazing, the Madgeburg's captain instructed an officer to row out to deeper water and sink the codebook. But before the officer could cast off, the ship heaved, pitching him into the sea, and he was drowned.

After they captured the raider, the Russians, observing the chivalrous traditions of that era, began dredging for the bodies of dead Germans so that they might give them decent burial. The first body they raised was that of the officer, a lead-bound codebook still clasped in his arms. They turned it over to the British Admiralty, whose cryptographic division, famed "Room 40," had been baffled for months by German communications, which were couched in several different codes. The Russian find yielded the key to all of them, and within the next year enabled the British to trap seven German battleships.

In addition to war and diplomacy, code has a wide commercial application. Partly to guard their trade secrets and partly to save cable costs by making one word perform the *(Continued on page 46)*

"Simple substitution" is the commonest type of cipher. It consists of substituting one letter of the alphabet for another. To illustrate: let X equal c; Y, a; and Z, t. The word "cat" is then enciphered as XYZ. Such a substitution system would elicit nothing from American Cryptogram Association members but a contemptuous snicker.

Worthier of his mettle is the Vigenère system, which kept its secret for 300 years and has influenced all modern cryptography. It was developed, if not invented, in the sixteenth century by a French diplomat, Blaise de Vigenère. The basis of it is the "Vigenère tableau," which contains 728 letters arranged in the following pattern:

	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
A	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z
B	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a
C	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b
D	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c
E	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d
F	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e
G	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f
H	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g
I	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h
J	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i
K	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j
L	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k
M	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l
N	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m
O	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n
P	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o
Q	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p
R	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q
S	s	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r
T	t	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s
U	u	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t
V	v	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u
W	w	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v
X	x	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w
Y	y	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x
Z	z	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h	i	j	k	l	m	n	o	p	q	r	s	t	u	v	w	x	y

When sender and receiver agree to use the Vigenère system, the first step is for each of them to prepare this tableau. They also agree on a secret key word (changeable from day to day or hour to hour as security dictates). Suppose the key word to be COLLIER'S and the message, HOW TO CRACK ENEMY CODES. On a separate slip of paper the sender writes out the clear text and directly above it the key word as many times as it will fit, thus:

KEY

COLLIERSCOLLIERSCOLL
HOWTOCRACKENEMYCODES

He now consults the tableau. In the *top horizontal capitalized line* he locates only those letters necessary to spell out the clear text (HOW T CRAK ENMY DS). (For greater clarity of illustration, all letters involved in this example have been circled in the tableau.) He then locates the key-word letters (COLIERS) in the left-hand *vertical capitalized column*. Referring to the Key, he notes that the letter above H is C. Above O, it's O; above W, it's L; and so on. To encipher the message he draws lines mentally from the clear-text letters in the horizontal line and from the key-word letters in the vertical line. The letters found where the lines intersect is what he actually sends. A line from H and a line from C intersect at j, a line from O and one from O meet at c, etc. The complete cipher will read j c h e w g i s e y p y m q p u q r p d. Adding a twist to the puzzle, the message is broken up into five-letter groups: jchew gisey pymqp uqrpd. (In this instance the message divides evenly by five, but if it had been necessary, the last group would have been filled out with enciphered random letters.)

To decipher it, the receiver reverses the process. There are 26 lower-case j's in the tableau, but he knows that the only applicable one must be in line with the vertical key-letter C. Spotting it, he draws a line from it to the top horizontal letter, which gives him H. And so on, back to clear text.

No reader need be a cryptographer to pick a key word and a message and try it himself.

Great White MOTHER

By OREN ARNOLD

Deep in the primitive wilds of Utah, a lone white woman has chosen a career of service to a remote tribe of Navajo Indians. They repay her amply with their love and respect

IN THE wilderness of southern Utah recently an eighteen-year-old Navajo Indian boy ran amuck and attacked several persons with a knife. Strong Navajo men disarmed and subdued him. They might have taken him to a distant federal official or to a sheriff. Instead, they rode 40 miles on horseback to a schoolhouse door. There a pretty little white woman, dainty as lace and gentle of voice, came out and heard their story.

"Leave him with me," she said. "He is ill, and I will take him to a hospital on no-school day."

That meant riding 180 miles in her jeep over a trail so rough that the trip took nearly eight hours. But the boy was put under physicians' care, and the little schoolteacher dismissed the incident as routine. Indeed she had no time to meditate on it: When she got back to her village, where she and a trader were the only white persons, she found that a papoose was about to be born with no one but the husband and his mother-in-law to officiate. This was a critical situation, because if any Navajo man ever meets his mother-in-law face to face, he not only is disgraced socially but expects to go stone-blind!

Before that week was over, this teacher had not only delivered the baby, but had doctored a rattlesnake bite and killed the snake, had shod a horse, attended a wedding, made a dress, held about 50 personal interviews, cooked all her meals, and prepared Monday's work for her 60 school children.

Mrs. Lisbeth Bonnell Eubanks has served at that pace since 1940, as the teacher of what is probably the most isolated and possibly the most fascinating grade school in America. Except through her, about 400 Indians have almost no contact with our way of life; some have never seen any other white person. A native of Virginia, she has submerged her individuality in her work with her picturesque charges. Most of the Navajos, in turn, call her "Grandmother," not because of her age but as a term of high respect.

Actually, she is a youngish widow. Mother of a thirteen-year-old son, Randy, she has a degree from Waynesburg College, Pennsylvania, has done graduate work at the Universities of Chicago and Utah, and is a trained anthropologist. But primarily she is a friend of the Navajos. Her life has become one of rare devotion to them.

To get to her school you must travel northeast from Cameron, Arizona, over desert sands, up steep solid-rock mountains, across sky-kissed mesas, in a bright-hued wilderness with only a government telephone line to remind you of the twentieth century. Families in this region consider themselves the elite of the 65,000 Indians on the 16,000,000-acre Navajo reservation; they are proud, and remote even from other Navajos. They chose this homeland deliberately, many years ago, in order to be as far as possible from the despised white man.

Not until 1936 did Uncle Sam do much for them; that year he plodded up to Navajo Mountain and built a tiny school. Even then he got off to a bad start. A conifer forest spreads into this region, an extension of Arizona's Kaibab, one of the largest virgin pine forests. For many decades red men used its logs in building their round earth-covered hogan homes. But for the school, the Great White Father imported logs at great expense from the Pacific Northwest, many hundreds of miles away. This did little to earn the respect of the Navajos. They smiled in contempt at what the school apparently stood for—and at the three teachers, earnest souls, who successively tried the place, then went their ways.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Eubanks had been with her husband, a Cherokee Indian, in Santa Fe, New Mexico. She had picked up a knowledge of the language and had developed great interest in these fascinating folk. News came to her of the schoolteacher failures at Navajo Mountain and she applied for the job there.

That first year she spent most of her time riding horseback to the distant hogans, "selling" the school. It was not easy. With patience and tact she called on such proud groups as the Salt Clan. She assumed a welcome in the best homes, and gradually it was accorded her. She spoke of raising sheep. She discussed the making of the fine purple blouses and voluminous skirts that the Navajo women wear. She plied the local *hatathlai*, or medicine man, with coffee and compliments. She interpreted Mother Goose and Aesop and even the Lone Ranger for little red folk who listened in wide-eyed wonder. Soon, she had a handful of them inside the school.

At first it was day school only. Then one morning a mother brought in her little girl's bed, a thick sheepskin with a blanket. Couldn't her daughter just sleep out, near the school, and save a 10-mile walk each day? Mrs. Eubanks' answer was yes, she would be delighted to have an overnight "family." Others followed, with more bed-rolls. She put them on the school floor. Soon Navajo Mountain was a boarding school with dormitory, kitchen, dining room, recreation hall and clinic.

The main school buildings today are two octagonal hogan-type structures about 30 feet across, connected with a covered walk. Walls are of stone to a height of eleven feet or so, then of logs artfully crisscrossed into a dome with an earth roof. Mrs. Eubanks' dwelling is a picturesque triple hogan. The school kitchen and dining room form a third group, also connected. The school buildings have stoves in the center of the rooms, rather than open fires that usually heat Navajo homes.

To prepare food for her charges, the teacher had a big kitchen stove sent in. When it was set up, she invited Hosteen Yazhi, father of two school children, to build the first fire in it. He grinned broadly; building fires was old stuff for him. He gathered wood and knelt before the great black monster. Ten minutes later "Grandmother" Eubanks had to come a-running; smoke was pouring from every crevice of the kitchen hogan.

"Is no good," Yazhi informed her. "The stove is a devil."

"Is plenty good," she said. "You have started the fire not in the firebox, but in the oven!"

With World War II, keeping the school alive became a problem. Inflated costs and deflated government appropriations left Mrs. Eubanks stranded —yet hers was the only one of six schools on the Western reservation to operate throughout the war. "I went on horseback again," she tells, "and explained to my Navajo families what had to be done."

Soon parents began arriving with one extra sheepskin and $5 in money for each child. Others brought food. This impromptu parent-teachers association kept the school operating throughout the war.

"Grandmother" has had to improvise teaching methods; those so scientifically worked out for white youngsters just confuse the wilderness children. New pupils are allowed a whole day, or a week if need be, just to sit and stare at things.

"My star pupil," says the schoolteacher, "is a real grandmother, Mrs. Gray Mountain. She has 26 grandchildren, is ninety-one years old and toothless. She sits quietly in school and learns much, for my teaching is in both languages. She is amazed at the foods we serve. Often I find her poking into my garbage dump, muttering about things the white teacher throws away."

Lisbeth Eubanks' school probably can never operate by conventional rules. Almost every hour brings some new problem.

Many of her adventures afford comic relief. The time came when a man and his mother-in-law had to travel together all the way to Salt Lake City. Could "Grandmother," the miracle worker, think up any way to prevent the poor fellow from seeing the woman's face?

"I could never have reasoned him out of that superstition about going blind," she tells. "And in any event he would have lost standing with his fellows. So I simply talked to Mother-in-law, who was sympathetic, and gave her a blanket. She put that over her head and rode under it all the way—a matter of 14 hours."

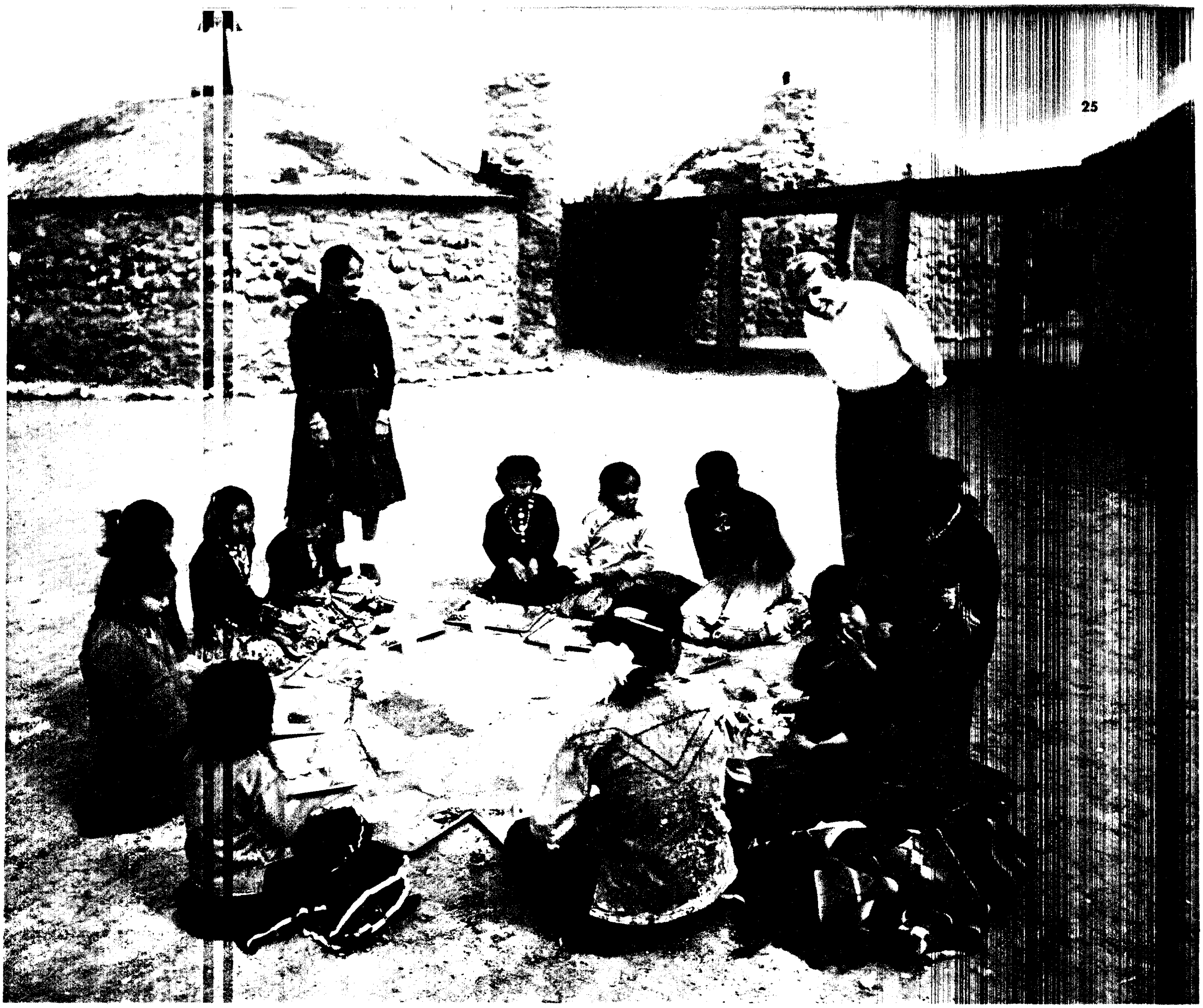
Not many guests come to Navajo Mountain, yet all are welcome—and some doubly welcome. Representatives of the Save the Children Foundation have been in, and have helped financially with her work. Other white folk have brought cars laden with clothing, food, toys, school supplies, little luxuries.

Most important guest of all to Mrs. Eubanks is Will Rogers, Jr., son of a distinguished American who was part Indian himself. Next to Mrs. Eubanks, the son of the cowboy philosopher has been the foremost benefactor of these Navajo Mountain people. From them a few years ago he adopted a little orphan boy. He plans to adopt several more. The first boy, Clem, is being reared in Beverly Hills, California, where Rogers is a newspaper publisher. There, too, Mrs. Eubanks' son Randy lives part of the time, in order to get his share of white schooling and white men's life.

As time passes she hopes to get more and more of her red friends "out," at least on visits. Older ones, even entire families, are being sent off the reservation now, to work in the paleface world. Yet this always begets new problems: chaperons, for instance, are required by white custom when unmarried men and women travel together. Navajos, while strict by their own standards, have never felt the need for such restraints. There are other problems as well—handling money, buying strange foods, all the complex facets of our life.

Lisbeth Eubanks sleeps about five hours in 24, eats irregularly, is constantly on the move—and appears in the pink of health. She is tilt-nosed, green-eyed and slightly saucy, with an air of perpetual youth about her. She spends much of her time mothering the younger pupils; she may teach for a whole day with a six-year-old sitting on her lap, or may rock one to sleep while hearing a spelling lesson. It is this warmth, unquestionably, which is the secret of her happiness and success here. Many whites have worked with Indians, but few have truly loved them. When these hidden folks speak now of "Grandmother Paleface," they put meaningful emphasis on the *grand.* **THE END**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB TOWERS



When the weather is good, Mrs. Eubanks takes her classes outdoors for lunch. The school buildings are in the background

All ages are represented at the Navajo Mountain School. Grandmother Yellow Salt, below, is in her nineties and going strong. Some children attend classes with their parents and grandparents

Mrs. Eubanks supervises classroom activity while Kate Tall Salt (rear), once her regular assistant, combines teaching with baby sitting. The school, with its log ceiling, is built in Navajo fashion

A Time for Innocence

By ETHEL EDISON GORDON

The boy knew what no child should ever know. And it began to look as though all the love Laura could give him wouldn't make up for that bitter knowledge

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL MITCHELL

LAURA was back from the hospital less than two months when she heard that her sister-in-law Sally had gone to Reno for her divorce. Laura looked tanned from her gardening and no longer so frail, and even the shock of the miscarriage was wearing away; she said to her husband, who stared at her troubledly from the other end of the sofa, "Ken left her alone too much. Ten weeks in Europe each spring! Why didn't he take her with him? Sally wasn't the sort who'd just sit in every night. Ken knew that when he married her."

"She wouldn't go with him. I happen to know Ken used to beg her. Her friends, all her good times were here," Hugh said. "She'd tell him she didn't want to leave Donald. Funny," he said bitterly, "when you think how easily she gave the child up to Ken."

"She'd have had to, wouldn't she, if Ken got the divorce in this state?" Laura said, in a low voice.

"Don't look for excuses for her. She's just a foolish, flighty woman, and I feel sorry for her new husband-to-be. Ken looks terrible," he said, tightening his lips, thinking of his brother's haggard features and the twitch about Ken's mouth when he talked of Sally. "I had lunch with him today. And that's another thing. Ken's sailing for France next week. He can't leave Donald just with the housekeeper, and he doesn't want to send him off to a strange boarding school. The child's under enough of a strain already—his world turned topsy-turvy, not understanding what's going on."

"Hugh!" Laura said, suddenly putting her hand to her mouth. "He shouldn't be left in the apartment with just a housekeeper. Not now."

He glanced at her swiftly. "I was afraid to bring this business up. I don't want you getting upset, Laura."

"I'm not upset," she said. "Hugh, he simply can't be left alone."

"Forget it," he said. "We'll talk about it another time."

"Carol would love to have him here, to play with. You know how—how she's been going on—about having a brother."

"She'll have her own brother. Or sister. Soon enough for all of us," he said unevenly. "Remember, you promised you weren't going to think about that any more."

"I *don't* think about it, hardly at all," she said. "After all, it was such a senseless thing to happen, such a waste. Dr. Benson said it just meant I'd have to take more care of myself next time, Carol is too old to lift, I knew that, I don't know what possessed me that day," she said, her words coming faster and running together. "Hilda was setting up Carol's old crib in the guest room, and Carol wanted to see what it was like again to lie in her crib and so I just picked her up—"

He leaned over and silenced her with a kiss. "I know the story, Laura honey."

"You must bring Donnie here," she said when he released her.

"I'd like to, Laura, if I was sure it wouldn't be too much for you."

"I'm getting strong as a horse. Besides, Hilda's such a gem. All he'll need from me will be attention. And love."

"I'd like to take a stick to his mother," Hugh said, getting to his feet. "Messing up that kid's life. And Ken's."

"He'll be fine here," she said. "He can have the —guest room," she said firmly, not letting herself think of the crib in the sheltered corner, or the pine chest freshly painted blue inside. "Tell Ken we want to have Donnie." . . .

And so Donald came to the house in New Harbor, on the night his father left for Europe. Hugh stayed with Donald at the pier until the ship sailed, which made it after midnight before they both arrived home. Laura was waiting at the station for them; she went forward as their train came in and watched them step down, Hugh first, reaching up for Donald, a thin little boy with bare, knobby knees and neatly brushed brown hair, and Sally's brown doe's eyes sea-changed in his child's face.

Hugh's preoccupation cleared when he saw her. "Didn't I tell you not to drive so late?" he said. He kissed her.

Donald stood behind Hugh, carefully not looking at them. She slipped out of Hugh's hold to stoop and put her arms around him. She said, trying to speak lightly in the face of his thin, pinched, unchildish gravity, "You should have seen how mad Carol was, when she couldn't wait up for you."

The boy seemed to suffer her kiss, and then he groped for Hugh's hand and found it, averting his face from her.

HUGH drove the car back, Donald between them, sitting so stiffly that his bare knees touched. "You remember our house, don't you, Donnie?" Laura said. "You played on the beach with Carol. You were five, I think."

"I don't remember," he said.

"You don't remember lots of things. Like your aunt's name," Hugh said, nudging him. "This pretty young lady beside you is your Aunt Laura, and she won't know when you're speaking to her if you don't call her by name."

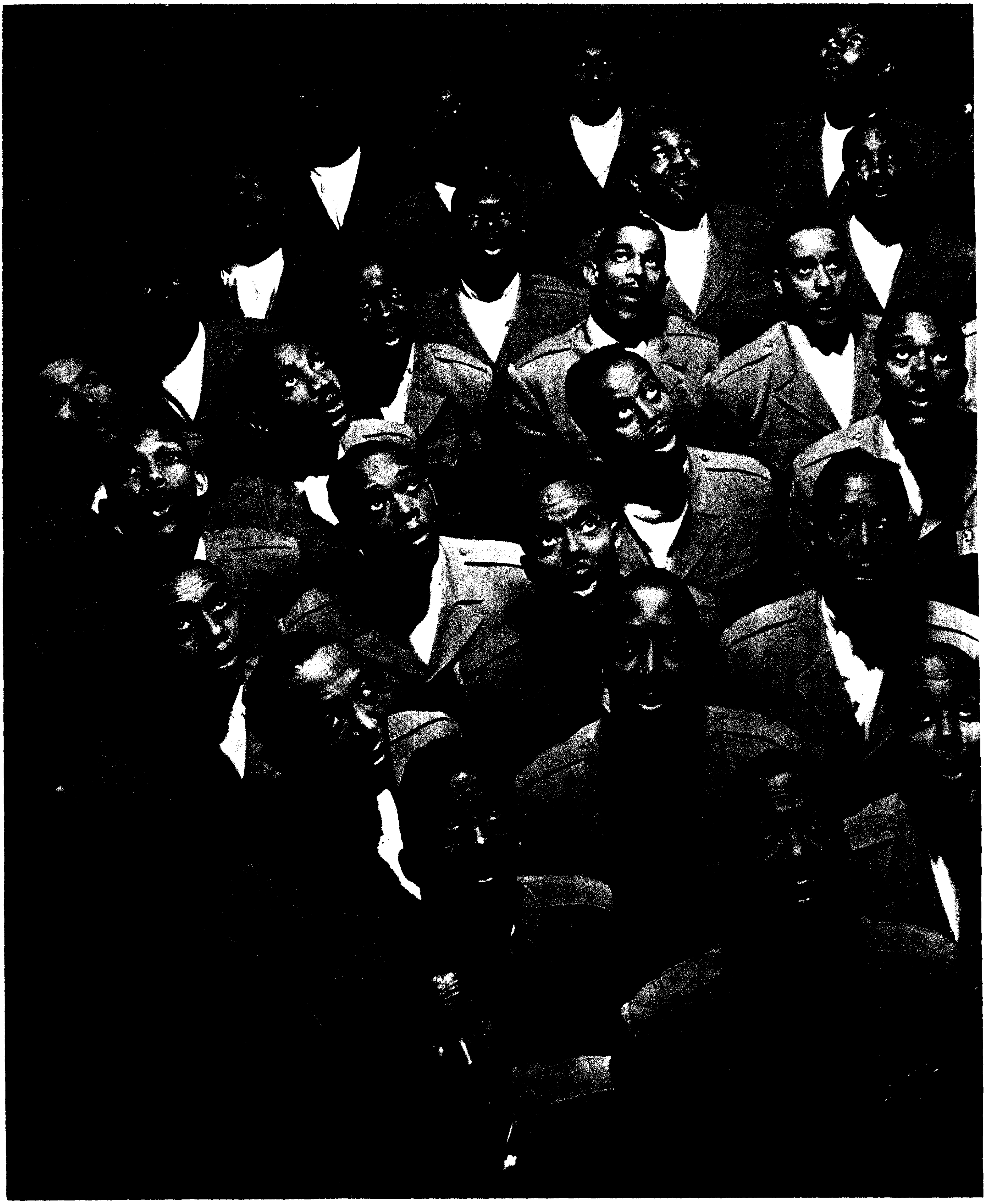
She said quickly, "He remembers, Hugh. It's just so late, and he's too sleepy."

She and the boy waited in silence while Hugh closed the garage doors, and then they walked across the grass to the kitchen entrance. She began, "I'll take Donald up right this minute," and then she stopped, seeing him back away from her, still clinging to Hugh's hand. "Maybe you'd better take him upstairs, Hugh," she said, not changing her tone. "I'll lock up."

She remained motionless in the bright, orderly kitchen, hearing their steps on the stairs and feeling curiously depressed. It wasn't that it was late, and she was tired and not too strong, and it wasn't because the child looked so unhappy, so neglected and distraught. It might have been a little of all of these, but it was more: she forced herself to face the thought that Donald had shrunk away from her.

Mechanically she checked the front and back doors and turned out each light behind her. But I've only seen him once since he was a baby, and nothing happened then to make

(Continued on page 70)



SING YOU SOLDIERS

by HERBERT M. FEINBERG

The De Paur Chorus has come a long way since its casual beginning in World War II. Now it's rated with the best

ON a cold December evening in 1941, four Negro GIs walked into the boiler room at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and began to sing Mandy Lou. They sought out this subterranean studio to avoid bothering their buddies.

Six years later, the same quartet plus 31 other ex-servicemen marched onto the stage of Carnegie Hall in New York City, nattily dressed in beige battle jackets, black trousers and white ascot scarves. They didn't sing Mandy Lou. They sang music ranging from a sixteenth-century polyphonic work to the World War II classic, Rodger Young. They were now De Paur's Infantry Chorus, receiving acclaim everywhere as the finest choral group to come out of the war.

The four men singing in a Fort Dix hideaway had started on a long road of achievement. They had found others who liked to harmonize and soon the 372d Infantry Regiment, an all-Negro combat outfit with a battle record originating in the first world conflict, had a glee club. Word spread that Fort Dix had the best singing outfit in the East, and the USO and War Bond campaigners began to bid for its appearance. When the regiment was ordered to Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky, the glee club, now 50 strong, went along. It still rehearsed on its own time, still sang to anybody who wanted to listen, still used its furloughs to tour for the USO.

Leonard de Paur, the thirty-five-year-old former infantry captain who now conducts the chorus, first met what he calls "my army" at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, his second point of transfer. After 15 months as choral director of Winged Victory, the Air Forces musical show, De Paur thought he finally was on his way to fight. Instead, Lieutenant Colonel Herbert A. Barrow, executive officer of the 372d, spotted this singer and former assistant director of the famed Hall Johnson Choir as an ideal leader for the glee club.

De Paur said he would take over the glee club as an additional duty and asked as a return favor that Colonel Barrow assign him eventually to combat duty in Europe. He did finally make the Atlantic trip—after the war in Europe had ended. The chorus went with him—but not before all had gone to the Pacific. Landing in Hawaii, they had been scattered throughout the territory's islands as platoon sergeants, section leaders, antitank men, communications experts and riflemen. There were no rehearsals, no concerts.

Then, on July 4, 1945, somebody remembered that the 372d had a glee club and arranged to have it sing at a conference of Pacific high brass. The members were swept up from other duties and their fine concert deeply impressed at least two listeners, Lieutenant General Robert C. Richardson, Jr., Pacific area Army commander, and Captain Maurice Evans, the celebrated actor, who was in charge of Special Services there. They agreed to detach the 372d glee club and send it around to battle areas as a morale booster.

There were few Pacific fighting areas the singers missed for the duration of the war, and for almost a year after that they continued the tour of U.S. outposts. Flying from island to island in a C-54, they sang in jungles and on atolls, at airfields and aboard ships. On Saipan, even Japanese diehards, holding out in the hills, climbed up into trees to listen to them sing.

"A few days later," De Paur recalls, "a whole gang of Japs came down and surrendered. I've sometimes wondered if we weren't the last straw."

Saipan marked a turning point for the chorus, for it was there they decided, during a tense barracks bullfest, to stay together after the war. The 70 per cent with enough points for discharge re-enlisted and the whole gang came home together in '46. They had contracts with Columbia Artists Management and Columbia Records, and a commercial success seemed assured. But first they went to Europe for the USO, singing for nine months in occupied Germany and other countries.

Their civilian career finally began in 1947, with an initial booking of nine weeks which stretched out to 21. The following season they gave 180 concerts and last season 160. They have visited—in their own bus—40 of the 48 states, plus much of Canada, and plan to sing in South America this season and eventually return to Europe.

Only six members of De Paur's "army" were professional singers before the war. The others came from steel-mill pits, from the professions, even the ministry. Now they are content, doing the work they and their listeners love. THE END

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

LOS ANGELES COU
SHERIFFS DE

To blanket more territory, the Los Angeles county sheriff has his men patrolling their beats in jeeps

Tight discipline was imposed by former Marine Gen. Wm. Worton (now on the police commission) when he commanded the cops

Lieut. Herman J. Kunstling suggested a new method of dealing with the city's sex crimes: a Sex Offender Authority to get at the roots of the problem

Don't Go

The City of Angels is terrorize

Another Terror in Our Cities Report

WHAT do you think of the police department in this town?" I asked a taxi driver in Los Angeles.

"We've got the best police department money can buy," he replied. He paused, waited for his joke to sink in, and chuckled.

I realized then, and a thousand other times during my survey of Los Angeles, that when it comes to propaganda Paul Joseph Goebbels could have taken lessons from Mickey Cohen. By a remarkable manipulation of the public mind, Mickey and his racketeers had made it appear that the real criminals in Los Angeles were not the crooks, cutthroats and corrupters—but the police. To get the heat off himself, the little hoodlum had built a fire under the police department every time he got into trouble. It was cops and robbers in reverse. The robbers chased the cops. It finally reached the point where a grand jury pitched in during the summer of 1949 and indicted former Chief of Police C. B. Horrall (who had been forced by Mickey's propaganda offensive to resign from office) along with two of his top aides and two other officers. All were later exonerated.

From July, 1949, to August, 1950, the racketeers' trumpetings were temporarily muted by a hard-boiled leatherneck—William Arthur Worton, Major General, Retired, U.S. Marine Corps—who took over the police department as "emergency chief" following Horrall's resignation. Worton, who could not remain chief because he had no civil-service status, was succeeded on August 9th by a career policeman, William H. Parker. Chief Parker immediately braced himself for a renewed propaganda offensive by the racketeers. As he settled himself at the chief's desk, he remarked, "I sit in this chair—waiting for the attack."

The Los Angeles Police Department has an authorized strength of 4,493 men. It is probably the youngest large department in the country; its average age, top to bottom, is thirty-two. Some 3,500 of its members are veterans of World War II. Its average member has had at least two years of college. Approximately 1,500 are continuing their education on their own time, 500 of them studying advanced police work at the University of Southern California. The department is the most rigorously trained in the United States; of 2,000 candidates on the last civil-service list only 70 made the grade—3.5 per cent. Several former Army and Navy fliers couldn't pass the exams.

With personnel of this caliber, the Los Angeles Police Department stands without challenge as the most maligned police organization in the United States. The Mickey Cohen smear has been fantastically effective.

One of the facts of life in police work, as every competent observer knows, is that every large department has a few crooks. No one put it better than General Worton. While he was emergency chief of police he told the city's leading citizens: "I am convinced that better than 97 per cent of the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

ut Alone at Night in L.A.

By HOWARD WHITMAN

y hoodlums—yet public apathy hampers the city's young, smart police force

police force of this city are capable, honest men . . . To be sure, in a force of nearly 4,500 men there are some bad apples and I hold no brief for them. You and I know they exist . . . I ask you to look over your own business organizations and ask yourself: Can you go before the public and assure them that among your group you haven't a like percentage of bad apples?"

But the great harm of Mickey Cohen's smoke screen does not lie in the ruffled feelings of L.A.'s young cops or in those of General Worton, who is now a member of Los Angeles' five-man Police Commission. The great harm is that cop-baiting has diverted public attention from the city's real crime problems. The *real* problems are not the affairs of Brenda Allen or the occasional forced demise of a gangster (whose absence is a boon to the community). The *real* problems are *crimes against people.* The murder, clubbing, robbing and raping of innocent victims; the burglarizing of homes, the strong-arming of men and women in the streets, the molestation and defilement of children: these are the real problems. Every 24 hours there are crimes in Los Angeles a hundred times more serious than the bombing of the bedroom of Mickey Cohen.

Making Los Angeles safe for the Vital Four *(man, wife, child* and *home)* is one of the most difficult jobs any city has to face. Look at Los Angeles—an immensely spread-out hodgepodge covering 453 square miles (ten times the area of San Francisco). It has a dozen independent municipalities, such as Beverly Hills and Gardena, enclosed within its shapeless boundaries. It is pock-marked with islands of county territory. It has only a shoestring corridor connecting it with its southern fantail at San Pedro.

Think of one of those old pie-throwing scenes made in Los Angeles' movie studios and you get a good idea of the map of the city. It looks like a cream confection that has been thrown in somebody's face.

Notwithstanding its enormous distances (it is over 60 miles by road from the north to south), Los Angeles has no subway system or other rapid transit. It is the boast of people who live in Hollywood or Wilshire that they don't get "downtown" for years at a time. There are dozens of outlying shopping districts such as the Miracle Mile which make excursions downtown a superfluity and a bore. If you live over the hills in San Fernando Valley or in West L.A., the chances are you practically *never* get downtown.

The population of Los Angeles, according to the 1950 census, is within a whoop and a holler of 2,000,000—half a million greater than it was 10 years ago. The city's fantastic growth has been like the fecundity of its gardens—"Drop a seed in the ground and jump aside." For a while people were pouring in so fast you couldn't estimate the population on Monday with any assurance that your figures would stand on Wednesday.

With the influx has come the goofy fringe—the adventurers, the crackpots, the loafers, the seekers after the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Los Angeles is as far west as you can go—the end of the line. The influx ranges all the way from busty young girls who dream of fame and money to creaky oldsters who have missed theirs and will settle for an old-age pension.

The toasty climate, in addition to attracting thousands of sound individuals who just want to grow old in the sun, has also been a magnet for hobos and crooks. "If people are going to live by their wits—if they're going to be thieves and hoodlums—they figure they might as well do it out here where it's nice and warm," Judge Charles W. Fricke remarked. On East Fifth Street (Los Angeles' skid row) a baggy-pants character said with a happy grin, "This's the kinda place you can sleep under a newspaper all year round."

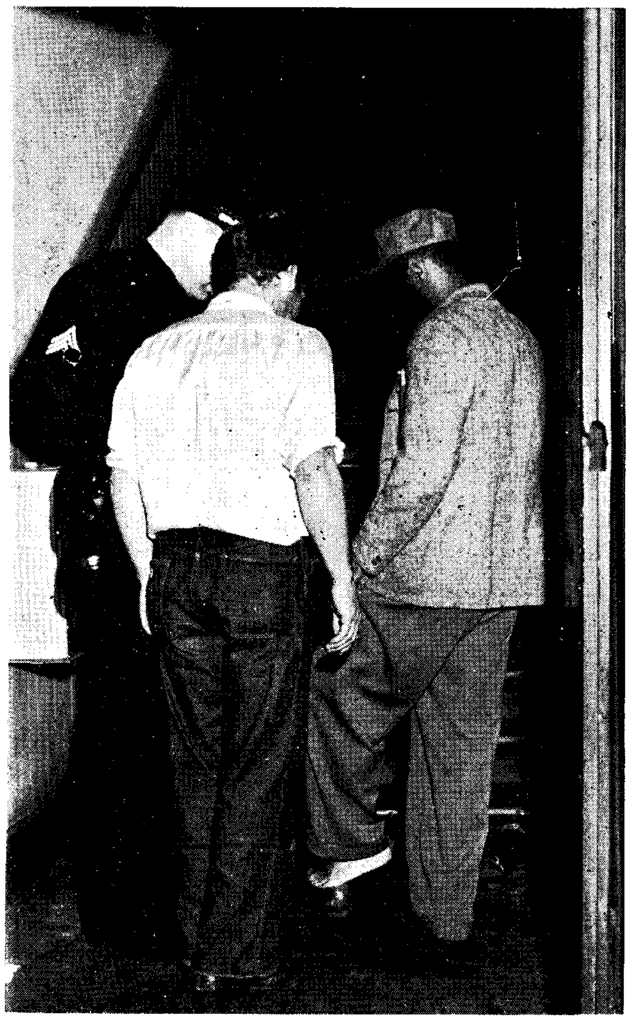
Crimes tend to come on a grand scale. A shooting is not just a shooting; it's a production. I was riding in a police radio car one night when we received a call to East Seventh Street. We sped in. There wasn't *one* victim stretched out on the sidewalk—there were *four!* They were strung out along East Seventh Street and around the corner: three men spaced at intervals where a gunman had felled them, and a fourth, an innocent bystander, curled up under a theater marquee. Wide-eyed kids were pointing to blood trails on the sidewalk.

Just like the movies.

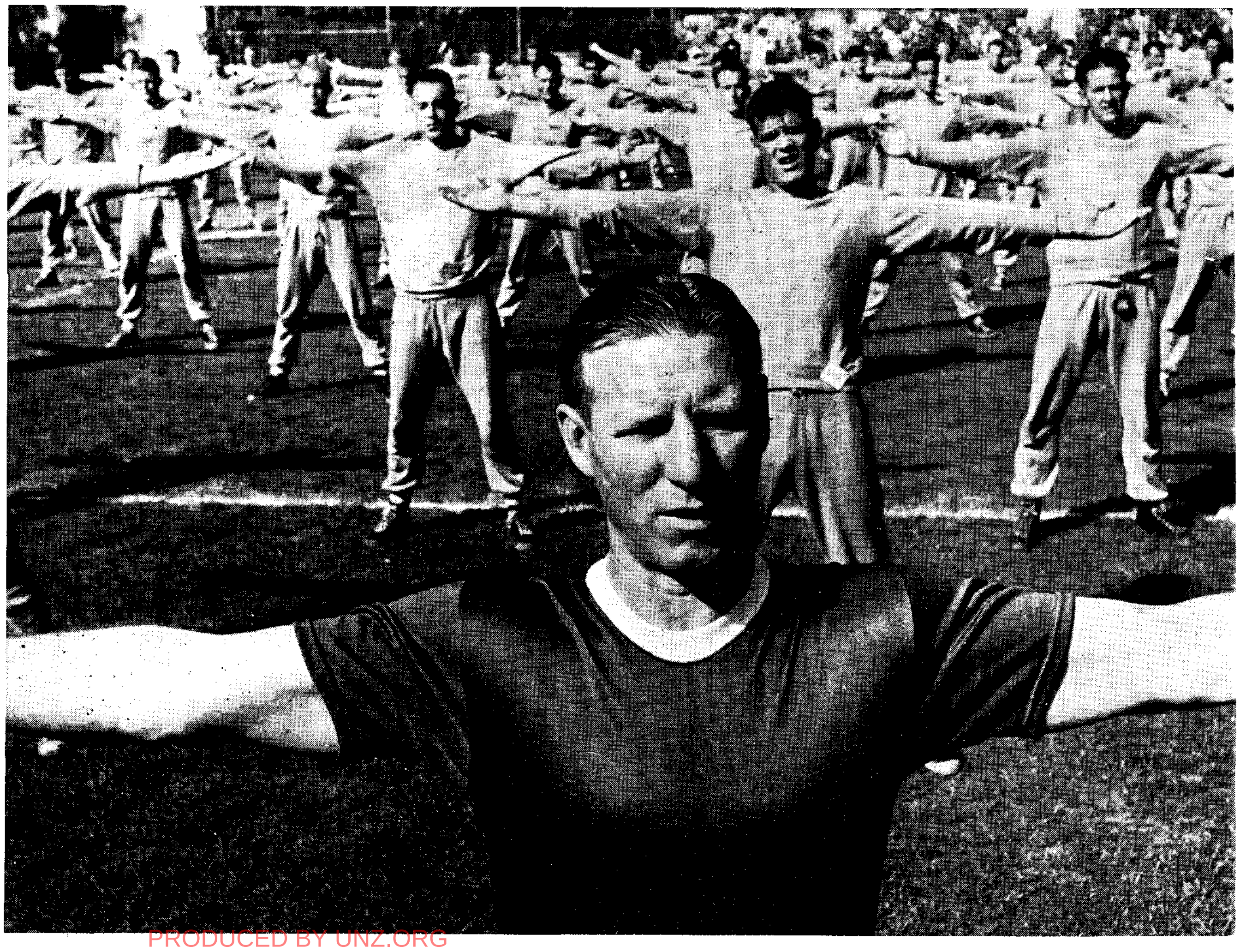
Eugene W. Biscailuz, the boots-and-saddles sheriff of Los Angeles County, dryly allows, "We do have some—well, I

(Continued on page 58)

Prowlers are **a problem in Los Angeles; arrests are rare because escape is so easy. A police sergeant is shown questioning a suspect**



A policeman's lot **is not a happy one in the nation's most sprawling city. Rigidly screened and strenuously trained, they are often viewed with contempt by Angelenos who prefer a crook's word to a cop's. Here rookies take training under ex-Marine Captain Frank Walton**



Hunt Hard, Hunt Long

By HARRY SYLVESTER

Clark Antrim had to kill the mountain lion. It was the only way to kill the hurt it had done him so many years before

AFTER knocking on the door, Aloysius Teter came into Clark's office to say that the gun shop had phoned and that the gun would be ready by train time.

"What did they do," Clark asked, "have to make the part?"

"They didn't say, Chief. They have shells for it, too."

"Why shouldn't they have shells? It's their business, isn't it?"

"They claim those German models haven't been popular since the war. Their feelings are hurt that you didn't buy a new English or American model. I was wondering myself, Chief, why you wanted a Mannlicher. Why nothing else would do."

A little unreasonable flicker of anger touched Clark. The question came too close to a secret region of his heart. He swallowed a sharp answer—Teter would brood for the month of Clark's absence if he spoke harshly to him now—and said, "Personal reason. All right, anything else?"

"Your luggage is at Grand Central. There'll be some letters to sign. Miss Arlene Canby phoned to remind you she will be in Denver late this month with the road company of her show, and—"

"I'll be four hundred miles south of Denver," Clark said.

"A mere nothing in the West, Chief, they tell me."

Clark rose and went to the window that looked northward the length of Manhattan. He was looking for those higher Catskill peaks that might be seen from the city on a dry, clear day. He couldn't see them and he told himself he should have known he couldn't. His shoulder was aching—always a sign of high humidity. His hand strayed to the ache—a gesture he had forbidden himself. Teter noticed it. "About the portable heat lamp for the shoulder—" He spoke of the shoulder as though it didn't belong to Clark.

"There's no electricity where I'm going to be."

"You've forgotten we had that small portable generator made. Either gasoline or kerosene, provision made for adjustment to available fuel," Teter said. "The shop made it especially for you."

"It's too big and where I'm going I expect to be traveling light. No guides and only one pack horse, if any."

"But isn't that a risk? I mean, unfamiliar country—"

"It's not so unfamiliar," Clark said. "It's where I grew up. My father was assistant superintendent of schools for the county. Get me those letters, will you."

Just talking about the place had started Clark off again. That pounding, secret excitement that he had tried to fight down these last two weeks was rising again. Clark Antrim, who supervised the complicated operations of a huge company, did not know how he was going to bear waiting until train time.

Two mornings later he woke up in a Pullman and ooked out the window at a November rainstorm over a Kansas plain. Several times during the night he had lain in that borderland of consciousness where, with luck, past and present sometimes reveal their relation to each other. That series of scenes, already visualized a thousand times separately, came clearly and in order to him as though now that he approached where they had begun twenty-two years ago their meaning and vividness increased. . . .

School had been out for the day and he had come home to find that his mother was at a neighbor's, helping with a new baby, and that his father was visiting a school clear across the county. The Mannlicher carbine, long forbidden him, rested across the short, lower prongs of the antelope head fixed to the dining-room wall. He knew that the heavy snow which lay all over the region had forced the deer and elk down out of the mountains and the antelope off their high plateaus. A mountain lion, driven by hunger, had descended, too. Its tracks had been seen along the canyon road, which bulldozers had cleared out the previous afternoon so that the daily bus from Colorado could get through. But of course he wasn't going to hunt the lion. He would go for a possible shot at deer or elk. His father certainly couldn't raise any serious objection to that. Besides, for lion you needed Jake English's dogs.

There was nothing in the canyon pass. Whatever tracks might have been there had been covered by the snowplow. A few crested Rocky Mountain jays shrieked in the great pines, but otherwise he was alone. The cold winter sun moved steadily down to the jagged peaks, making him less aware of fear than of his aloneness. By turning north and climbing the low walls of the canyon he could come around in back of the school. He knew that a lion never bothered a human unless the beast were wounded or hungry. That the lion tracks seen near the school meant the animal might be attempting to stalk a child alarmed none of the other children, nor himself, that afternoon in the canyon.

Climbing the low wall of the canyon, he found that the drifts were too deep for him to think of working the mile across country to the school. As he stood there on the edge of the canyon wall, the snow to his waist, the gun held across him—for what cat could venture such snow—the darkness gathering in the east put out an arm and struck him. Later he remembered falling into the drifts below in the canyon and the darkness clinging to him, bearing him down, and he remembered the pain tearing at his left shoulder.

Later they said the depth of the snow had saved him. The cat had had trouble digging him out of the drift into which he had plunged headfirst. The first thing Clark remembered after the darkness and the pain was the headlights of the Colorado bus coming down the canyon road. The driver and some of the passengers saw the cat leap away, floundering long enough in the drifts to have been shot if anyone in the bus had carried a rifle. Someone actually recognized the lion by the pale scar where a bullet had raked its flank years before.

They kept his head turned to the right when they put him on the stretcher so that he couldn't see his left shoulder.

His father could not get to the hospital until the next morning and Clark lay there in fear of what he might say. But all his father did was to take the hand of the good arm and look at him and say over and over, "You're all right, Clark, you're all right."

His father took him to a plastic surgeon in Kansas City. The surgeon thought that exercising the torn shoulder would do more good than surgery. Clark was not yet fifteen. "But what about the scar?" his father asked. The doctor shrugged. "He's a boy. If I were you, I'd be more concerned about the inner scarring than the outer."

Clark exercised the arm for years and the exercise—flinging the left arm upward and outward over and over—came to seem like some stylized gesture of despair. When the shoulder grew limber, Clark began to try to strengthen it. He was a senior in high school before he could risk playing the games the others played.

Outwardly his confidence had grown—he even earned a letter in baseball that year—but inwardly a certain darkness remained. When he swam with the others, especially if there were any girls around, he always wore a white T-shirt. He was surprised and heartened to find that many of his classmates understood his sensitivity. No one ever mentioned the shoulder. A girl might rest her head against his arm, but not the shoulder. It wasn't until he reached college that it again became a problem outside himself.

IN THE spring of his sophomore year he had his first love affair. The girl was a junior named Mary West, a year older than he, and it meant a good deal to him that anyone as attractive and talented as she was should love him, or appear to. On a hot afternoon in May he skipped baseball practice and went to a pond in the hills with her. Oak and great gum trees shaded the place. He stood for a moment in their light-flecked shadow and then unthinkingly he pulled the T-shirt over his head. He was facing the water and, as he stood for a moment longer before plunging in, he heard Mary gasp faintly. He turned to her and saw how white her face had gone. "I'm sorry," he mumbled and slipped the shirt back on.

Mary tried for composure and, after a fashion, achieved it. Clark found in himself an unexpected capacity for pitying someone else. Why he should pity her, he did not know. He knew better than to kiss her that afternoon. They swam and went back to school, not saying very much. He made one halfhearted attempt to see her again but she was very busy reading proof for the literary quarterly.

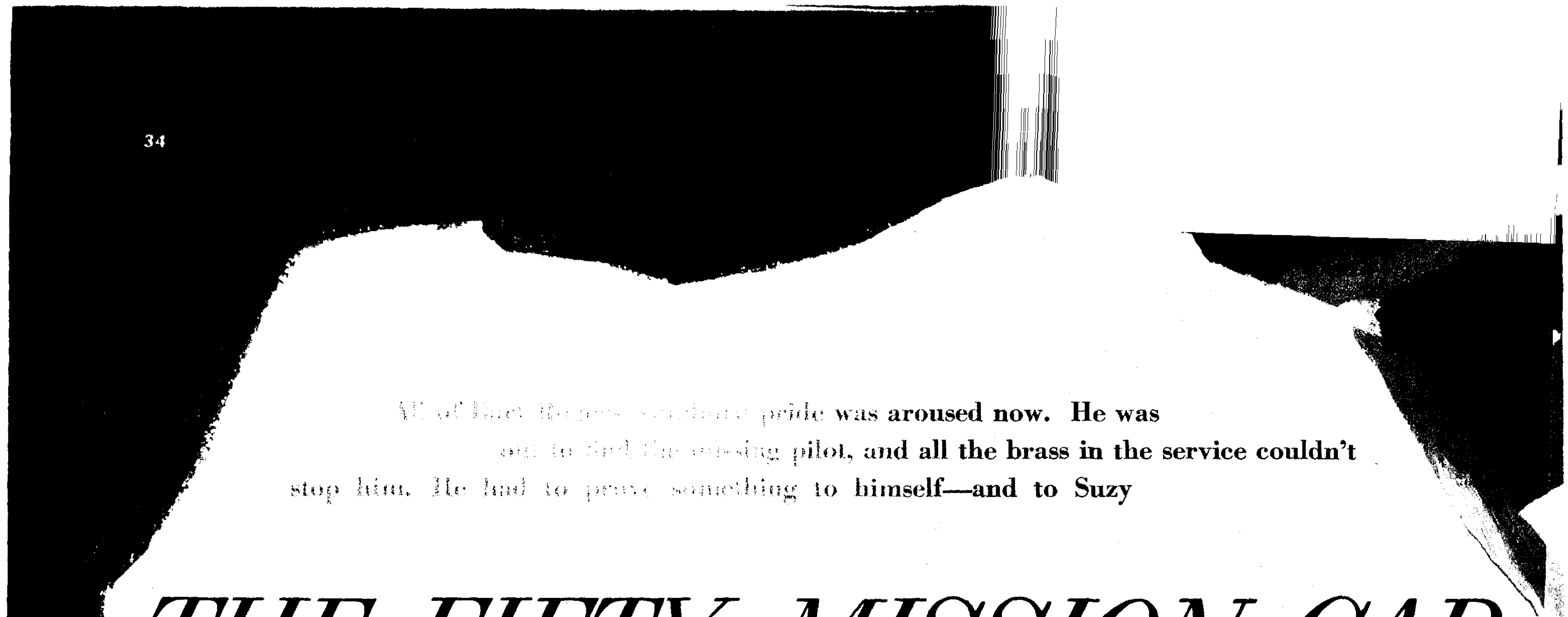
And after that he hated as well as feared the cat.

At the time he did not relate his sudden intense interest in baseball to his loss of Mary. In his senior year he was baseball captain and the position got him his first job—with the company he now managed. Because the president of the company at that time had been baseball captain at the same school thirty years before, Clark

(*Continued on page 66*)

A shadow passed over him and he glanced up to see a cat-shape black against the sun. The dogs milled around, yapping wildly

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



All of Bart Rogers' stubborn pride was aroused now. He was out to find the missing pilot, and all the brass in the service couldn't stop him. He had to prove something to himself—and to Suzy

THE FIFTY-MISSION CAP

By WALT GROVE

The Story: A hot rock named LIEUTENANT BEN SCHROEDER, with more courage than sense, was the guy who started all the trouble for me up on Baffin Island near the Arctic Circle, where no brass monkey would ever dare to venture. I was a chicken colonel then—COLONEL BARTHOLOMEW ROGERS, if you want to be formal about it—and the commanding officer of the 376th Fighter Squadron, which had been sent to Baffin to test jet fighters under subzero conditions.

Well, this silly Schroeder went and chased a Russian transport for some reason known only to himself; he got lost out on the frozen wastes, and we all supposed that he had crashed. The 13th Rescue Squadron, stationed at our Wing headquarters at Goose Bay, went looking for him with radar, but they didn't find him. Then Wing ordered them to abandon the hunt for Schroeder and go look for some other Johnny who had crashed.

That should have ended the matter as far as we were concerned, but it didn't. One of the two Army nurses attached to our outfit—an awfully pretty kid named SUZY GATES—was engaged to be married to Schroeder. Her emotional life seemed to be a little mixed up, for she also had a soft spot for thirty-six-year-old me, a man with a loving wife and a nice young son. I hadn't any designs on Suzy (or that's what I kept telling myself), but I liked her and felt sorry for her. And she was determined to have her pilot back.

Another person who was keen to have the search for Schroeder continued was my operations officer, LIEUTENANT COLONEL DENNIS, a louse who was bucking for a promotion and who hoped that there might be some embarrassment in the situation for me. Dennis spent most of his time figuring out how to get my job, and the rest of it playing around with our other Army nurse—a fat job named WILMA, who had an unnerving way of appearing in her underwear. With the other members of my staff I got along fine. These included LIEUTENANT PRICE, my mild-mannered sad sack of an adjutant, and MAJOR (DAD) HOWE, my executive officer.

I had a fist fight with Dennis. He broke my nose and generally roughed me up so I looked like hell. Dad Howe suggested we tell everyone that I was ganged up on by four Russians. I should have mentioned them before, by the way. They were the crew of the transport—a Tupolev-70—that Schroeder had chased. They landed at our base when they ran out of fuel, and we put them under lock and key. It was Dad Howe also who put the idea into my head about how we might find Schroeder.

III

OH, I knew I'd do it, all right—being a born fool. I kept thinking of what Dad Howe had suggested. It was funny, but once I had seen *two planes hit in exactly the same spot.* The first one crashed at night about a mile and a quarter off the end of a runway in a thickly wooded area; we saw the explosion from the tower and we could tell where it was. We went to it by jeep as far as we could go and then walked the rest of the way. The crew were all dead. The plane had plowed a great swath through the trees about two hundred yards long and one such swath is enough, believe me.

Well, six months later the same damn' thing happened again. This crash was very early in the A.M. and we saw the plane hit, too. But when we went to find it we couldn't; we were avoiding the spot where we knew someone else had crashed before, see. At daylight someone flew over the area and reported that there was no sign of a crash, only the scar from the first old crash, which meant that the aircraft had simply disappeared. However, a closer look a few hours later showed that the second ship had gone in right where the first one had crashed. They were all dead on the second one, too.

Well, I sat there at my desk and mulled it over. The radar hadn't picked Schroeder up and the squadron hadn't found him drifting in his rubber boat. I began to wonder if X really did mark Schroeder's spot, and if so which X?

It was not the best idea that anyone had ever had, I'm sure, but I thought that it was worth a try. I got up and put on my parka. "Price."

"Yes, sir."

"Get Colonel Dennis on the wire and if he's in Operations tell him to stay there and if he isn't get someone to get him down there. Tell him I want to see him there immediately. And get Major Cooley down there, too."

"Yes, sir."

I went down to Operations and when I got there Dennis was waiting.

"I sent one of my men to find Cooley," he said. "What's up?"

"I've got an idea," I said, and I told him my guess about why the radar had not picked up Schroeder—that he had landed or crashed so close to a previous crash that the wreckage jammed the radar screen.

"You can't send the squadron out," Dennis said.

"One man could go," I said. "He could get out of here while it's socked in and then get back in around three. It's going to be open for a while around three."

"You want a volunteer?"

"No," I said. "I'll go."

He looked very surprised. Then he began to consider the matter seriously, frowning. "Listen, if this thing is going to be done, then it ought to be done right."

"What does that mean?"

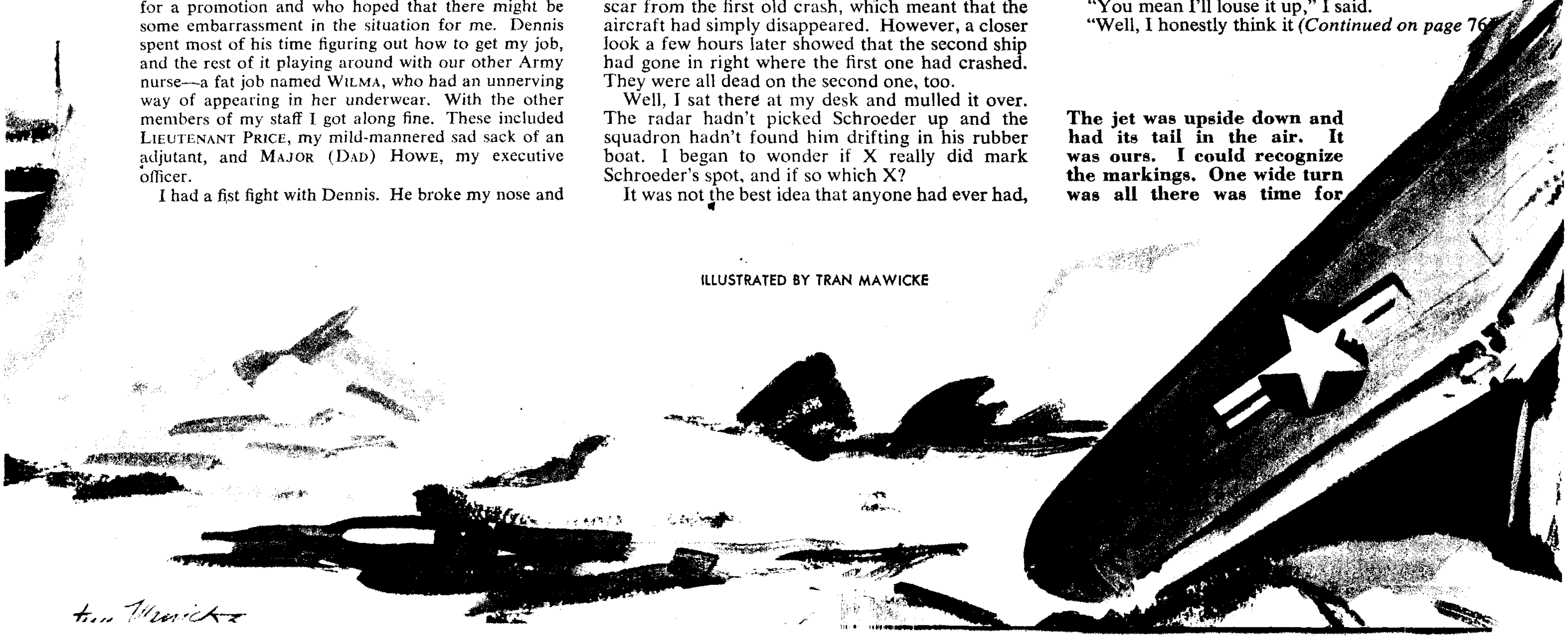
"Well, you haven't flown as much as the rest of us have since we've been up here."

"You mean I'll louse it up," I said.

"Well, I honestly think it *(Continued on page 76*

The jet was upside down and had its tail in the air. It was ours. I could recognize the markings. One wide turn was all there was time for

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

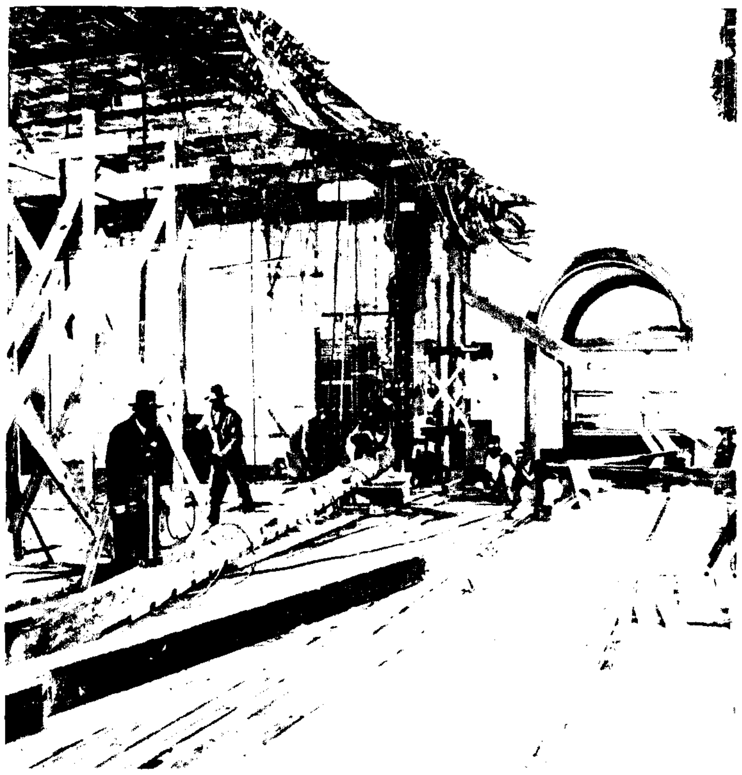


P11-2714

They're FIXIN

By MILTON LEHMAN

A $5,400,000 repair job has left the White House a mere shell *of its old self,* and the souvenir hunters are hopefully eying the historic spoils. The Grand Reopening is set for late 1951


WIDE WORLD

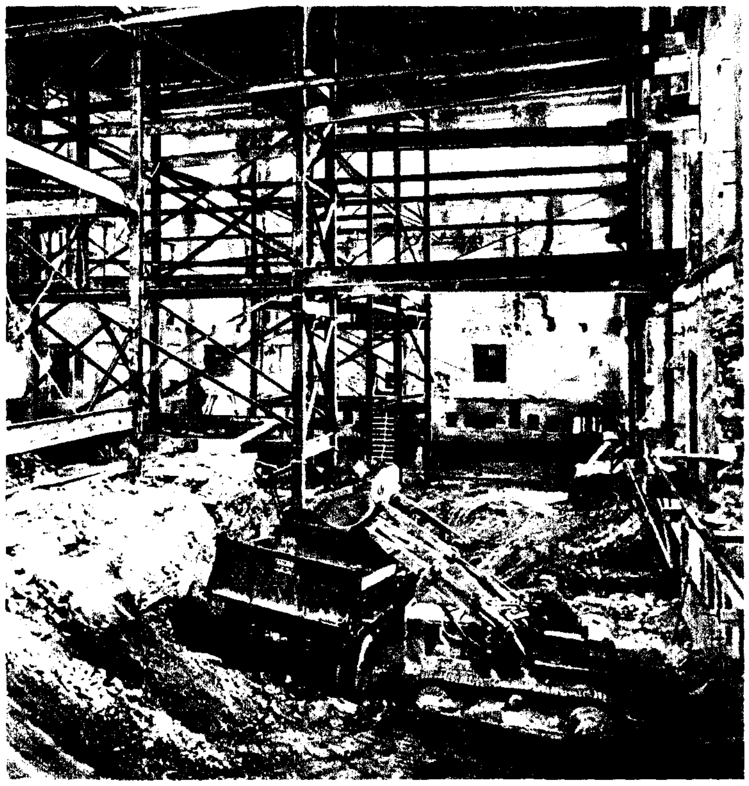
There formerly was a wall where these men are standing, on the second floor of the building

HARRIS & EWING

Under official eyes, ornaments from the state dining room are carefully packed for later use

Trucks and bulldozers prowl through the White House. Jimmy Brown is shown at the controls

ABBIE ROWE—NATIONAL PARK SERVICE



FOR some months this year a bulldozer roamed at large in the White House. Its operator was husky Jimmy Brown, one of hundreds of workmen hired for the current renovation of the Executive Mansion. Brown's task was to dig new basements within the old walls. Before he came on this job, he liked to say: "Up here in the driver's seat, a guy's got a sense of power. A bulldozer man don't take nothing from nobody."

But today Jimmy Brown is jittery. Like his fellow workmen, he was fingerprinted, photographed and investigated by the Secret Service. He was repeatedly warned to be careful, extremely careful, whenever he got near the walls. Several times, while scooping giant gobs of sandy clay, he shoveled up a batch of old brick or bluestone from the original building. When this happened, the foreman's assistant bellowed at him to hold up, and laborers rushed to pick the brick and stone from his shovel. "That ain't junk, Jimmy, that's souvenirs," the assistant would scold him.

"This is no place for a bulldozer," Brown has concluded. "It's enough to make a guy nervous!"

The tension of Jimmy Brown is shared by his colleagues. On no other building project is the concern for what goes in equaled by the clamor for what comes out. For a nation of souvenir hunters, the dismantled mansion is a treasure trove. Each week hundreds of Americans write to ask for a piece of the White House—a brick, a stone, a handmade nail. The letters eventually reach Major General Glen E. Edgerton, Army Corps of Engineers, Retired, the harried executive director of the Commission on Renovation of the Executive Mansion, who observes: "We could have demolished the old building just by inviting the souvenir hunters to come and help themselves!"

The souvenir problem is only one strange aspect of this construction job. No building project has ever had more supervisors, engineers, architects and consultants passing judgment on it. Since the job got under way December 7, 1949, experts have descended on Washington by the planeload.

The Federal Fire Council was called to study fire hazards. Donald M. Burmister, a Columbia University civil engineering professor, dropped by to consider soil conditions. Frederic Whitley, a chimney expert, was hired to assure that the new chimneys would operate properly. From Kansas City, engineers from the firm of Howard, Needles, Tammen & Bergendoff arrived to examine the old walls. Ernest E. Howard and Emil H. Praeger came in as permanent engineering consultants to the Commission on Renovation. In Washington, the American Institute of Architects and the American Society of Civil Engineers also looked in on the job.

The federal government itself supplied experts in quintuplicate. While the National Bureau of Standards ran tests on the quality of the sandstone in the walls, the Coast and Geodetic Survey explored the ground strata for any signs of vulnerability to earthquakes. The United States Navy sent authorities on plumbing, the National Park Service studied the rose gardens and plantings, and the total project was reviewed, budgeted and argued through Congress by the Public Buildings Administration.

Among the sidewalk superintendents on the White House job the most illustrious is Harry S. Truman himself, who reviews the work during his early-morning constitutionals. The Trumans are occupying Blair House across the street until they can move back to a renovated White House—probably by Christmas, 1951. Congressmen and senators also keep a sharp eye on the project. On Friday noon the workmen put down their wrenches and tidy up the area for important week-end visitors.

The White House now has an air of mystery. Its gates are closed to the public. Its high Georgian windows are shrouded with tar paper. About all you can see from Pennsylvania Avenue are the workmen's shanties, a massive derrick hoisting rubble, a few dump trucks shuttling almost furtively through the southeast gate, and workmen walking solemnly, as if on review. By Act of Congress, the White House is being "renovated" at a cost of $5,400,000. For the tourist peering through the gates, the biggest mystery is where all the money is going.

To solve this mystery, I recently spent several days at the White House. Calling the project a "renovation" is as inadequate as describing the reconstruction of historic Williamsburg as "spring house cleaning." All that stands of the old mansion are its outer walls, its third floor and the roof. These are as deceptive as a Hollywood movie set. Behind the walls in the gutted structure a new White House is being built.

The trouble with the old building was discovered three years ago by its chief tenant. When President Truman walked across his second-floor study, he reported an "over-the-waves sensation," and in the Blue Room directly below, the crystal chandeliers would tinkle ominously. The President summoned government engineers, who, after a survey, declared the second floor unsound and unsafe. Their initial estimate for repairs called for $1,000,000.

Splintered Beams and Crumbling Walls

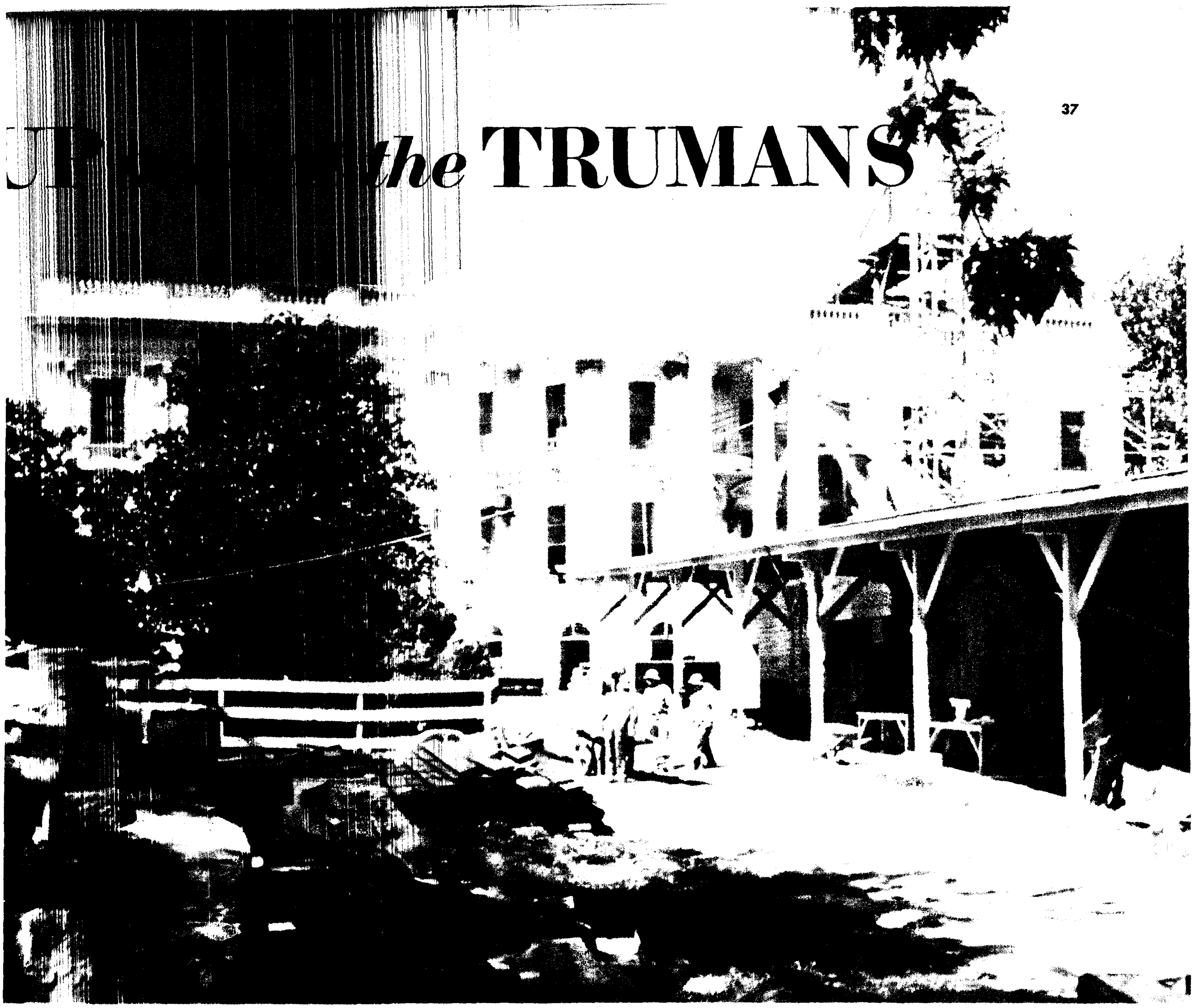
Closer inspection showed the supporting beams splintered, weakened by a century of remodeling, and the inside brick walls beginning to crumble. When the East Room ceiling suddenly sagged, depositing a pile of plaster dust on the floor and threatening to crash, engineers' estimates doubled and the White House living quarters were put off limits to the Trumans. (The Executive wings, erected much more recently than the rest of the building, are still in use.)

Called on for suggestions, the White House staff reviewed the past complaints of Presidents and first ladies. Working with architects, they proposed various improvements designed to make future Presidents happy while maintaining the building's venerable charm. When they got up from the blueprints, the estimate had rocketed to $5,400,000, a figure calculated to cause shudders in any American who has quaked at the cost of remodeling an old farmhouse.

In the breakdown of costs, 76 items were listed. The cost of saving the old walls and excavating for new basements was set at $628,250; steel beams and joists within the walls will run $200,000; the new ventilating and air-conditioning system, $420,000; interior marblework, $200,000; the electrical system, $330,000, excluding fixtures. Even minor items will cost plenty—shower doors and tub enclosures, $4,800; incinerators and trash can washer,

COLOR PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE TAMES

the TRUMANS



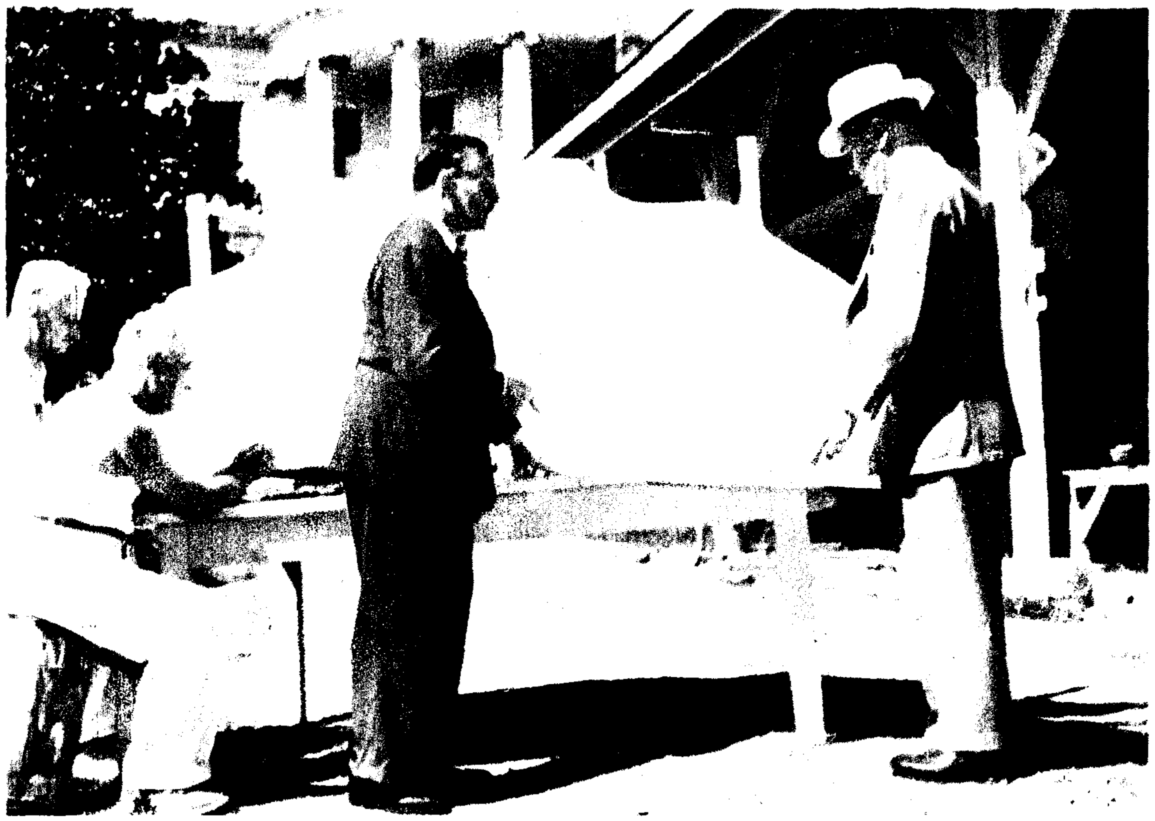
The South Lawn, where children have rolled Easter eggs in other years, is now a cluttered thoroughfare for workmen's carts

$6,000; vacuum cleaning system, $5,000; insect screens, $6,700.

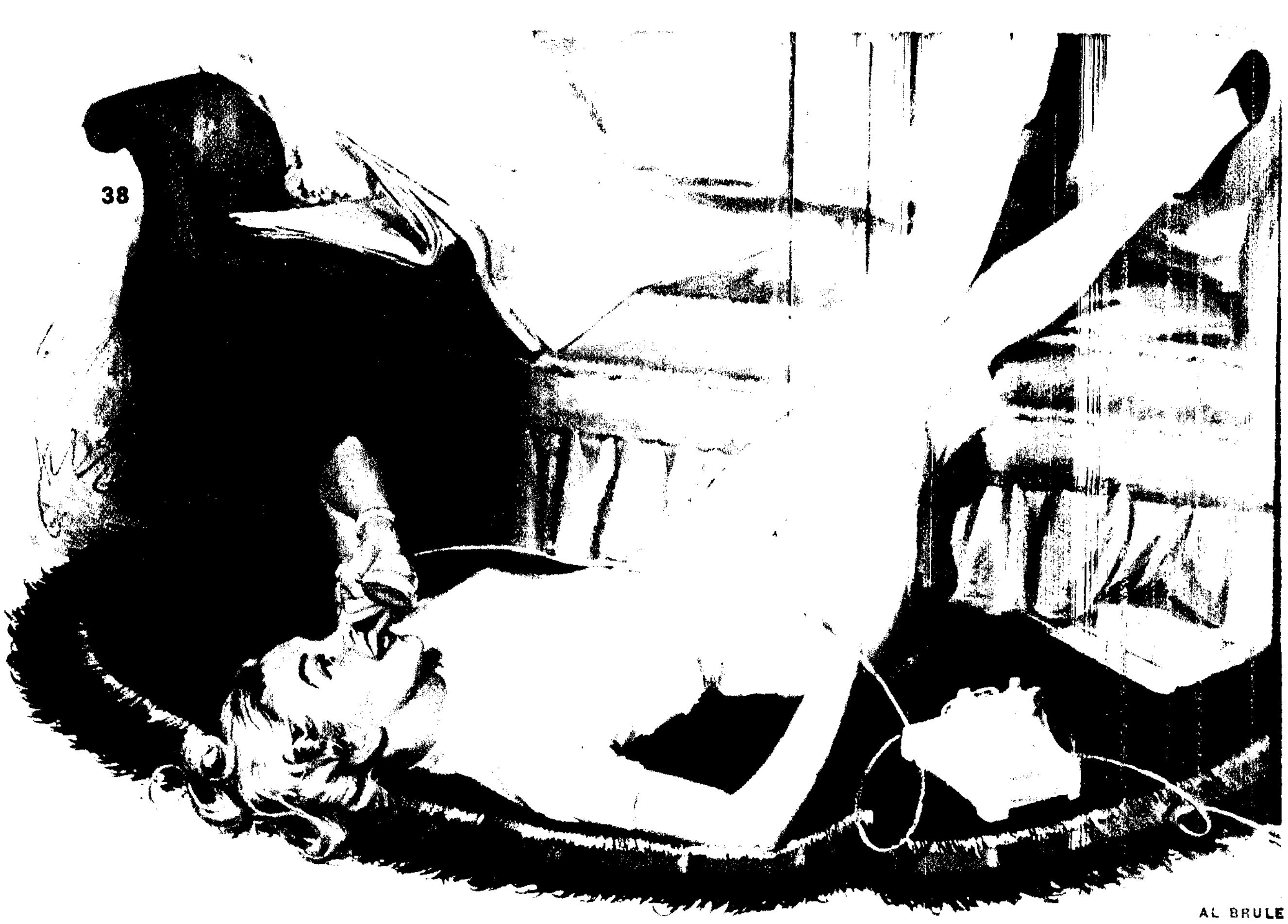
After poring over these figures for two years, Lorenzo S. Winslow, architect of the White House, no longer flinches at the cost. "After all," Winslow says, "this isn't a private home, it's an institution. The White House has approximately 1,250,000 cubic feet, about 60 rooms, and the East Room alone is so big you could put four Cape Cod houses in it, complete with garage. We figure to spend about $4 a cubic foot—no more than you would on a bank lobby."

Winslow and his associates must try to please two masters—the Presidents elected to live in the mansion rent-free, and the public, which wants to keep it a great historic shrine. Winslow hopes to satisfy both.

The new White House will look much the same as the old. The state reception rooms on the first floor and the President's quarters on the second will be totally restored. *(Continued on page 61)*



Architect Lorenzo Winslow checks plaster reproductions with (right) Major General Glen Edgerton of the Renovation Commission



AL BRULE

Phyllis' voice was very woman-to-womanish. None of that "Don't be childish" stuff now

The Parent Problem

JOSIE had that feeling again as the family sat down to dinner. She really had it bad this evening. She wondered if Phyllis ever did. Probably not, because Phyllis was fifteen and a half—not fourteen and three months—and awfully sophisticated. She knew lots of attractive men who took her out—and not just to a movie or for a Coke at Snouder's.

But with Josie the feeling usually stayed. It lasted all through dinner and while she listened to the radio in her room. A terrible restlessness in her stomach and in her feet. Mother and Daddy kept *sitting* there. How could they shove in their food that way? And Josie's head drooped over her plate; she ate hardly anything. She was waiting for something to happen. Right now she was waiting so hard she couldn't swallow.

"What are you going to do after dinner, Mum?" she asked.

"We're playing bridge at the Fieldings', darling."

"Oh."

"You'll help Nellie with the dishes? Not going to the movies or anything?"

"No."

"Where's your friend Phyllis this evening?" Daddy said.

"Daddy! It's Saturday night. Phyllis has a date, of course."

"Well, you do your homework like a good girl and you'll have all tomorrow to fool around."

Sometimes Josie couldn't believe Daddy was as dumb as the things he said.

It was really awful, this feeling. As if you were full of volts, as if you could jig up and down forever, you were so full of energy.

Right now Phyllis was probably making up her face.

"What time is it, Mother?" Josie asked.

"Seven thirty, Josie."

Yes, Phyllis would be putting on that liquid rouge they'd sent a coupon for, and Randall was probably waiting outside in his convertible. Josie could have stayed over there to help her get dressed, but it would have been so embarrassing to have Randall see her leaving. Or worse, he might have offered to drive her home. On Saturday night.

"Darling, why don't you ask Helen over to play gin? Nellie made a chocolate cake for tomorrow's lunch. If you approach her right—"

"No, thanks, Mother."

She thought Mother and Daddy were looking at each other queerly. About her. Don't look at each other about me, she wanted to shout at them. Couldn't they understand how awful it was to be fourteen and three months instead of fifteen and a half so that nothing ever happened to you? Phyllis kept saying, "You'd be a new woman, Josie, with a Valli haircut or a gold choker," but somehow she never was.

"Well, baby, eat your steak anyway. You're looking sort of pallid lately."

Pallid, was it? She'd bet Anna Karenina looked pallid the whole time. Oh, it wasn't just Phyllis' date, though probably spending the whole afternoon talking about it made her feel worse, more keyed up. Phyllis was pretty sure Randall was finally going to try to kiss her good night too. At least she was going to sort of casually give him an opening. She'd asked Josie's advice about how to fix it, but sort of condescendingly. She knew the only time Josie'd been kissed was when Billy Chester smushed her in the icehouse when they were eleven, and that hardly counted. Phyllis had thought it was exciting when they first started being best friends and Josie'd told her, she remembered. But these days Phyllis was always saying, "Oh, don't be childish, Josie." . . .

Nellie was taking away the plates and she nudged Josie and said "Tch-tch" as she lifted hers. Josie pretended she didn't hear. She wished Nellie wouldn't be so palsy. The dessert was prune whip. Oh, darn, prune whip again.

"Darling, is that all you're going to take? That's your favorite dessert."

How do you know what my favorite dessert is tonight, she thought. I have moods, too, you know, and tonight I happen to fancy arsenic. That would certainly make them jump, if she said that.

Daddy was clearing his throat. "Josie, it would be polite to answer your mother. She just spoke to you, you know."

"Sorry, Mother." By rolling her eyes around, she could see without lifting her head that Daddy was giving Mother that look again. Mother shook her head warningly and he shrugged. Probably when you got that old you didn't have any sensitivity to people's feelings—like the way your taste buds withered.

The telephone was ringing. It was actually ringing. Well, so what? But then Nellie was poking her head through the pantry door. "Josie, it's your friend Phyllis."

Josie dashed to the hall phone. Phyllis' voice was very woman-to-womanish—none of that "Don't be childish" stuff now. "I know it's terribly late to be calling you about this, but Randall's father's godson just got into town and Randall brought him along. We thought it would be gay to make it a double date. Could you possibly, Josie? Of course I told Randall you'd probably be all dated up by now, but I thought I'd call just on the chance."

THEN Phyllis must have put her hand around the receiver because her voice suddenly was all breathy, and what with the way Josie's heart was beating, she could hardly hear. "Listen, Josie," Phyllis muttered, "you've just got to be able to go. Remember what we talked about this afternoon—and if that pill is along, it will spoil everything. My whole future might depend on it.

"And listen, he really isn't so bad. Not as mature as Randall, of course, but not too much of a baby, and quite tall. Your mother has just *got* to let you. It means everything to me. We'll be over in fifteen minutes."

Josie put the receiver back gently. Oh, heavens, if Mother would only let her. Her first real date. And Phyllis needed her. She might be fifteen months younger than Phyllis, but that didn't matter now. How would she ever make Mother and Daddy understand how desperately important it was? She couldn't explain to them, they were too old to know what it was like to want to live. She walked slowly into the dining room and stood stiffly behind her chair. She could feel her face getting pink and she was afraid her voice would shake.

"Mother, that was Phyllis. Randall Heath's father's godson is visiting them and they've asked me to go on a double date. Please, Mother. It's very important."

"Well, I—" Daddy began, pushing back his chair.

"Ssh, Ed. Just a minute." Mother looked carefully at Josie. "It *is* very important, isn't it, darling?" Her voice was serious and somehow confidential.

Josie nodded. She didn't dare speak.

"Well, go ahead then, pet," Mother said lightly. "Randall's always seemed like a nice boy. Home by midnight, though."

"Oh, thank you, Mother, thank you, thank you." She ran over and hugged her and then Daddy so he wouldn't feel hurt. Older people got hurt feelings so easily.

Josie was sure her date would be tall, and probably sixteen at *least*, probably very interesting in a subtle sort of way. Phyllis had dreadful taste in men. *She wouldn't know a pill from a prince.* And maybe they'd go somewhere and dance and he'd say, "Listen, you ought to always wear green," and she'd toss her head back like Valli.

Josie knew as she left the dining room that they were looking at each other again about her. "Look here, Eve—" Daddy began, and Josie paused on the stairs. "I don't get all this. First the child mopes all through dinner as if she had a bellyache, then some perfectly strange boy wants to take her out to Heaven knows where and you say okay. What goes on here?"

Josie's hand tightened on the banister and she strained to hear Mother's low voice.

"Now, Ed, don't fuss. She'll be perfectly all right. And I assure you she doesn't have a stomachache. It's just that sometimes being a woman is rather trying."

Josie bounded up the stairs. Of course. She could have told them that. She wouldn't have expected Mother to understand because she was so old, but probably she did because she was a woman too. Josie stopped at the top of the stairs and tossed her hair back, like Valli. THE END

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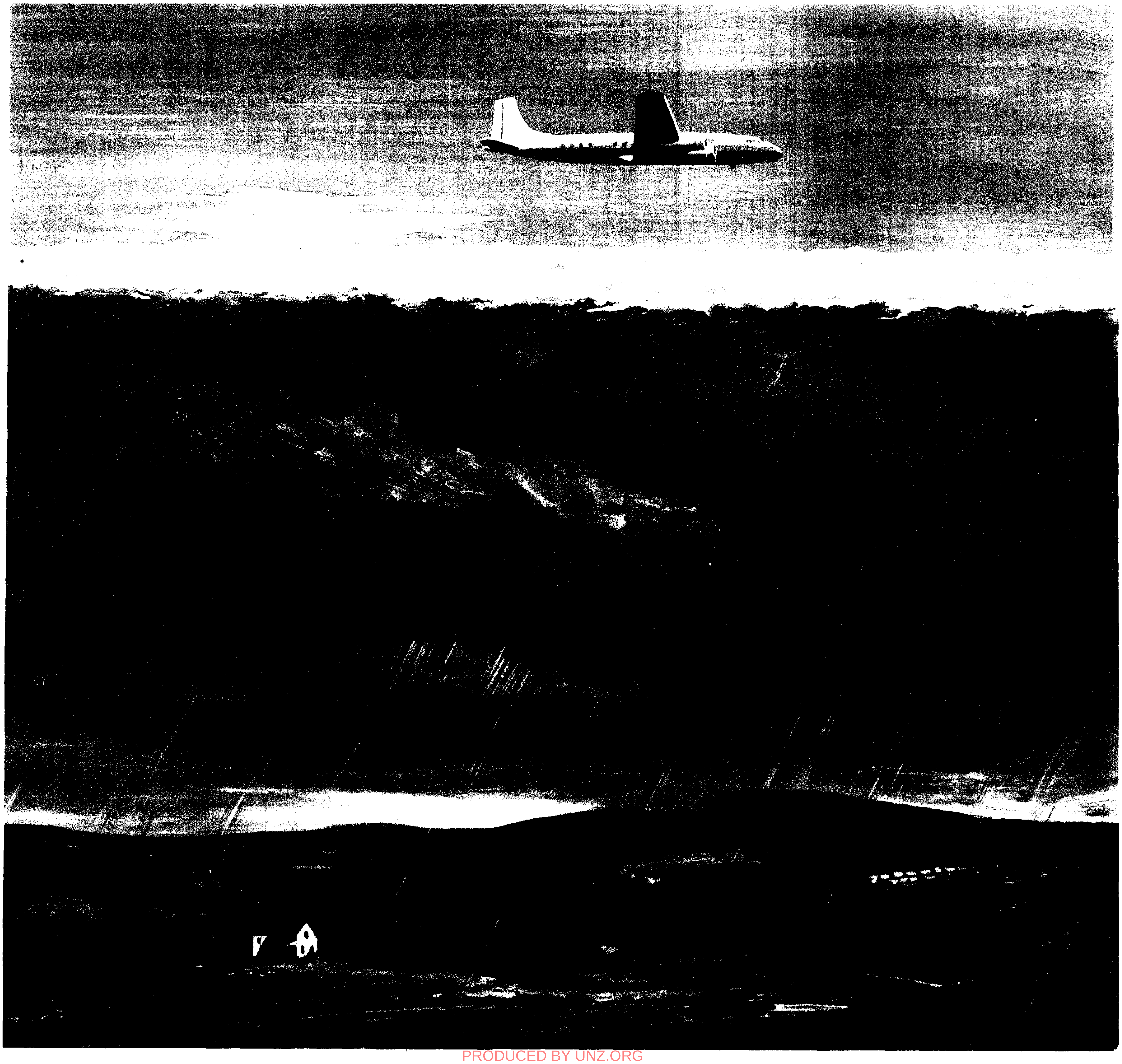

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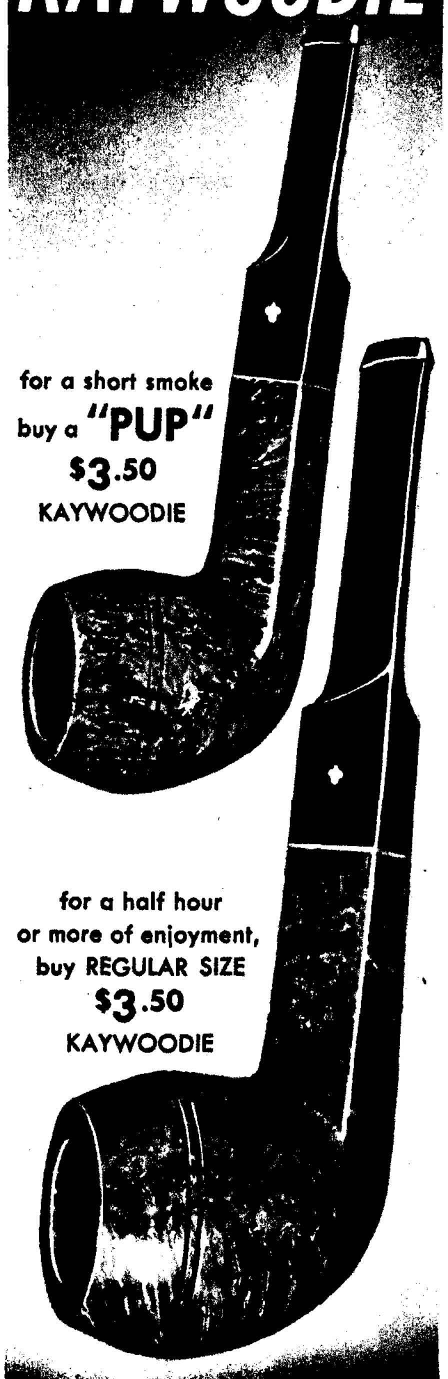

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The Pro Game Isn't Football

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

"What happens to the leading college players who go into pro football? They take their places in the front line immediately and without exception. They become stars at once. In fact, some who don't quite make it in college become the keymen of their professional clubs. Perhaps they are the best men the pros get because they're still a little hungry.

"Look at George Ratterman (New York Yanks quarterback), for instance. He's a top professional player but he never was better than second string at Notre Dame."

A Quarterback Worth Watching

But you say you like to see professional games?

"That's true, and I like to take the Army squad to see them. The players have great individual skills, and a college boy—particularly a quarterback—can learn a lot about playing his position by watching the pros. Take Frankie Albert of the San Francisco 49ers. He's adept at carrying out the fakes which help set up a pass. He holds the defense in place by simulating hand-offs to his backs. He fakes in one direction and passes in another.

"But he didn't learn that in pro football. He had it all when he played for Stanford."

Have you had any players who have benefited from watching the pros?

"Yes, several of them. For instance, Arnold Tucker, who played quarterback here with Blanchard and Davis; and Dan Foldberg, offensive end and captain of our present team. Foldberg got a lot out of watching those Cleveland ends (Speedie and Lavelli). From them he has learned new ways of getting loose to receive passes, how to change direction and pace, how to make the final fast cut which shakes off the defense."

If the pros have such able individuals, why can't they make them into superior football teams?

"There are lots of reasons. One is, they don't work at it. Their main objects are to get hold of the good college players after they are graduated and to get crowds into their ball parks. Everyone connected with a pro club participates in the ballyhoo. Everyone scouts players. They only work on the development of a team for a couple of months in the fall.

"After their preseason work they don't scrimmage, and you can't have a football team unless you go through your repertory over and over again under game conditions.

"Here at West Point we have about 20 basic offensive plays, with variations. In addition we have other plays devised to capitalize special weaknesses or to run against special defenses.

"In spring practice we scrimmage the basic plays more than a hundred times apiece. When the squad turns out in the fall we have to start over, the players are rusty. So we scrimmage the plays a hundred more times or so. Throughout the season we continue to use contact work to keep the players sharp.

"You don't develop good teeth by eating mush. You don't keep a blocker sharp by giving him theory and letting him go through the motions in dummy.

"I don't know whether it would be good sense for the pros to work on plays as we do. When you scrimmage you always run the risk of getting someone hurt and the pros can't afford to have the players the public wants to see on the bench.

"In addition, it may not be feasible to train pros as we train undergraduates. It's an old story to them. They probably don't have the enthusiasm for cracking skulls that you find in young fellows who haven't been overfed on football."

The Colonel whirled his glasses intensely.

"You know, even in college, players sometimes get on the downgrade in their last year. Take Red Cagle. He played here at West Point after four years at Southwestern Louisiana Institute. He was best as a yearling (sophomore). After that his performance was definitely not so good. As a pro he never came close to his early West Point form."

Colonel Blaik came to West Point from Dartmouth where he made a phenomenal record, once going through 22 consecutive games without a defeat. Looking for a better comparison between the potentialities of fiery youth and sated experience, he went back to that era.

"You remember the game between Dartmouth and Cornell in 1940. That was the time the referee made a mistake and gave Cornell five downs at the very end. On the last play of the game Cornell scored on a pass. This made it 7 to 3, but later, after conclusive evidence that the referee had made an error had been produced, Cornell ceded the game to Dartmouth; the score in the record book is Dartmouth 3, Cornell 0. Bob Krieger had kicked a field goal for Dartmouth early in the fourth period.

"What I'm trying to illustrate is that Dartmouth, a young team, beat Cornell, a veteran team, which hadn't lost in two years, strictly on youthful fire and emotional uplift. Our team hadn't any business finishing within 40 points of Cornell."

The accent on youth, the emphasis on strategy, the constant effort to build from the ground are themes from the Colonel's own career. After four years of football at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, he played his fifth and last year at West Point. He served three years in the cavalry after graduating from the Military Academy with the two-year class of 1920, then resigned and, with his father, went into the house-building business in Dayton, Ohio, his home town.

Blaik didn't decide to become a full-time professional coach until 1934. After years of seasonal assistant coaching at West Point, Ernest Martin Hopkins, president of Dartmouth, persuaded him to come to the Indian campus that year and redeem a hopeless situation. He did that, then moved back to Army as head coach in 1941 to undertake the same kind of job.

Having built up two football teams to formidable status through extraordinary resource and application, he's a little impatient with those who think—as the pros seem to—that football coaching is not a full-time job. As a fifty-two-year-old 190-pounder who can still get into the uniform he wore as a second lieutenant, he's a little intolerant of players who handicap themselves by lugging around excess avoirdupois.

"All the pro teams are full of big fat men, some of them 40 pounds over their most efficient playing weight. I know for certain that a man who wears a rubber tire can't play football with one who is down to hard condition, no matter what the big man's weight advantage may be. The fat man is useless in the attack and he can't move laterally on the defense. He's useful only if the ball carrier runs straight into him.

"What do you find in professional football?" The Colonel pointed an accusing finger at me and went on to answer his own question.

"You find that the average defensive lineman covers the spot he's assigned to and doesn't do one thing more. He thinks he's done his job if he stops all the plays directed at him. He doesn't chase a runner who goes in the opposite direction. Here, let me show you something."

Game Movies Prove His Point

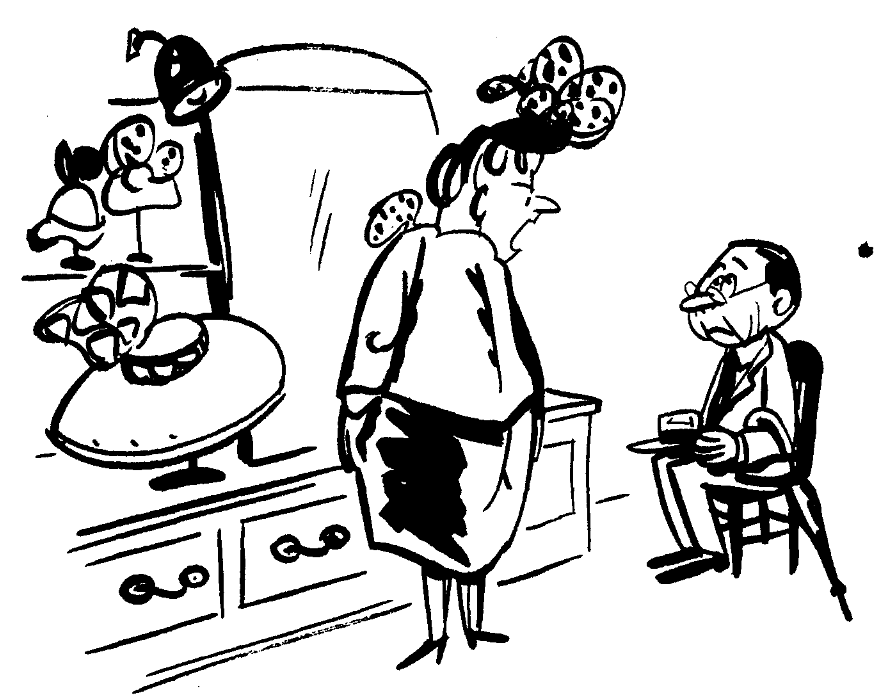
He led us into the movie room and put on a reel of the 1950 practice game between Army and Boston University. He fiddled with the projector, then found what he wanted.

"Watch this," the Colonel said. "This will show you what I think defensive men should do.

"See, Boston has the ball. There's the runner, going around our left end. See, our end is knocked down. The runner is around him. But watch now."

For a second the BU halfback seemed to have a clear path, then from every angle Army players started arriving. The runner was deluged by tacklers just as he turned the corner to go downfield. Even the end who had been knocked down scrambled up and got a hand on him. When the whistle blew, only two Army players were on their feet. The rest, nine of them, were in on the tackle.

"That's pursuit," said Colonel Blaik, shutting off the machine. "The pros don't



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"You like this? Why?
What's wrong with it?"

REAMER KELLER

Sure as the Birds Fly South

Free to fly—anywhere! But they're SURE to fly south. And you ...free to *try*—any whiskey. But once you know the matchless taste of Seagram's 7 Crown—you're SURE to head for it...every time.

Say **Seagram's** *and be* **Sure**

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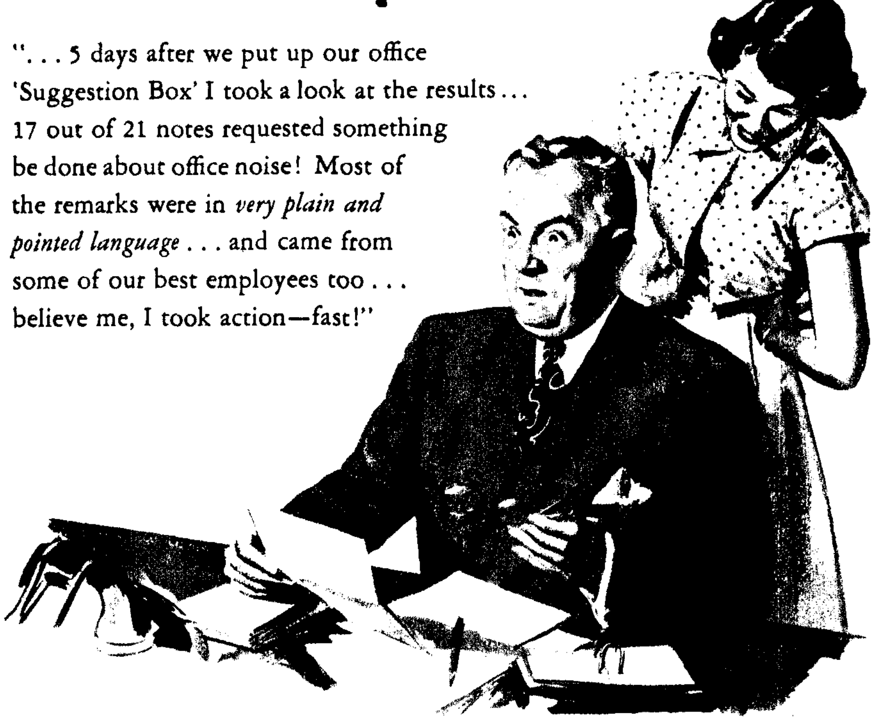
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

It's a wonder the suggestion box didn't explode!

"... 5 days after we put up our office 'Suggestion Box' I took a look at the results... 17 out of 21 notes requested something be done about office noise! Most of the remarks were in *very plain and pointed language*... and came from some of our best employees too... believe me, I took action—fast!"



"I'm the expert who cured these office jitters...

This office was typical of *hundreds* where unchecked noise destroys efficiency, ruins dispositions and boosts operating costs. Our *free* analysis showed that Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning—quickly installed at modest cost—would bring *immediate* quiet, comfort and savings to this office and its staff."

Remember... it takes all 3 to check noise for good!

1—The Correct Material for each particular job! Your distributor of Acousti-Celotex products has a complete line of superior, specialized acoustical materials, backed by over 25 years of experience in custom-made sound conditioning. His free analysis of your noise problem assures correct sound conditioning—*in advance!*

2—Expert Installation to suit each individual requirement, specification and building code. Over 200,000 Acousti-Celotex installations the country over have solved every type of acoustical problem. That's why you get the *right* material, *correctly* installed, the *first* time when you specify Acousti-Celotex products.

3—Guaranteed Materials, Methods and Workmanship. Acousti-Celotex products have the years of scientific research, nation-wide organization and time-proved qualities that enable your distributor to guarantee his work, his materials and his sound conditioning techniques.

FOR YOUR FREE COPY of the informative booklet, "25 Questions and Answers on Sound Conditioning," and the name of your nearest distributor, write to The Celotex Corporation, Dept. CC-10, 120 South La Salle Street, Chicago 3, Illinois. In Canada, Dominion Sound Equipments, Ltd., Montreal, Que.

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Sound Conditioning

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have it. Sometimes they make a good first effort but they don't go through with the job. That's why Steve Van Buren of the Philadelphia Eagles and Charley Trippi of the Chicago Cardinals make so many long runs without any discernible downfield blocking. Nobody chases them. They get by the defenders in a certain sector and they're gone.

"Downfield blocking? The pros don't have that either. The pro lineman may carry out his primary block but he isn't going to chase 30 yards down the field all afternoon to hit the safety man. His nature rebels against it. It takes a young man with untarnished spirit to do that."

When Passing Is Overdone

You'll admit, Colonel, the pros are wonderful with the forward pass.

"I'll agree with you that they have great passers and great receivers, but I do not concede that an uninterrupted succession of passes is football.

"Recently I saw a pro game in which one team threw 47 passes. Think of it! Forty-seven!

"What did the defensive linemen do when the opposition was throwing 47 passes? They stood there and looked at the ball. Rushing the passer is grueling work. It requires a great outlay of speed, strength, energy and determination. A man must drive himself if he is going to try to break through on every pass play. So the pros stand on the line of scrimmage and hope some secondary-defense man will knock the pass down.

"Now, if you don't rush the passer he will complete a large percentage of his throws. That's why you have such big scores in professional football. By using the pass as the principal weapon and by failing to put pressure on the passer, the pros have cheapened the touchdown and damaged their game, at least for some of us."

Couldn't it be said that Notre Dame, Army, Oklahoma and some of the other powerful college teams have cheapened the game by scoring so frequently?

"Perhaps that's right. But at any rate we don't trade touchdowns every few minutes. And we play balanced football by co-ordinating passing and running.

"The pros have practically given up the running attack. Clark Shaughnessy, who used to coach the Los Angeles Rams, had his team at Bear Mountain (nine miles from West Point) for a week last fall and he and I had several talks. He told me it's useless to run against a pro team because the defensive line is so strong. 'The men are too big,' he said.

"I couldn't let that pass. 'Now wait a minute, Clark. If the pros are so good on the defense they must have something on the offense. Do you mean to tell me your 230-pound guard can't move the other fellow's 230-pound guard at least part of the time?'

"The truth is, the pros won't pay the price to develop a running attack. After their preseason training they don't scrimmage, and I've already told you what my experience has been in the development of running plays. You soften the rugged daily schedule and the plays don't work. The blocking goes off; the timing goes off.

"Some people may argue that certain pro clubs do have a running attack—that the Philadelphia Eagles have one. I say that Steve Van Buren is a great runner and that he is helped enormously by the fact that the defensive men he plays against don't pursue."

Did the Colonel ever see a professional team with a real running attack?

"Yes, one. That was Pittsburgh when it was coached by the late Jock Sutherland. He had a bunch of castoffs from the other National League clubs and he turned them into a football team with a balanced attack in which the forward pass held its proper place.

"How did he do it? The way we do it in college football. He scrimmaged his team throughout the season. He kept the blocking and timing sharp. He wasn't teaching typical professional football. He was teaching college football, the same kind he taught during his years at the University of Pittsburgh. The old pros on his team may have hated him, but he kept them at it by the force of his personality, and he darned near won the championship even though he had inferior man power."

The Colonel was drawing diagrams on his desk pad, describing with X's and O's the single-wing formation which the late Sutherland made famous and which he himself used to teach before he turned to the T.

"It's silly for Clark Shaughnessy to tell me it's impossible to run against a pro defense," he continued. "I've seen it done. A year ago Herman Hickman put together a little All-Star team recruited entirely from graduates of Eastern colleges. It practiced less than three weeks, then played the professional New York Giants and ran all over them.

"Herman did a fine coaching job, but he didn't have much in the way of man power and I'm certain his outfit wouldn't have stayed close to any first-class college team. Yet he humiliated the Giants, who had practiced two months in preparation. How do you account for it?

"My answer is that Herman's team was full of spirit and determination—the things which make the college game what it is. Wanting to win, the boys worked intensely hard in practice. When they went on the field they were in condition and they were emotionally ready. The Giants were not."

Collegians Drub the Eagles

The Colonel's contention was given additional support last August when the College All-Star football team, coached by Dr. Eddie Anderson, of Iowa and Holy Cross, gave the champion Philadelphia Eagles a severe drubbing at Soldier Field in Chicago.

The score, 17 to 7, does not fully indicate the superiority of the college team. Two or three more All-Star touchdowns barely missed fire. Once Charlie Justice of North Carolina, the running star of the game, was barely nipped by the heels en route to an apparent touchdown. Again, a sure-fire pass was dropped.

The college team was trained at Delafield, Wisconsin, far from the bright lights. It attained good physical condition and high morale. Once it directed its two-platoon power at the Eagles, it was all over. The pros were badly licked, and apparently exhausted when they went off the field at the half.

The two men who carried the burden of offense for the collegians were little fellows. Justice weighs a bare 170 pounds, and Eddie LeBaron, the offensive quarterback who ran the team and did the passing, is 10 pounds lighter. The All-Stars' savage 5-4-2 defense smothered Steve Van Buren, widely considered the greatest runner in professional football.

In summing up his ideas, the Colonel said, "I suppose I sound pretty critical. However, I go to the pro games and I take my squad whenever I can. It's good entertainment, and isn't that what it's supposed to be?"

I thought back to that roaring tie between the Cleveland Browns and the New York Yankees. Yes, I had been entertained.

But was it football? THE END

Next Week

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enjoy smooth smoking

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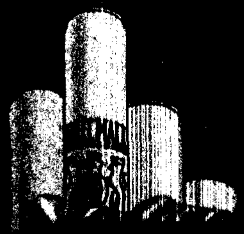
greater length of fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...
filters the smoke
and makes it mild



PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES

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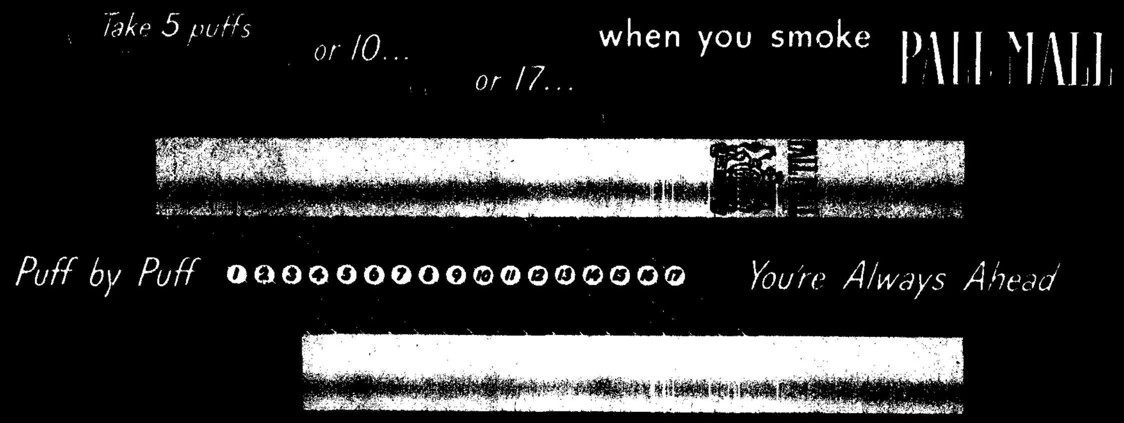
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR
PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD



STUDY THE PUFF CHART! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.

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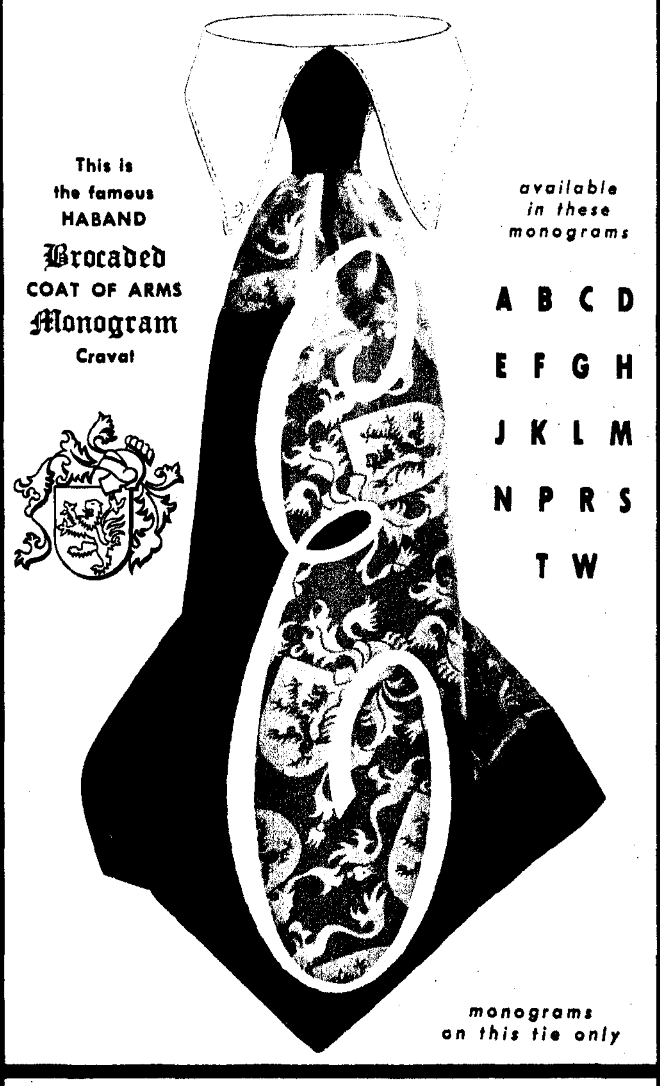
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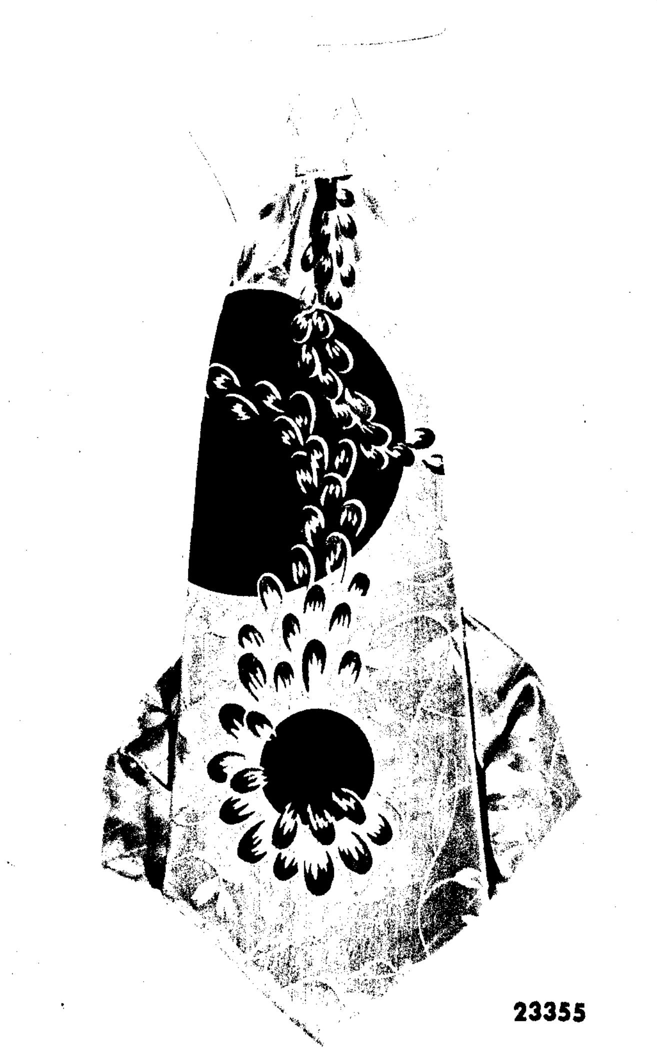
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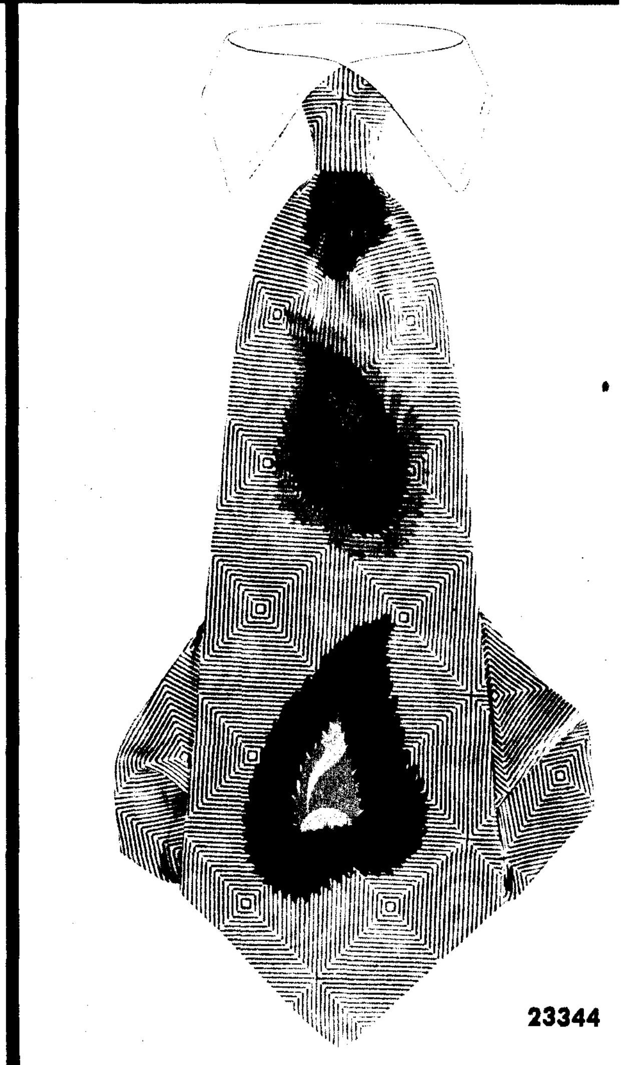
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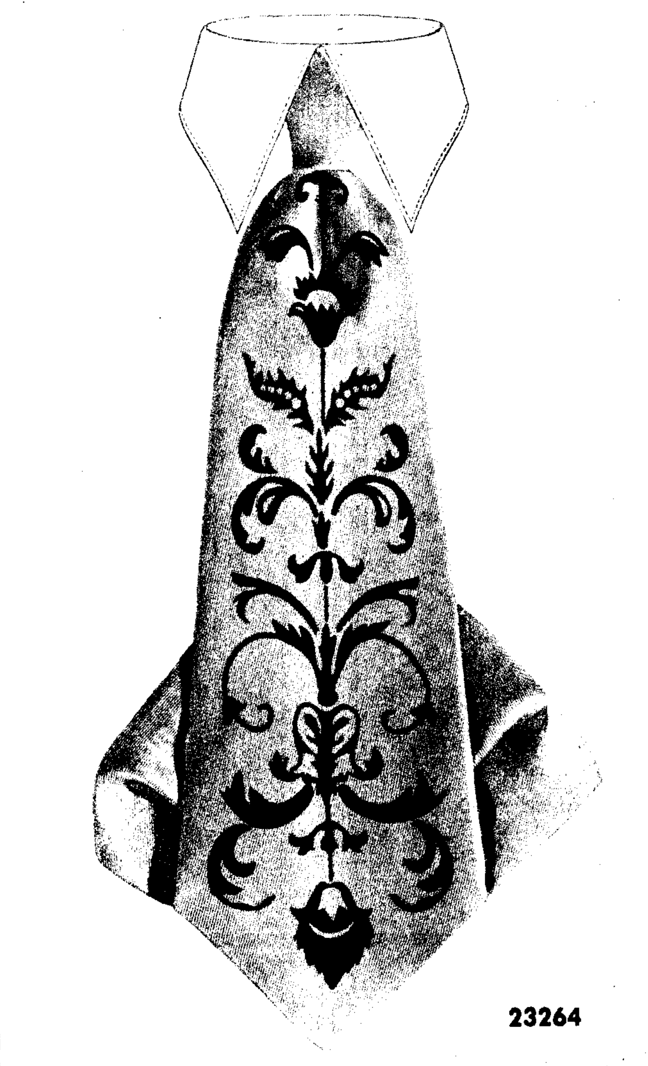
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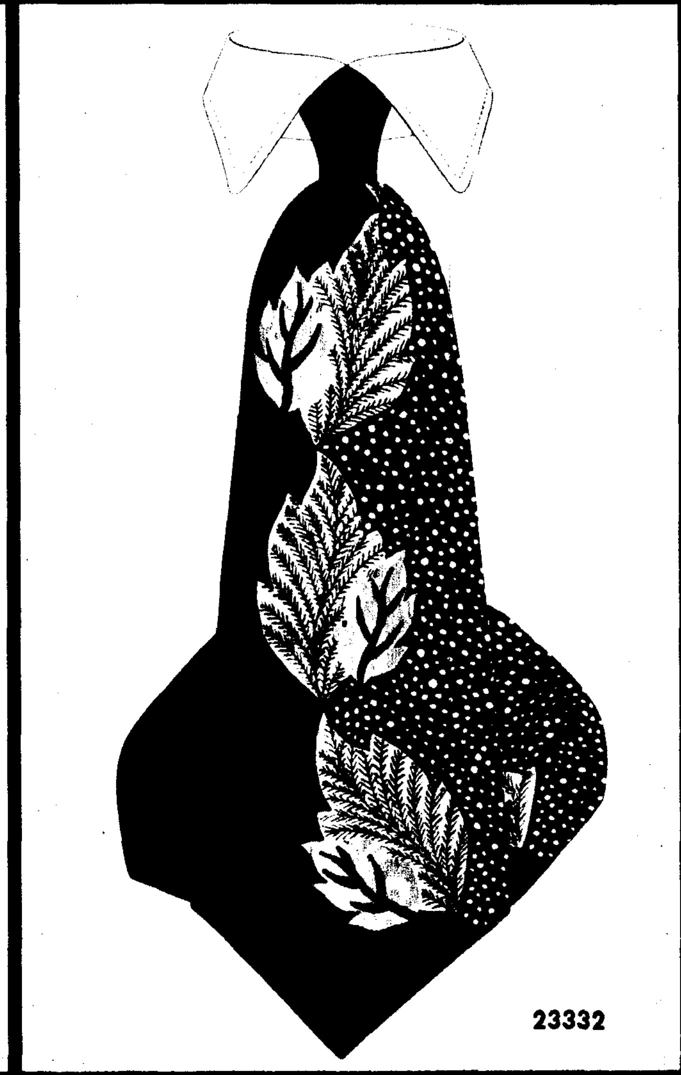
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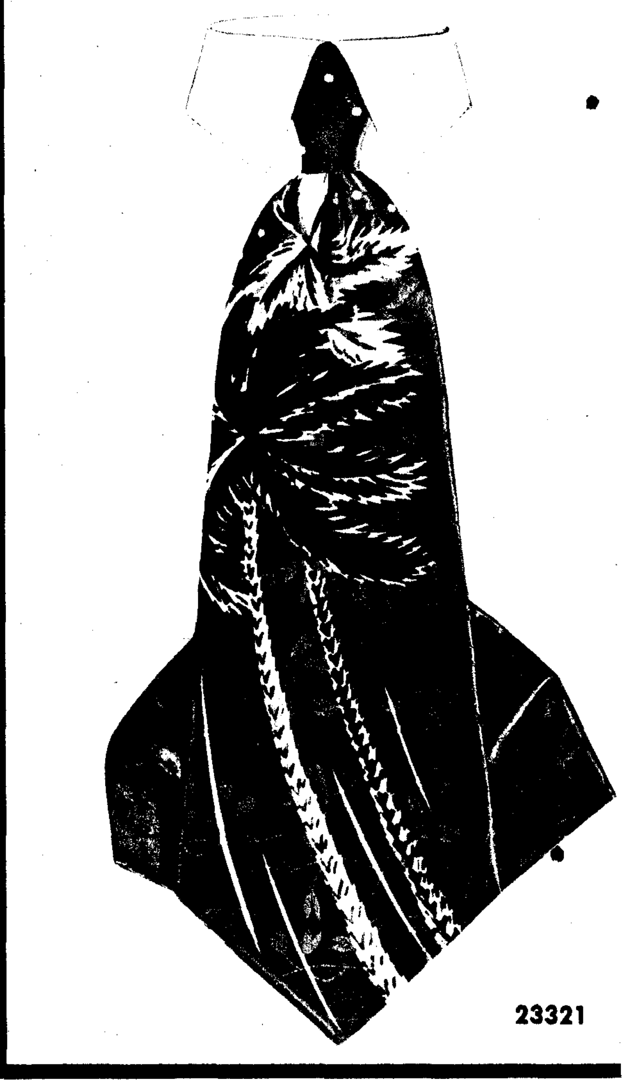
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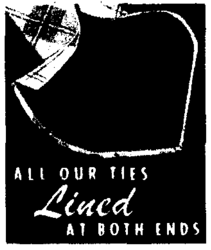
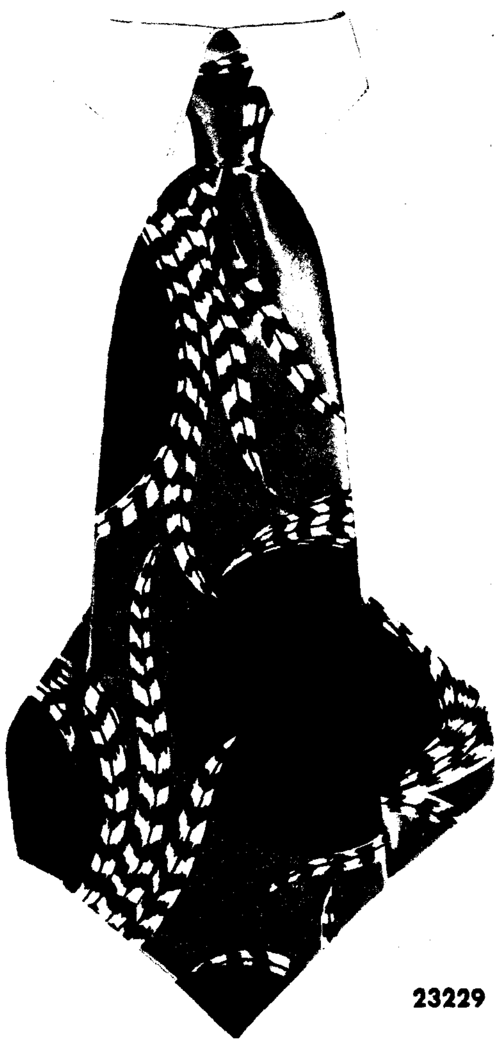
From the Necktie Super Market. These remarkable direct color photographs show 12 style leaders from the mail order house which sells ties to the business and professional men of the U. S. From practically every city and town men send for ties to Haband in Paterson, N. J. and these 12 are the current favorites. Some have wondered why men send to Paterson year after year for them when other good ties can be bought just around the corner almost anywhere. The answer lies right here in these pictures. Excellent good taste is combined with well chosen patterns and exceptional coloring. And more obviously, of course, there are the factors of economy and convenience. All of this is possible, particularly the styling and the economy, because Haband sells absolutely nothing other than neckties—with super intensive concentration upon one quality. Look the pictures over, leisurely and carefully, and you will find it interesting to discover how neatly the group will fit into your own wardrobe. The pictures are honest. They neither flatter nor harm the product and as such they serve their purpose well, for men can match them up with their suits and shirts in full confidence that there will be no let down when they se the actual ties, cut to regulation shape and length from today's standard rayon fabrics and expertly finished to the last detail. If you would like to get acquainted further with them, you need feel no hesitation in ordering a set, for Haband is vouched for by all usual commercial agencies and is probably known well by many of your friends and neighbors — most certainly by your own Postmaster.

3 for 3.50 - 8 for 6.00
Haband Co.
Paterson, N.J.
SOLD ONLY
BY MAIL


ALL OUR TIES
Lined
AT BOTH ENDS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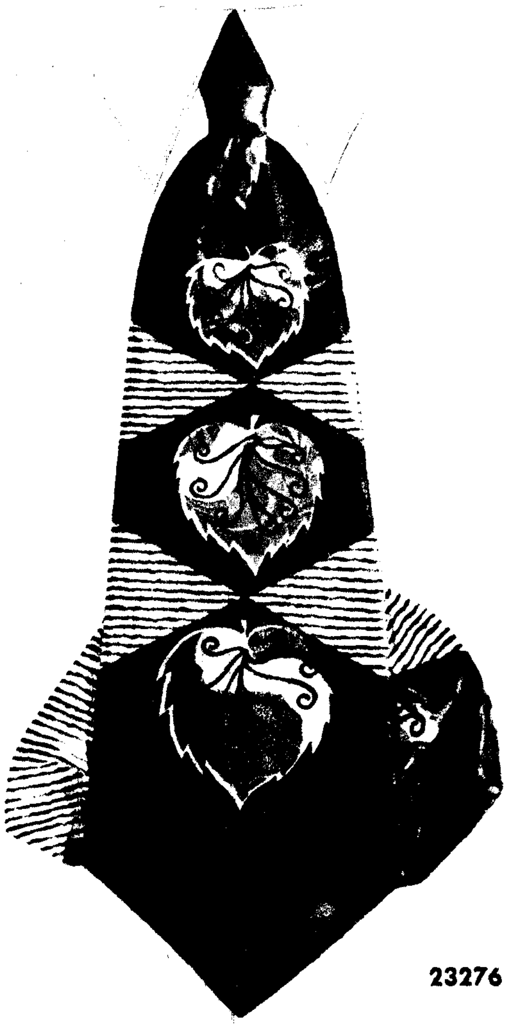
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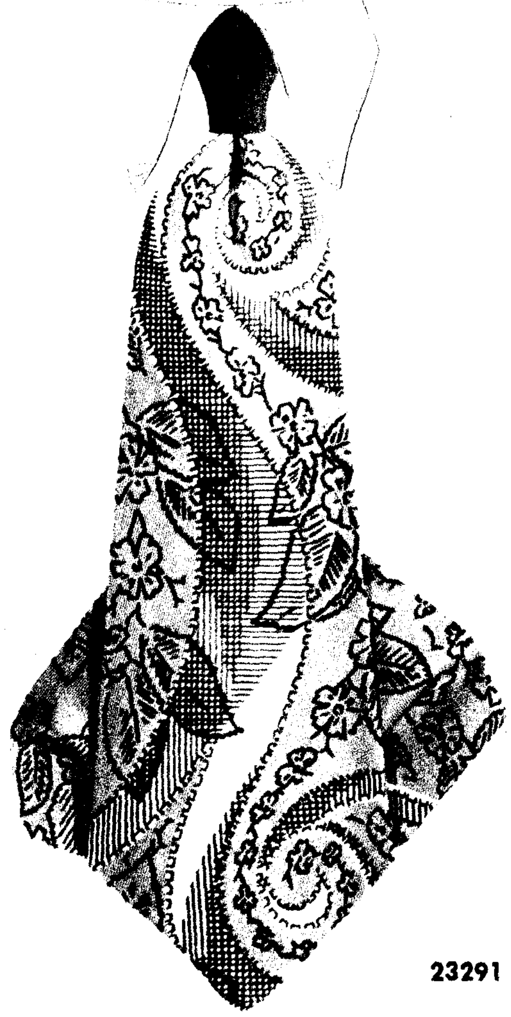
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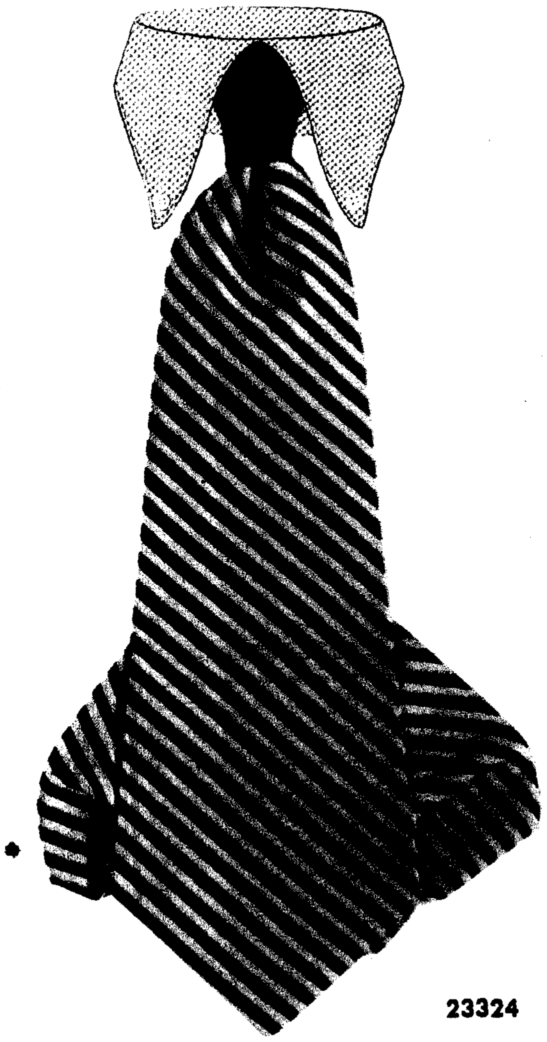
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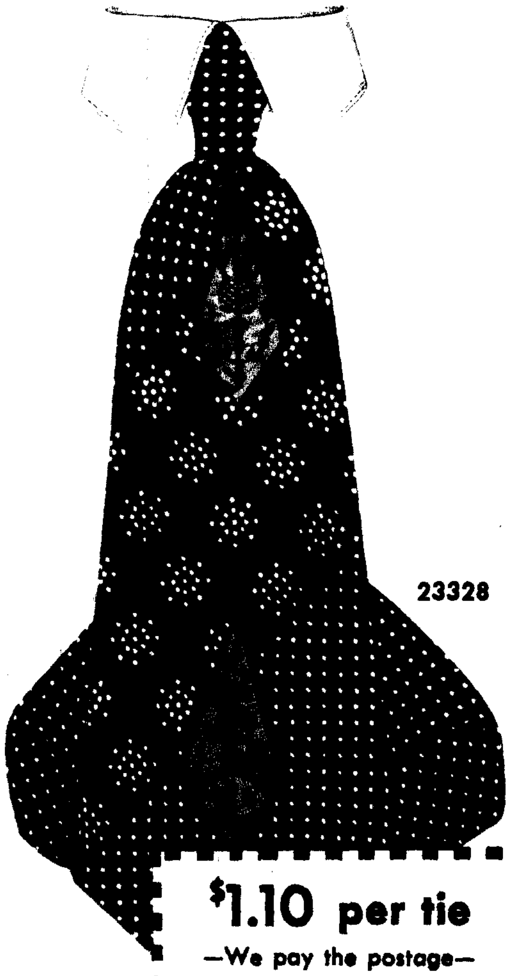
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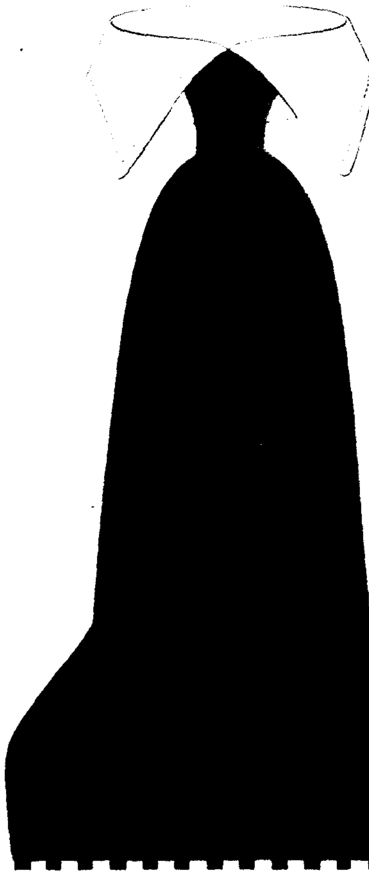
and
SOLID
COLORS
in
NYLON

MAROON — 304
ROYAL — 302
NAVY — 303
BROWN — 306
GREEN — 309
BLACK — 329

Check off or Jot Down the Numbers you would like to wear and send them to the company with your remittance. The ties will reach you by return mail, bringing you a thrill and satisfaction because you will find them more than you expected in body fullness, color depth and dollars and cents value—none of which can be shown in any picture. But, if for any reason you don't want to wear them, you need only send them back to have your money refunded with equal dispatch. Economical handling requires a minimum order of 3 ties. But take 6, a season's supply, and receive with that order a timely gift of a 1951 Easel Type Desk Calendar. Or, with Christmas coming on, take every tie shown (12) plus the Desk Piece for only $13.20.

BUY 6 TIES and get this *FREE*

ESQUIRE GIRL DESK CALENDAR—1951 approximately 5½"x6¼"—Easel Type Desk Calendar. Two tone simulated embossed leather frame. Separate calendar card or page for every month, and on each one a new Esquire Girl picture in full color.
NO ADVERTISING MATTER OF ANY KIND APPEARS ANYWHERE ON THIS GIFT.

$1.10 per tie
—We pay the postage—

3 for 3.30
Minimum Mail Order

A Season's Supply
6 for 6.60
plus Desk Calendar FREE

U. S. A. ONLY

HABAND COMPANY, Paterson 4, N. J.

You may send me the................ties I have listed and for which I enclose herewith, a $..............................remittance.

It is understood that if upon receipt of ties, I find any that I don't want to wear I can return them and have my money refunded promptly and without question.

Name..
(Please Print)

Street..

City..............................Zone..............State..............

CHECK CHOICE BELOW

Initial	23264 ☐
Initial	23332 ☐
Initial	23321 ☐
23355 ☐	23324 ☐
23344 ☐	23328 ☐
23229 ☐ .	Solid . . . . . .
23276 ☐ .	Solid . . . . . .
23291 ☐ .	Solid . . . . . .

REMITTANCE IN FULL MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER
No C.O.D.

Full price refunded if for any reason you don't want to wear the ties and return them to us.

WE GUARANTEE
Immediate Delivery and
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Mix your next drink with sparkling Canada Dry Water and you'll never go back to any other brand.

No other club soda can bring out the *full flavor* of a highball like Canada Dry. Canada Dry Water's exclusive "Flavor-Balanced Formula" actually makes your drink taste better. And no matter how long you "nurse" that drink, Canada Dry's exclusive "Pin-Point Carbonation" keeps it fresh and lively.

Enjoy Canada Dry Water today. Discover why it's the largest-selling club soda not only in the United States but in the world—*and your best buy.*

Makes drinks taste better

JCHEW GISEY PYMQP UQRPD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

work of dozens, many international firms use voluminous codebooks in transacting business. This became practicable in 1895 when telegraph companies all agreed to charge no more for any combination of 10 letters or less than for one word. The number of letters has since been reduced to five.

Cryptography is almost as old as writing itself. In the first recorded reference to it, made 24 centuries ago, a Greek military author named Aeneas the Tactician described 20 different systems. The Spartan generals particularly fancied one known as the scytale, meaning staff. They would wind a narrow strip of parchment in spirals around a staff and inscribe their top-secret messages on it lengthwise. When unwound, the sequence of letters would be so dispersed as to defy reading. To realign them, the receiver had to have a staff of the exact same dimensions.

It Was Hard on the Slaves

The ancient Greeks also developed numerous tricks of concealed transmission, among them invisible inks (vegetable juices, saliva, urine), which showed up when exposed to heat; the arrangement of commonplace objects like logs and stones into meaningful patterns; writing on human skin, and so on. When Themistocles, the great Athenian statesman, was languishing in exile, a sympathizer, eager to inform him that the time was ripe to stage a *coup d'état,* shaved a slave's head, tattooed the news on his pate and, as soon as enough hair had regrown to cover it, sent him to Themistocles with instructions to have his head shaved anew. A good many Greeks resorted to this dodge—to the misfortune of their slaves: Since the tattoo could not be erased, they often destroyed the evidence of espionage by destroying the slave.

The Old Testament contains a simple substitution cipher. Reversing the Hebrew alphabet, Jeremiah replaced B and L, the second and twelfth letters from the beginning, with SH and K, the second and twelfth from the end, and wrote SHESHAK *(sic)* for BABEL. Julius Caesar used a slight variant of this so consistently that his system was named after him. In the Caesar Cipher each letter of the clear text was shifted four places farther along in the Latin alphabet. Thus, when he wanted to notify Cicero, *Habes opinionis meae testimonium* (freely translated: "You know my opinion in the matter"), Caesar wrote MDEHV RSNQNRQNV PHDH XHVXNPRQNZP.

Cryptography hit its real stride between the fourteenth and twentieth centuries, but very few new principles have been evolved. Among heavy thinkers a command of the science was practically essential to survival. Scientists who made discoveries that challenged entrenched beliefs, social reformers, satirists, statesmen and plain schemers frequently found it prudent to clothe their ideas in secret language lest they be prosecuted for subversive activities.

Samuel Pepys' entire diary was originally written in cipher. Cardinal Richelieu developed a "grille system." He would compose an innocent-seeming paragraph which embodied the letters of his real message. To find them, the receiver would cover the page with a card or grille perforated at the appropriate points so that only the letters spelling out the real message could be seen.

Among Thomas Jefferson's innumerable inventions was a crypto-machine, the forerunner of those used today in Black Chambers the world over. It was a cylinder ringed in prearranged sequence by a series of movable disks, each bearing a differently scrambled alphabet. The disks were revolved until the clear-text message was aligned on one of the horizontal lines. Then the letters of any other horizontal line were sent as the cipher. The receiver would set these up on his similarly set up crypto-machine, bringing back into alignment the clear text.

A Forty-Year Mystery

On the military level, Étienne Bazeries, a French army major of the turn of the century and the greatest cryptographer of his age, perfected a system which eluded his own colleagues even after he explained it. It remained impregnable for 40 years until a New York architect, Rosario Candela, member of the American Cryptogram Association (ACA), chipping away at it steadily for three months, deciphered a Bazeries

A simple yet ingenious example of the second basic cryptographic system is called "route transposition." Here sender and receiver agree in advance on four secret factors: a geometrical pattern; a starting point and route by which the clear text will be inscribed within the pattern; a starting point and route by which it will be transcribed or taken off; the group lengths in which the final cipher letters will be sent.

Take the message, ENEMY PLANS ATTACK AT DAWN. For the pattern let us choose a rectangle six columns by four rows. Since this calls for 24 letters and the message contains only 22, we add two dummy letters or nulls, G and M (circled in the illustration below). We will inscribe the clear text starting in the top, right-hand corner and follow a "simple vertical route" (there are at least 40 different possible routes). This produces the following figure:

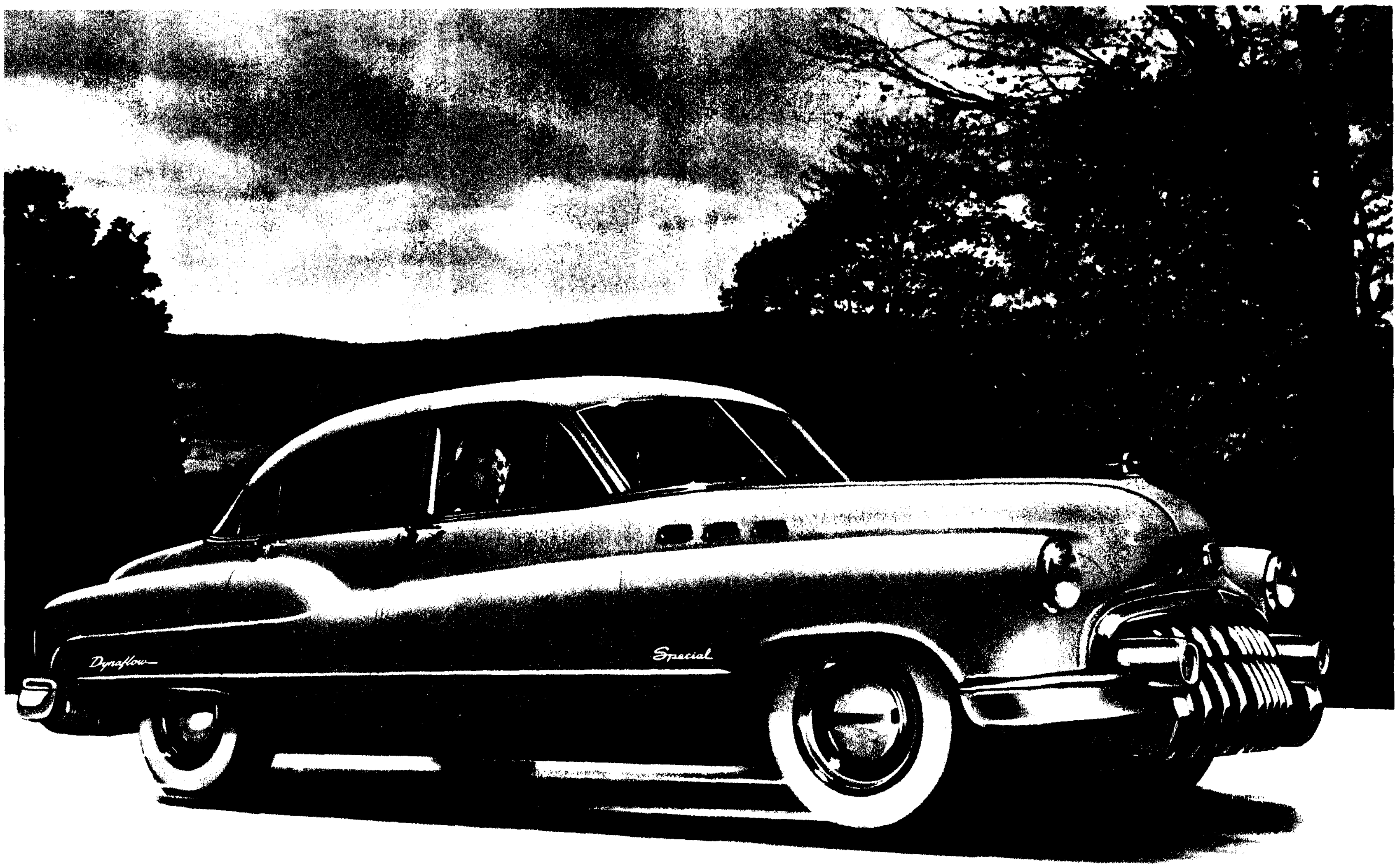
E Y N T A W
N P S A T N
E L A C D Ⓖ
M A T K A Ⓜ

In transcribing the letters we will follow a "spiral clockwise route," starting with the last letter in the pattern, and sending the result in four-letter groups:

MAKT AMEN EYNT AWNG DCAL PSAT

As with the Vigenère, the receiver will decipher this in reverse, according to a prearranged understanding, by drawing his six-by-four rectangle, entering the letter spiral clockwise and taking them off again vertically.

Try it for family fun.



Time for some Readin', Ridin' and 'Rithmetic

THE readin' part sort of starts things . . .

You look at this brawny beauty and find it mighty handsome.

Then you read that it is a Buick SPECIAL—

That a romping big Fireball straight-eight waits under its bonnet. That gentle coil springs cushion all four of its wheels. That Dynaflow Drive* is available as optional equipment.

**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.*

That makes you ready for the ridin' part, so you drop in on a Buick dealer, arrange a trial drive and put this lively stepper to the acid test of firsthand experience.

When you find it stepping away at the lights like a greyhound unleashed—when you see for yourself that Dynaflow really is a wholly new sensation in driving smoothness—when you find how much room and outlook and restful comfort the whole family has in Buick's spacious interior—you're ready for the 'rithmetic.

Right there is where you run into the clincher.

For this big straight-eight with its matchless ride, and the easy handling of far lesser cars, actually *delivers for less than some sixes.*

Worked out on a per-day basis, the difference in price between this and some of the lowest-priced automobiles comes down to mere pocket change.

Which suggests, since your readin' has carried you this far, it might be smart to arrange for the ridin' right away by getting in touch with your dealer. He'll be delighted to go into the 'rithmetic with you!

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

***Only BUICK has** Dynaflow—*

and with it goes: ***HIGHER-COMPRESSION*** *Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.)* • ***NEW-PATTERN STYLING,*** *with* ***MULTI-GUARD*** *forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights* • ***WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,*** *close-up road view both forward and back* • ***TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,*** *less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius* • ***EXTRA-WIDE SEATS*** *cradled between the axles* • ***SOFT BUICK RIDE,*** *from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube* • ***WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS*** *with Body by Fisher.*

WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

See them...
heft them...
wind them...
price them!

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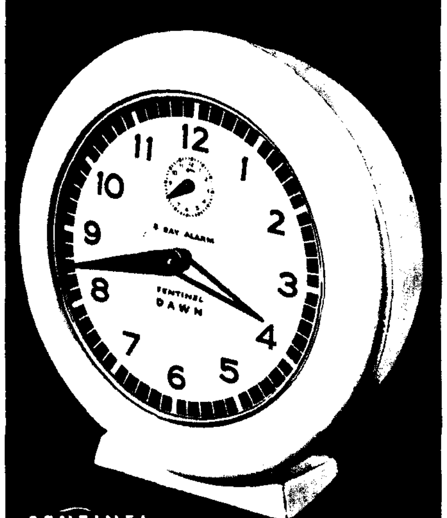
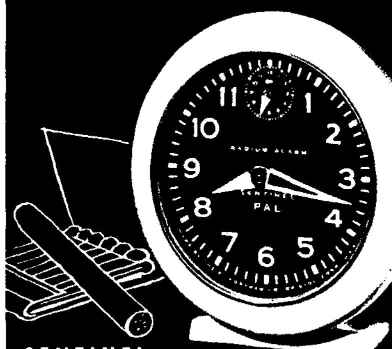
SENTINEL
Alarm Clocks

Here's top quality and beauty priced so moderately you'll want to replace all your old one-day alarm clocks with these new Sentinels.



SENTINEL
Dawn 8-DAY ALARM
Compare it with leading one-day clocks! This eight-day alarm clock can't be over-wound. Felt padded base. Balance electronically inspected and radar timed.
$4.95* EVERYWHERE. $5.50* with Radium.



SENTINEL
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message. The report in which he shows how he did it fills 137 pages.

With few exceptions no system has remained invulnerable. One famous exception is a thick manuscript attributed to Roger Bacon, the medieval philosopher, packed with mysterious little symbols which resemble no known alphabet. Cryptanalysts by the hundreds have studied them without enlightenment. A recent effort was made by Colonel William F. Friedman, dean of U.S. military cryptographers. He got no further than deciding that the Bacon Cipher was probably based on a coined language. There are other authorities who suspect the whole manuscript to be sheer gibberish and as such one of the most lamentable practical jokes ever perpetrated.

The reason why cipher systems cannot permanently resist analysis is inherent in the characteristic of language—any language. In two texts of sufficient length certain letters and letter combinations will recur in about the same average percentages. In English the vowel e, for example, recurs on the average of 131.05 times per 1,000 letters. The five most recurrent consonants are t, n, r, s and h. The commonest digraph (two-letter combination) is th; the commonest trigraph, the. No matter how ingenious, few systems can completely suppress these clues.

When faced with a cryptogram, the cryptanalyst's first step is to tabulate the frequencies. In some instances, statistical formulas will tell him instantly to what category the cipher belongs. It was a Prussian cryptographer, Major Kasiski, who in 1863 formularized the frequency principle and used it to crack what was then the only unbreached system in general use—the Vigenère. All languages can be made to yield similar clues, even though the cryptanalyst may not be familiar with the language itself.

Nowadays no military cryptographer is likely to waste his energy trying to invent an unbreakable cipher. He will settle instead for a system that promises security within effective time limits. For a battle order that is to be executed immediately, simple substitution that may take the enemy half an hour to decipher will serve. On high echelons of grand strategy and diplomacy, where plans are formulated far ahead, more intricate systems are needed.

Machines Now Freely Used

The development of crypto-machines has vastly extended time security. All major powers now use them, and to break the average mechanically enciphered message might take a year, by which time the sender would have changed his key over and over. The newest of these machines are shrouded in a secrecy compared to which that of atomic agencies seems positively garrulous. Some of the fundamentals, however, can be suggested.

A Swedish inventor, Boris Hagelin, invented a compact, manually operated machine, the C-38, which, though used by Allies and Axis in World War II, provided security for both. The sender aligns a prearranged key-number on a setting wheel, then registers the clear text by pulling levers. Automatically, the letters are converted into cipher and printed on ticker tape. The receiving crypto-machine, when geared to the same key-number, automatically unscrambles it.

The Hagelin machine deals with multiple substitutions. Every clear-text letter can be enciphered 26 times in enormously varied sequences. The length of the possible substitution series exceeds 100,000,000 letters, and the machine functions at a speed of about 200 letters per minute. Since the C-38 (Hagelin also built a larger, electrically powered machine, the BC-38) weighs only a few pounds and is smaller than a portable radio, it can be conveniently carried in the field.

Recently, a patent has been granted on a contrivance that converts clear letters into symbols and vice versa. And there is a possibility that the electronic principles of our giant mathematical calculators can be adapted to cryptography. In addition there is a mechanical method of computing letter frequencies.

Does this mean that paper-and-pencil cryptography is obsolete? The answer is a resounding no. For even a crypto-machine has at least one weakness. It is susceptible to capture. For spies in enemy territory particularly, systems depending on memory alone still are safest.

To be caught in possession of a machine would be fatal. Good cryptographic brains will never go a-begging.

Hobbyists Form a "Krewe"

The nation's biggest single civilian pool of cryptographic talent is a group of middle to high-brow hobbyists from every state in the Union, the American Cryptogram Association. Its 700 members—or "krewe," as they playfully misspell it—range in age from youngsters not yet in their teens to octogenarians, include both sexes, and number salesmen, actors, writers, college professors, engineers, doctors, clergymen. Theirs is one of the world's most complex, obsessive and habit-forming hobbies.

"It is a sort of subtle, all-pervading, incurable malady," says architect Candela, a distinguished addict and the author of numerous works on the subject. "The moment it grips you, it rapidly spreads its tentacles to the most recondite corners of your nervous system and stays there, never to leave you. It gives each victim delusions of grandeur. Solving the ordinary cipher found in daily newspapers, he thoroughly disdains. Historical ciphers, at least, must be his diet, when not authentic state documents . . . It makes him a sad nuisance to his family, his friends and very often to his government."

It can also make him, however, a potential military weapon as devastating, in certain situations, as precision bombing. During World War II several ACAers, notably the editor of the association's magazine, William G. Bryan, and its founder, Dr. C. B. Warner, served valuably both in and out of uniform.

According to its addicts, no other hobby in history matches cryptography in its tradition of excitement and drama, and in possibilities for patriotic service. These considerations, added to the ever-present element of personal challenge, help to explain the exceptional enthusiasm and devotion of the krewe.

Every Labor Day week end the American Cryptogram Association's members assemble for their annual convention and a round of frantic mental gymnastics.

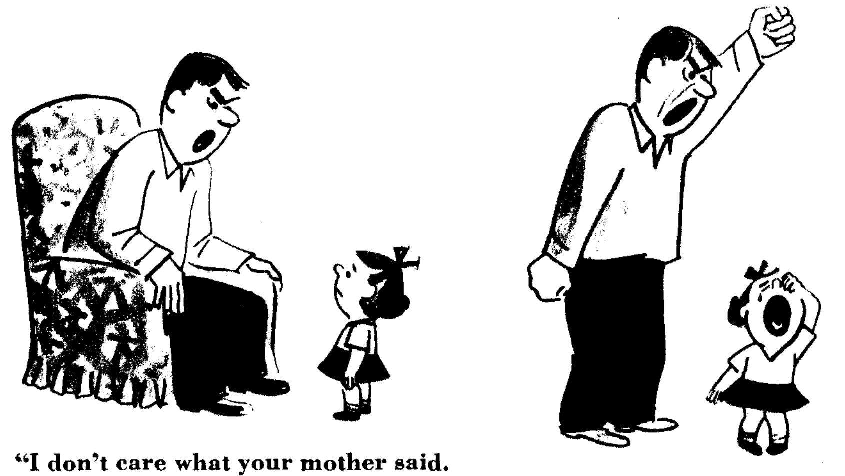
The happy hobbyists, who held their twenty-first convention this year in Canton, Ohio, troop through the convention hotel, their pockets crammed with hieroglyphic jottings, their eyes glazed with concentration. Jollity at an ACA get-together tends to be somewhat arch. Triangular lapel buttons identify krewe members by pseudonyms ("noms" in cryptographic parlance), which run to puns like "Abie Seedy," "Madda Boutem," "X. Trax." (Following a tradition established by Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who, in addition to Alice in Wonderland, wrote cryptograms under the nom "Lewis Carroll," cryptographers seldom sign their real names.)

Menus Printed in Cipher

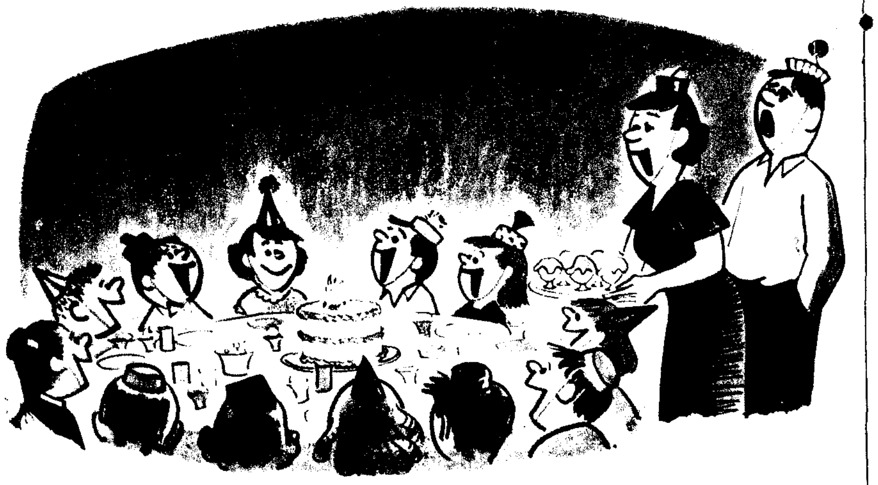
Convention dinner menus list each course in cipher. At the 1949 meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, FCHQF N Y'B'OEVRA stood for "Spuds à l'O'Brien"; PNSR NH YNVG, for *"Café au Lait."* In their eagerness to decipher the name of the next dish to appear, some zealots ignore the food itself.

Conversation proceeds on a plane inaccessible to outsiders. "Ah, there, 'Bob O'Lynque,'" says "Molly Kule" from Brooklyn, "have you seen that fractionated Playfair cipher 'Delac' sent in? It's going to be a toughie to break." "B. Natural" (Editor Bryan) and "C. Sharpe," an avid

SISTER



"I don't care what your mother said. No birthday party this year . . ."   ". . . AND THAT'S FINAL!"



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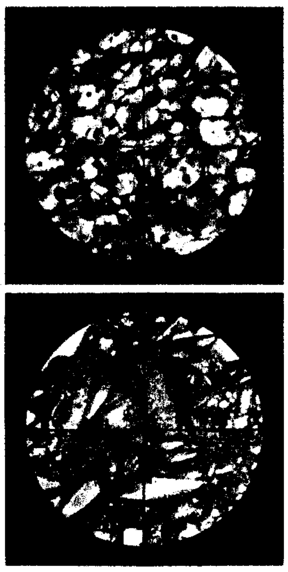

These two unretouched photographs show the structure of *CORALOX* (top), and of insulator material in use before *CORALOX* (lower). Both are magnified 500 times.

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In the second, the insulator material suffers from the presence of a high proportion of glass because this material was made from clay. Glass is a poor conductor of heat. It is also fragile. (The large gray area in the center of the photo is glass.)

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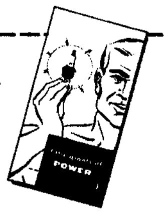

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Chicago member, together pore over the latest issue of the Cryptogram, the association's bimonthly publication which carries 50-odd ciphers in every issue. "I tried the Chi test on number twenty-two," says C. Sharpe. "I figure it for a Viggy."

The atmosphere crackles with glib allusions to cipher systems, each one of which has had volumes of explanation written about it—"double Myszkowski transposition, bifids, multifids, four-channel time-division multiplex transmitters . . ."

Dr. Warner (Cherry Blossom), who comes from Biloxi, Mississippi, founded the ACA in 1929. While perusing a pulp magazine, he ran across a cryptography department edited by M. E. (Sunyam) Ohaver. It was love at first sight. Rallying around him a few puzzle-minded friends, he announced: "Here is the Aristocrat of puzzles!" He proposed to launch an association which would "devote its entire activities to one problem, the cryptogram (or cipher) and to place it upon a scientific basis to rank with chess and mathematics." The first convention met in the Warner living room on September 1, 1929, six members attending.

Meantime, in Burton, Ohio, a young man named George Lamb was writing a cryptographic column for a local newspaper under the nom "Damonomad." He, too, had acquired a taste for cryptography through Sunyam's department and he had sharpened it through his membership in the National Puzzlers' League, which deals with all kinds of brain-teasers. For Lamb cryptography proved to be a godsend. As the result of an auto accident, he was permanently confined to a wheel chair.

A Journal Starts—and Grows

Cherry Blossom, Sunyam and Damonomad began a three-cornered correspondence. The outcome was the Cryptogram, which started with four mimeographed pages and a tiny local circulation. It now runs to 24 pages, has an international readership and is stocked by many public libraries.

The ACA now has correspondent members in Canada, Latin America and Europe. The only membership requirements are a serious interest in cryptography and the ability to pay annual dues of $2. Between conventions the ACA keeps members up to snuff by also publishing textbooks, encouraging original contributions to the Cryptogram and circulating round-robin cryptogram letters, in which the first writer composes a paragraph in cipher, forwards it to another member, who adds to it as soon as he can figure out the system, and so on through the krewe.

At the conventions, the ACAers attend blackboard talks by professional experts, of whom Architect Candela is a perennial favorite; compete in speed cipher-solving contests—(a Miss Barbara Salzman—Yum Yum—once knocked off 16 problems in two hours); and crow a bit over their cryptographic triumphs since the last convention.

Many cryptographers own touchy temperaments, even as bridge and chess fiends, and harsh words are sometimes exchanged, especially when one of them proves somebody else's long-labored cipher to be a lead-pipe cinch. Novices are readily spotted. Almost always they claim to be hot on the trail of the cryptographer's eternal dream—the *unbreakable cipher.* This is about as likely as producing perpetual motion or squaring the circle.

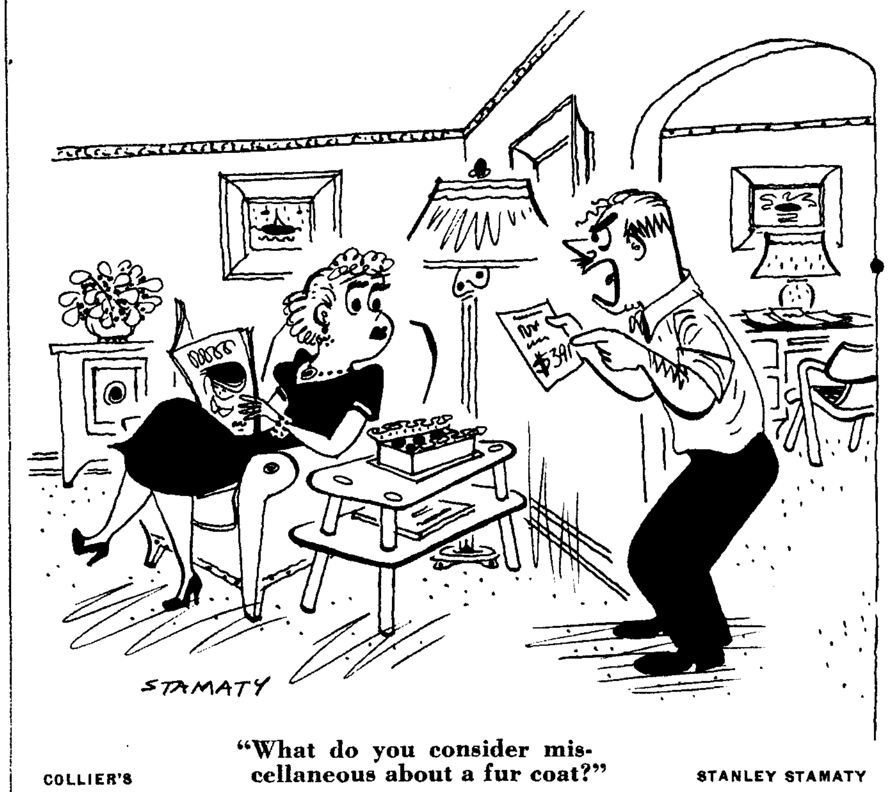
The Mental Capers Continue

Back home from the convention, after three days of these cerebral capers, the ACAers continue to pursue their mania in local organizations. In Boston, it's the Yankee Puzzlers; in Rochester, the Genesee Owls; in New York, the Cipher Society; in Fall River, Massachusetts, the Bedwarmers' Club, which was founded to divert patients of the Fall River Tuberculosis Hospital. There are some 20 of them scattered around the country, with a total enrollment of barely a thousand. The main reason there are so few is that few people possess the knack—part hunch, part statistical analysis—required for cryptography.

The New York Cipher Society is a byproduct of wartime cryptography. With the blessing of the War Department, Candela conducted classes in Manhattan's Hunter College. Of the 820 who signed up for the brain-racking basic course, only 25 completed the entire nine-month curriculum. Several of those, however, joined the Office of Strategic Services and other intelligence agencies.

In 1945 some of the graduates organized the Cipher Society, which now numbers some 50 members and meets at Hunter on the third Monday of every month. The president is a sixty-year-old radio and TV actor, William Lee. His self-selected nom is "Tonto," Spanish for stupid.

Not long ago, General Luigi Sacco, Italy's ace cryptographer, appeared before the society as a guest lecturer and introduced a cipher system once used by the Italian army. The audience floored him by breaking it then and there. THE END



COLLIER'S "What do you consider miscellaneous about a fur coat?" STANLEY STAMATY

Make Like a Panther

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

out of arm's reach of a microphone," Greg said, "and he will fall down. When the talking picture came in, hundreds of rich actors went down to oblivion because they couldn't control their tonsils. Now we've got radio actors who can't do anything *but* talk. It's a crisis."

I have known Greg long enough to know that, like many a politician, he never mentions a crisis without following it quickly with his solution. Greg's solution, and his greatest ambition, was to set up a school to teach the benighted radio actor how to move from here to there unassisted.

"Someone has to save the radio actor from the long descent to potter's field," Greg said. "I will not fail, with the help of Providence and Stanislavski."

"And me, darling," Paula murmured.

"I'm glad you mentioned that," Greg said. "I can't resolve the crisis in TV without money. I am without money."

"Funds can be had, darling," Paula said, "if the terms are right."

"The terms," Greg said bleakly. "Darling, I wish you wouldn't refer to our engagement in quite that way." Like most talent agents, Paula was loaded. This fact had done nothing to lessen her stature in Greg's eyes.

"It is within your reach to rescue the American television public from a life of watching living statues."

"We're wandering, darling," Paula said. She cast a cold eye on the blonde, who was spilling her soup with fine abandon. "What has that woman to do with all this?"

"She's just the answer, that's all! You've asked for proof that my methods will work before you will invest in my school. Right?"

"Business is business, darling."

Greg said, "Would you be convinced if I took that blonde, with her obvious faults, and taught her to move on the stage?"

"Let's not go overboard, Greg," I said. "She's as destructive as a Sherman tank."

PAULA was smiling at Greg with a certain tight smile I had come to know and loathe. "All right, darling," she said. She stood up. "If you can take the kinks out of that creature, you've got a deal."

"Done!" Greg said. "Give me six weeks and she'll audition for you. She will not be Cornell, but you'll know what character she's trying to take off by the full expression of her acting powers."

"I doubt it," Paula said, "but you shall have your capital if it works." She gave him her short, fishy smile and added, "As a wedding present, darling." She cut dead my expressions of farewell and was gone.

Greg sat back. "Get her," he said.

"Greg," I said earnestly, "I am only a character actor and a good one. But I tell you this is madness. Don't throw yourself away on that woman."

"Get her," Greg said.

"I meant Paula," I said.

"The blonde," Greg said. He pointed forcefully. I went.

I didn't have any trouble getting the girl to come over to our table. A summons from a director—even one who isn't working—has more compelling force in the theater than a subpoena has in the outside world. I got her seated with a minimum of damage.

UP CLOSE, she was more sensational than she was at a distance, and Greg said, "You are perhaps the clumsiest woman I have ever seen. I say perhaps only because of my good manners."

"You're a boor, but obviously an honest one," the blonde said amiably, knocking over the sugar bowl. "Why did you send for me? And keep it professional."

"I'm always professional," Greg said. "Do you claim to be an actress?"

"It's a moot point," the blonde said. "I work in soap opera. The money is good and I can cry at the drop of a cue."

"A radio actress!" Greg said. "I knew it! A perfect example, eh, Vince?"

"Perfect," I said, and whistled softly. The blonde smiled at me. "Now that Greg has graciously consented to half an introduction, let's round it out. My full name is Vince Staley."

"Hope Morrison," the blonde said.

Our introduction marked the high point in what might have been a great romance but never got to first base.

The maestro was saying, "Successful in radio, but no stage experience. It is obvious, my dear Hope, that you don't know how to use your body."

"There are other ways to get ahead in this business," she said coldly, tipping the saltcellar to the floor. "Let's keep this professional."

Greg frowned. "I was referring to stage movement. The creation of a character by the full use of every part of your body, not just the hand that holds the script. I will explain briefly." He did, and at some length. I spent the time admiring the gifts Fate had given Hope. These did not include Grace, by any means, but the oversight was amply compensated here and there on her person.

"You have a fair line of chatter there," Hope said appreciatively when Greg paused for breath. "Also, you are of a virile, uncompromising nature, attributes I have come to cherish in this dismal business. Are you married?"

"No," Greg said, "and let's keep this professional. In view of what I have said, can you feel that you are ready for television?"

"I am far more ready for marriage, frankly," she said. I nodded my approval. "I had hoped to marry out of radio long

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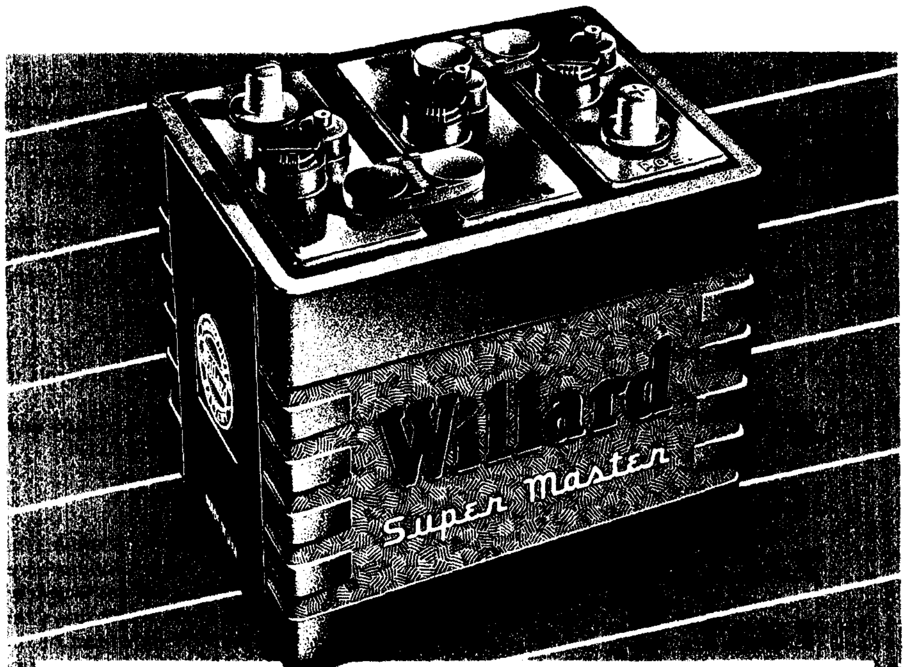

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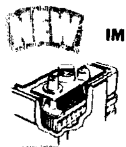

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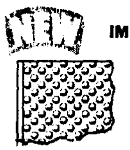

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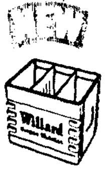

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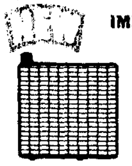

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before any new gimmicks were added. However, if I have to get into TV to keep in circulation, I'll follow the trend."

"Good enough," Greg said.

"You never know where something will turn up," she said, fixing Greg with a speculative eye.

"You are my student."

"Let the chips fall where they may."

Greg explained that she was to be his demonstration model, after which she would be ready for TV and he for his career as a teacher. That's the only part of the setup he bothered to explain.

"I'm 'Before,' huh?" she said.

"I've never seen anyone more so," Greg assured her.

"I'd resent that, if I hadn't been so clumsy all my life. It's probably a complex I picked up from a relative at an early age." She fixed him with a glance that anyone less preoccupied than Greg would have recognized instantly as predatory. "Well, we'll give it a fling. If you like your women lissome, I'm willing."

Greg stood up. "I'll meet you at the zoo in an hour," he said, "in front of the panther cage." He nodded briskly and was gone.

Hope turned to me, idly spilling a cup of coffee on the spotless cloth. "Did he say the zoo?"

"He did."

"Has the kid slipped a cog?"

"No more than any of us who labor in the arts," I said.

She sighed. "That's good," she said. "A loony might have been a bad influence on our children."

I sighed too. It seemed to me that nothing but trouble could result from Greg's plan to use this lovely nubile creature to further his own designs on the equally nubile but more commercial Paula.

GREG and Hope met at the appointed spot at the appointed hour. The panther paced busily in his cage with the fluid grace so admired in cats. Greg paced in front of the bars.

"The method I have devised to meet this emergency," he told Hope, "is somewhat original with me, although I might credit Stanislavski with an assist."

"It sounds subversive," she said.

"In other words," Greg said, "it is a speed-up on the well-recognized precepts of the Moscow Art Theatre."

"You're a doll, you know it?" Hope said.

"Pay attention," Greg said sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"Study the panther as I talk."

"Yes, sir."

It is not my intention to explain the Stanislavski method of actor training here, largely because I understand it only vaguely. It's a complicated business which pays the most minute attention to every facet of the actor's soul and body. Two of the important factors in the training, however, are emotion memory and observation. The general idea is to observe, experience and be able to reproduce just about any kind of motion or emotion. It takes a lifetime of training, the way Stanislavski did it. Greg was working against the clock.

"It boils down to emotions and muscles," Greg said. "Learn to use those and you can act. Emotions and muscles."

"Life doesn't hold much more than that," Hope murmured. "How does it happen that a likely lad like yourself never married?"

"You have been observing the panther," Greg said. "Now I want you to move like the panther."

"Come again?"

"Imitate the motion of the panther. You can hardly expect to reproduce so complex a thing as a human character if you can't imitate the simple motions of this animal."

Hope shrugged, but her eyes were wary. "I make like the panther, huh?"

"Exactly."

"Right here?"

"Begin."

"All right," she said, setting her little chin firmly. "You be figuring out an answer to my question while I lope, will you?"

It would be less than kind to go into any detail of Hope's efforts to move like a panther. Suffice it to say that she did her best and it was terrible. She got down on all fours, at Greg's direction, and came as close to the flowing movements of the animal as she could, which is about as close as Boston is to the Bay of Biscay. She was game, but she was awkward. It isn't easy to trip on all fours, but she did it.

"Are you beginning to get the idea?" Greg said after about an hour of this.

"No," she said, straightening up with some difficulty. "It's amazing, isn't it, what some girls will do to hold a man's attention?"

"That's not the object of the exercise."

"Guess again," she said. She sat on a park bench, sighed deeply, and said, "Maybe I'm a masochist, but I like you. Do you like me, Greg?"

"Let's not get off the subject," Greg said nervously. "We have a lot of work to do, if we can keep you from stumbling into the seal pool."

"Sit down, Greg," she said. With a great deal of reluctance, he sat beside her on the bench. "Let's consider first things first. You're a man and I'm a woman. No Russian, or combination thereof, can ever change that."

"Great Scott!" Greg said.

"There's something about you that appeals to me strongly. Don't press me for details, because I haven't the slightest idea what there is about you that is lovable."

Greg shifted uncomfortably on the wooden seat. "Hope," he said, "you're a nice girl and your charms are obvious. All I can say is that I'm not the marrying type."

"Don't let that worry you," she said cheerfully. "No man is until the split second before he says, 'I do.' "

"I will marry," he said, "but not for love."

"Ah," Hope said.

"From the beginning of time, marriage has been the one basic opportunity in life for self-improvement. A man has a right to try to better himself. In a word, I will marry for money alone."

"Aha!" Hope said.

"Love is for fools and dreamers. For adults, marriage is a commercial venture. I think that answers your question."

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "Greg, who put the poker to you?"

He flushed beneath his sun-lamp tan. "Your next exercise," he said, "will be to project yourself into the role of a sparrow. See how closely you can approximate its motions. Then try to imagine yourself a sparrow, so that you can almost feel what the sparrow is feeling."

"Greg," she said, "I will do as you say, although it is obviously for the birds. First tell me about this woman."

"My feeling in the matter goes deeper than any one woman," he said, scuffing circles with his toe. "I will admit, though, that there was a girl with whom I once fancied myself in love. An actress. When I had taken her as far as I could in the theater, she married a Hollywood director. She was a realist. So am I."

"Thank you," she said, "for your confession. All I ask is a fighting chance." She rose, walked away a few steps, tripped on a barely visible stone, and squatted down on her haunches. "Look at me, Greg," she called. "What am I supposed to be?"

"That's not bad at all," Greg said, "although you want to get more of the sense of the panther's feline grace into it."

"Balls of fire!" she muttered. "I'm doing the sparrow."

IN THE few weeks that followed, it is a matter of record that Hope gave her all to a project that must have seemed to her to border on imbecility. I probably haven't made it at all clear, but there is a great deal to be said for this Stanislavski thing, even in Greg's hurry-up version of it.

Greg worked her hard. He gave her a series of calisthenic exercises to limber up her body. She developed a Charley horse. He gave her a smattering of ballet movement. She managed to stumble on tiptoe. He drilled her in sharpening up her observation and tried to establish in her the sense of *being* the character she was called on to portray. It was uphill work. There could be no doubt that Greg was making progress, but he had allowed himself very little time in which to turn out an actress.

"You can only reproduce an emotion correctly if you have at one time or another experienced it and can remember the experience vividly," Greg said. They were working late in her apartment. I wasn't there, but I heard about it later.

Hope was dazzling in a playsuit, but when he was working Greg wouldn't have noticed Lady Godiva unless she rode him down with her horse. "Can you recall any particularly distinct emotion you have felt in your life?"

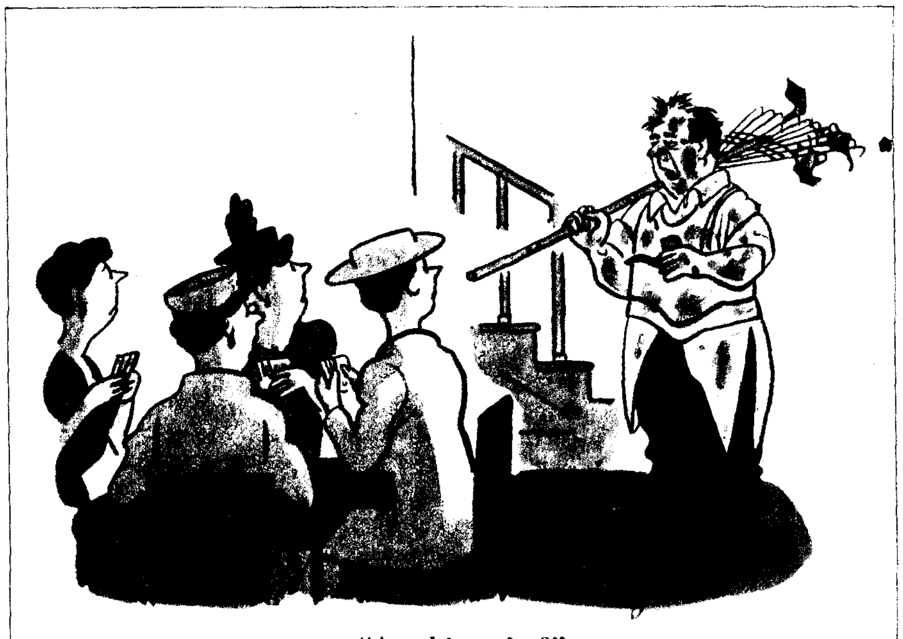
"I am learning to hate you," Hope said, "but I don't think I've had enough time to work it out in any detail."

"Somewhere in your subconscious is the memory of every conceivable emotion," Greg said. "Try to recall some vivid moment of terror, joy, despair, love—"

"Now that you mention it," she said, "I remember having a mighty vivid crush on my history teacher when I was about fourteen. He was a sorry sort of a crumb but I wasn't very discriminating at the time." She cast a baleful eye on Greg. "I guess I'm *still not, very.*"

"Can you recall the emotion so vividly that it becomes real at this moment? I mean the specifics of the emotion—a tightening of the stomach, a tremble, perhaps, a quickening of the heartbeat—"

"You're selling me," she said. Her breath was coming more quickly. "I used



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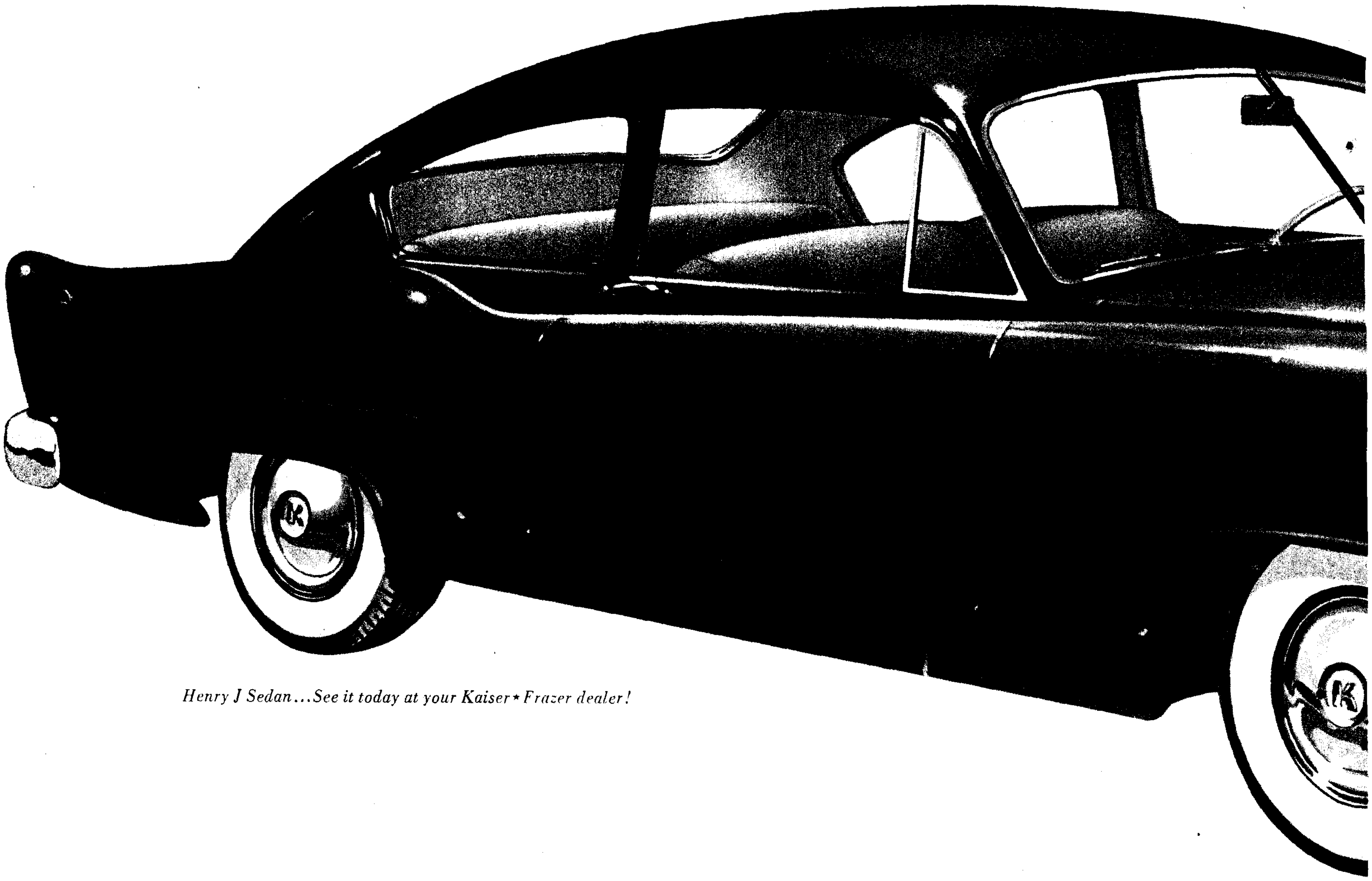

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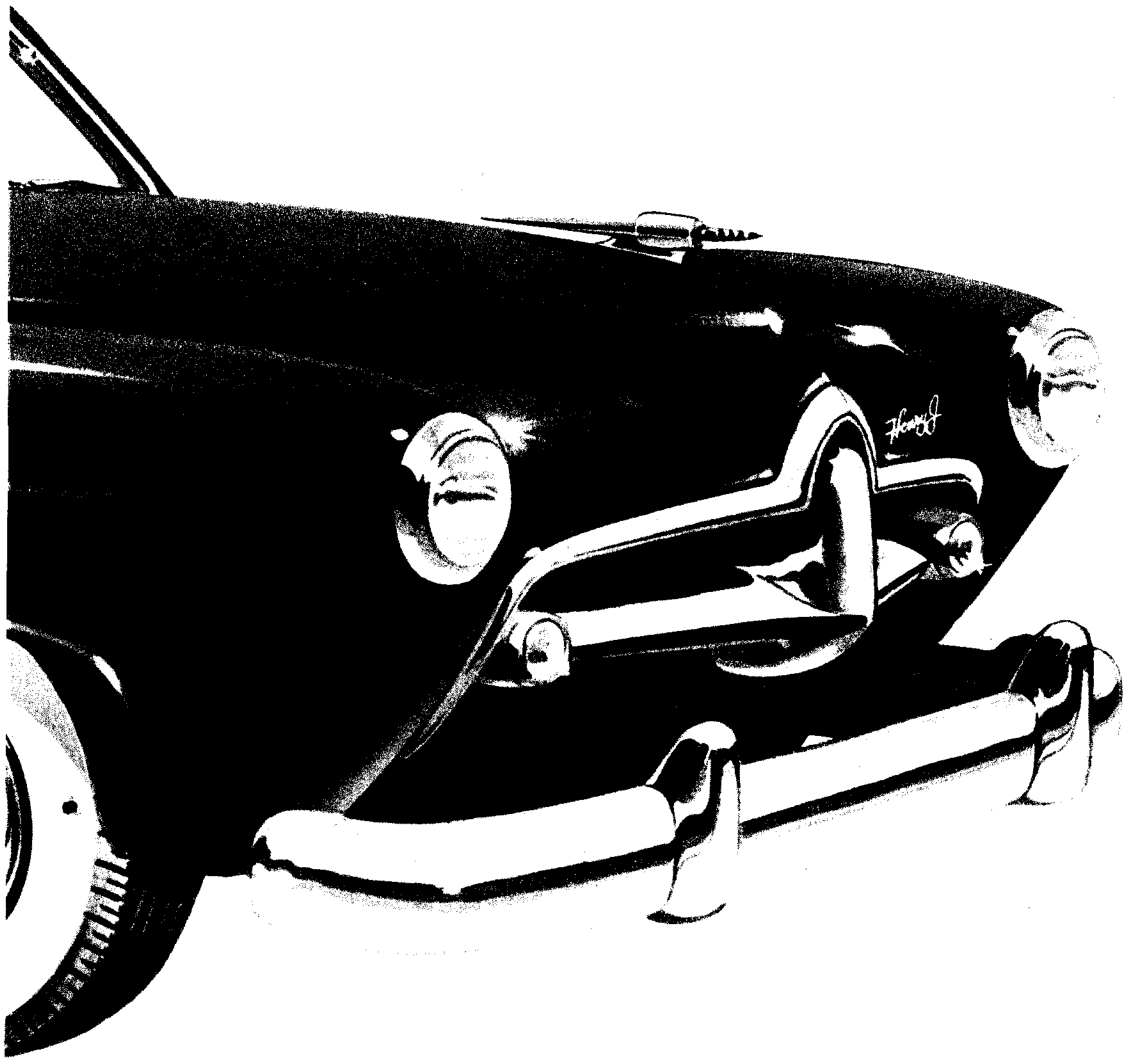

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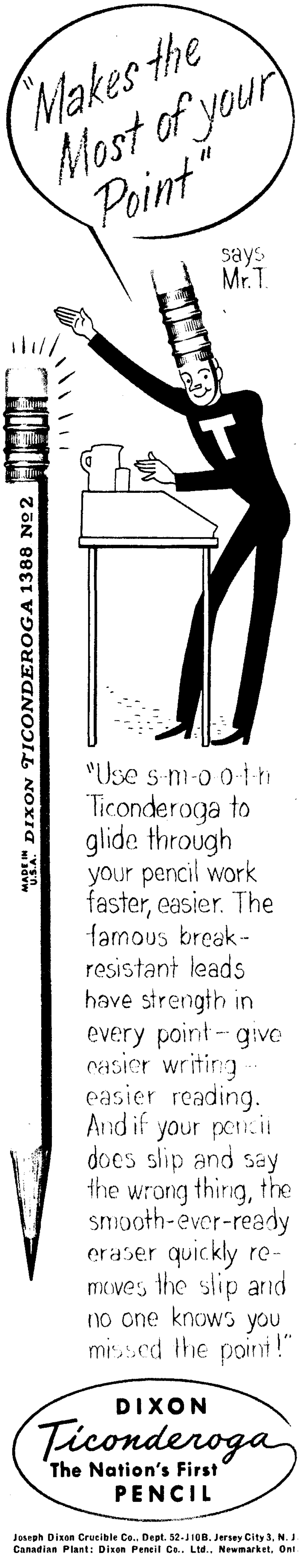
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to feel mixed up inside. I blushed every time he talked about Cleopatra." Her cheeks were flushed a lovely pink.

"There!" Greg said with rising excitement. "If you are called upon to play a girl in love, you have a way of playing it accurately. Suppose you were doing it now. Improvise the scene."

"All right," she said. Her eyes were sparkling. She said, "I guess I've always loved you, right from the first minute. But it doesn't mean anything to you, does it?"

"Good! Good!" Greg said. She was walking slowly across the room toward him. "All your gestures are true. They can't help but be, if you really feel the emotion."

"Even if you never notice me at all," Hope said, "I can't change the way I feel." She walked over to stand close beside the armchair he was sitting in, moving with a certain relaxed grace that became her very well. "Would it be asking too much . . . if I asked you to kiss me, just once?"

"Great!" Greg said. His own color was a bit high, too. "Go on!"

"Thank you," she said. She put her arms around him and kissed him. To keep the mood, Greg went along with the kiss.

"That's a—" Greg cleared his throat. "That's a fine, convincing performance!"

"Thank you."

"Are you—are you sure that's something you remember?"

"Well," she said, "maybe there's a little present tense in it, too." She kissed him again and it was even better than the time before. It was an entirely new experience for Greg and he reacted with all the enthusiasm of his nature.

"Hope," he said hoarsely. "I—"

"Why fight it?" she murmured.

"Hope—" he said. Suddenly his body froze into immobility. He stared at her and an expression of shock came over his face.

"Stop!" he yelled. He stood up.

"Is something wrong?"

"You can't do this!" he said. He backed away hurriedly. "It isn't right!"

"It's right as rain," she insisted. "The most natural thing ever invented."

"But this can't happen! I'm engaged! I'm going to be married!"

It was a long minute before she spoke. "How's that again?" she said softly.

"I had no idea," he babbled miserably. "We were just acting, after all."

"Sure," she said dully. "Just acting."

"I explained it all to you. I told you how I feel about marriage. Paula's going to stake me to the school if you pan out."

"That's great," she said. She wasn't looking at him when she said, "Maybe we'd better call off the lesson for tonight."

THE following night over a plate of spaghetti at Ralph's, I found out all about this unhappy little scene. Hope told me.

"That's tough," I said. "You're going to give up the lessons now, I guess."

"No," she said. For all her soft loveliness, she had a mighty firm little chin. "I've learned a lot. I'll continue to make like an animal, as agreed."

"That's very sporting of you."

"Indubitably," she said. "However, I'm going to add one more role to my repertoire, with your help and connivance."

"Anything," I said fatuously.

"Animals are all right in their place, but now I'm going to make like a woman for a change. We shall see how well old Svengali has taught me. Maybe he can use a lesson himself."

Without further ado, she outlined to me a plan she had dredged up during a sleepless night. It involved the expression, "All you have to do is . . ." several times. As I listened, I realized the phrase can be one of the greatest of understatements.

"This is madness," I said shakily when she had finished. "I'm an actor, but—"

"You just have to say yes or no."

"It's Frankenstein's monster all over again," I protested. "That's no role for you, Hope."

"Will you do it?"

I tried to think but I was up against hopeless odds. Perhaps I ought to mention that her eyes are the color of the Mediterranean on a summer's day.

"I'm putty in your hands," I said. "Let's synchronize our watches."

We found Greg, the following day, having lunch with Paula at Sardi's. I followed Hope as she threaded her way through the restaurant to their table. In a way, she was a miracle of grace. She only knocked over one water glass all the way.

I thought Greg looked pretty awful. The miserable expression that came over his face as Hope came up didn't help a bit.

"Well, if it isn't the little student," Paula said. "How are you making out, dear?"

Greg said, "We're—we're going on with our lessons, aren't we, Hope? It's just one more week."

"Oh, sure," Hope said. "I just wanted to tell you that I'm taking the week end off to fill a conspicuous gap in my emotional catalogue. I'm first of all a student."

"I don't understand," Greg said.

"I got to brooding over what you said," Hope went on. Greg had trained her better than he knew. I almost believed her performance. "I've had my quota of emotional experience, all right, but what if suddenly I had to play a married woman in TV?"

"Now wait," Greg said. "You don't have to—"

Hope gestured impressively, clearing the nearest obstacle by a good two inches. "I've never experienced marriage. I owe it to my career to get married. I'm going to."

"You're going to get married?" Greg had seemed a beat behind the conversation up to that point, but he caught up fast.

"It figures," Hope said. "I can do myself a lot of good if I get married. Strictly a business deal, like you said. Right, Vince?"

"Right," I said. "Strictly business." My own reading wasn't anywhere near as good as hers. It was an impossible line to read convincingly when applied to Hope.

"You're marrying Vince?" Greg said. He would have used the same intonation if he had said, "You're marrying Dracula?"

"Practically any minute now," Hope said.

"Congratulations, dear," Paula said.

"Likewise, I'm sure," Hope said.

Greg said, "Are you serious about this, Hope?"

"Deadly."

"Well," Greg said. His expression was pure despair. "Congratulations."

"Thanks," Hope said. "Come, Vince."

I said, "They're supposed to be congratulating the groom, but let it go." I followed her as she swept out of the restaurant. It was a fine exit. It carried her right out into a waiting cab. I climbed in beside her.

"Where to?" the driver said.

"That's a very good question," I said. I turned to Hope. "Well?"

"Well," she said. She looked very near to tears. "It was a good idea."

"What do we do now?" I said gaily. "Get married?"

"I guess so," she said. "Why not?"

Before I had much of a chance to get my hopes going, I suddenly heard Paula's voice. It was good and loud. Loads of projection.

"Greg Major!" it said. "You come back here!"

Then Greg's head popped in the cab window. He said, "Hope, you can't do this!"

"It's your own theory," she said. "What's wrong with it?"

"Where to?" the driver said, but he wasn't holding his audience. Paula called, "Greg!" She didn't make out any better.

"Look, Hope," Greg said desperately. The boy was in a sweat. "This marriage for profit is all right for me. I've had it. But you can't—I mean, it's not right—"

"It's all right," Hope said sadly. "I'm in love with a jerk and there's no chance for me. So we're about in the same boat."

"No!" Greg shouted. "We're no such thing!"

"What would you suggest I do?"

GREG'S face grew quite red. He brought out his next words with all the ease of a man lifting a 500-pound bar bell.

"You've got to marry me!" he yelled. "Do you hear? I love you!"

Hope's expression was a lovely thing to see. "You don't have to shout, darling," she said. She leaned over me and kissed him. "You're the jerk I had in mind." . . .

Later, I felt a bit out of place in a hansom cab clomping around Central Park with Greg and Hope, but they had insisted I come along.

"So I won't have my school," Greg was babbling. "I've got something far more precious."

"You're a lucky man," Hope said. "It happens that I am not only lovable, but loaded as well. I'll finance your school."

"You're what?"

"Loaded. Of course, it's inherited wealth. I hope you have no prejudice against it."

"None," Greg said.

"You see, I got sick of guys chasing me for my pelf, so I thought I'd go out and get a husband on my own. I picked the theater because there are so many handsome men in it to choose from. It's ironic that I finally fell for a gigolo, isn't it?"

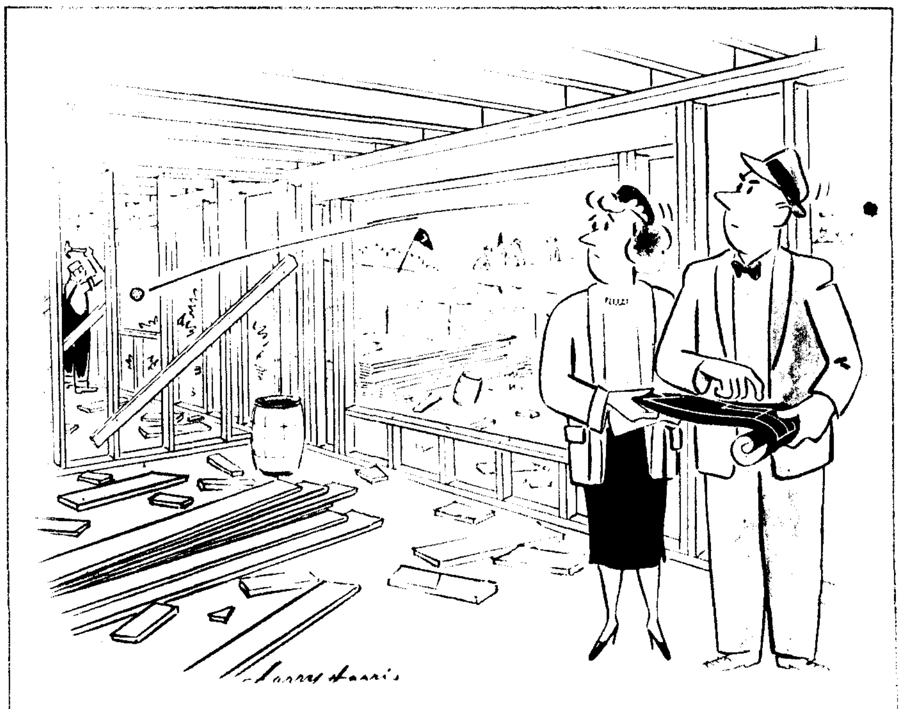
"How do you like that?" Greg said happily.

"Just fine. Except that you're going to do your bodybuilding work on somebody else from now on. I'm pooped."

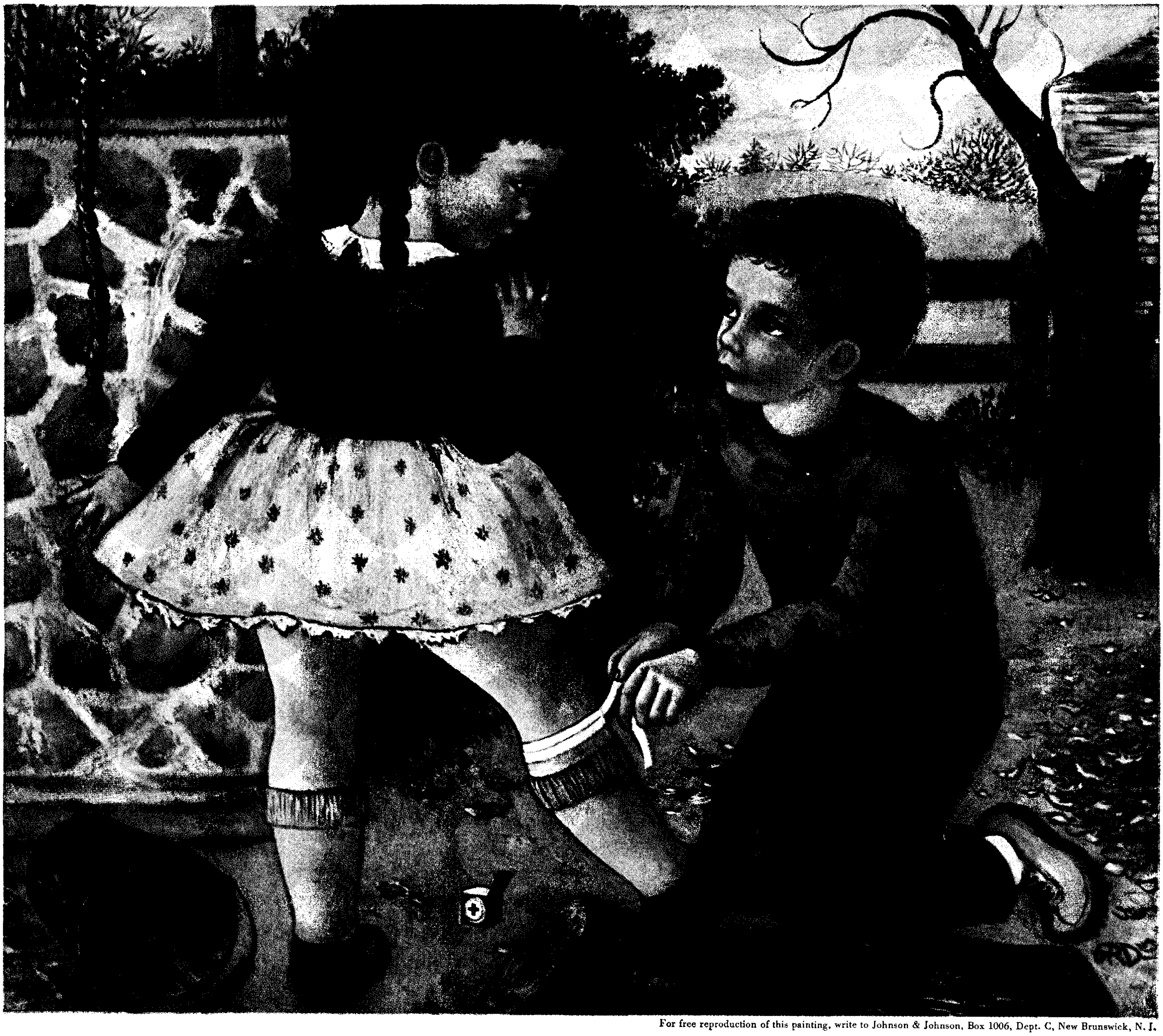
"But, darling," Greg said earnestly, "everyone should know how to use his body."

Hope smiled complacently. "Oh," she said, "I'll make out."

THE END



COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS



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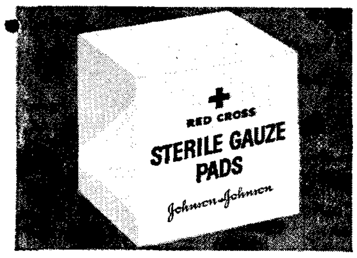
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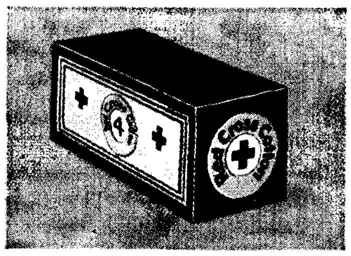
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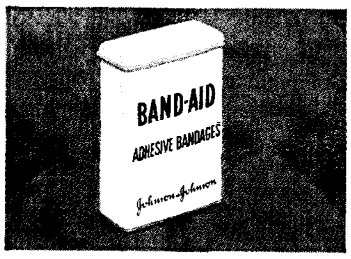
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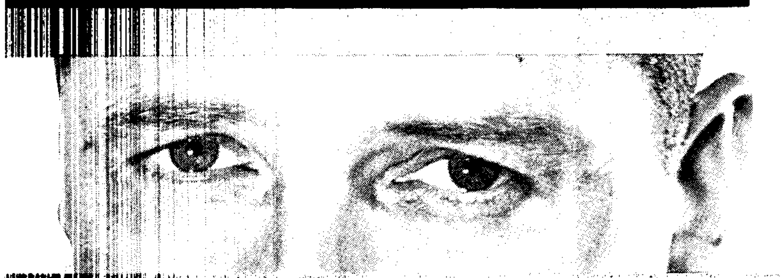

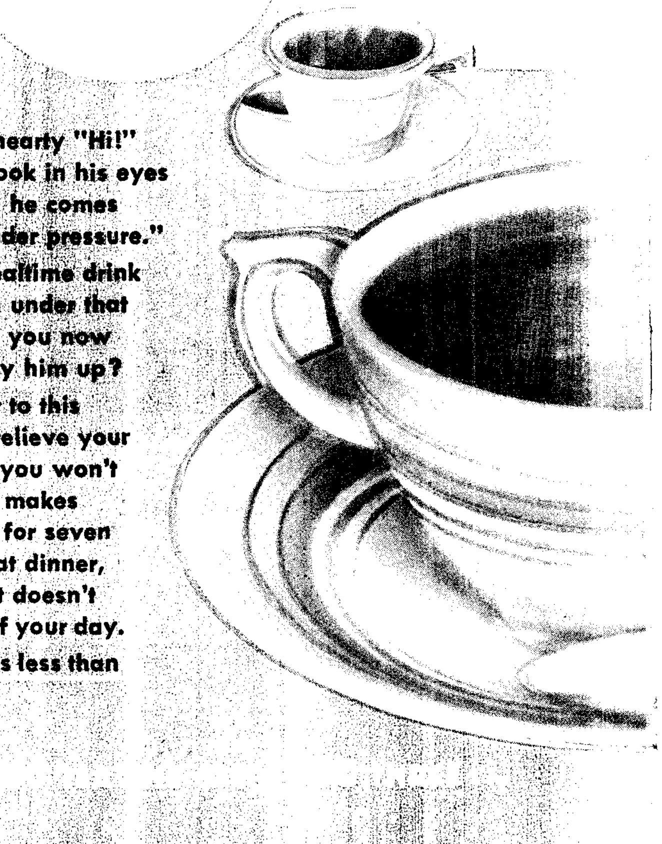

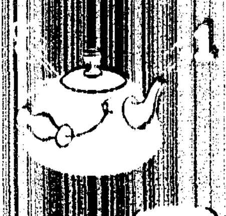

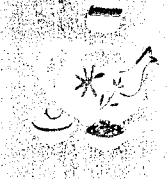

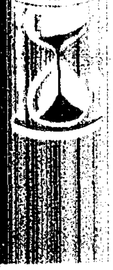

A h
you h

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Tea C

Don't Go Out Alone at Night in L.A.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

wouldn't want to call them glamorous—murders around here."

Number one is the Black Dahlia case. Elizabeth Short, a raven-haired girl of twenty-three, was found sadistically murdered on January 15, 1947, in a vacant lot near Thirty-ninth Street and Norton Avenue.

Los Angeles and the nation had a front-page holiday with the Black Dahlia case. One of its strangest features was the number of crackpots who went to the Los Angeles police and confessed to the crime. With 24 "confessions" to date, police say they are as far from the killer as ever. The Black Dahlia file, carefully locked, is the largest case file in the department's history. About 300 suspects have been checked out.

Some Los Angeles insiders feel the case may return to the front pages one day, explosively. They assert that highly placed persons are involved, that the case has been intentionally squelched, that someone is being "protected." Last January 12th, the retiring 1949 grand jury stated that certain officials investigating the Dahlia case had shown "evasiveness." It recommended further inquiry.

"This is but one of a number of unsolved brutal murders which have taken place in Los Angeles during the past six or seven years," the grand jury declared. "In addition to the sadistic murder and mutilation of Elizabeth Short, the record shows that other victims of unsolved murders include Mary Tate, Mrs. Jeanne French, Evelyn Winters, Rosenda Montgomery, Mrs. Laura Trelstad, Gladys Kern and Louise Springer."

Louise Springer, a twenty-eight-year-old beauty operator, was last seen alive at nine fifteen one evening last year when her husband left her in their car in a parking lot behind a department store at Santa Barbara and Crenshaw Boulevard. He went back to the store to get something he had forgotten. When he returned a few minutes later his car—and his wife—were gone. Three days later the abandoned car was found with the body of Mrs. Springer on the back seat covered with canvas. She had been garroted with a piece of rope.

Los Angeles also has had its share of murder-for-peanuts, the crime pattern of the amateur who will kill a person for whatever is in his pocketbook. The city has come to recognize that, where human life is concerned, the psychopathic hoodlum is an even greater menace than the old-time professional. "Your money or your life" was the old-time thug's slogan. "Your money *and* your life" is the new version.

Murdered for Trifling Loot

Dr. Donald B. Buge, a Los Angeles physician and surgeon, was beaten so viciously by two thugs that he choked to death in his own blood. They ran off with the few dollars in his wallet. That's the pattern. Even an aged Salvation Army worker, seventy-six-year-old Sidney Bitely, was attacked on the street and beaten to death for pennies. And a woman, Alice Moseley, who made the mistake of displaying a few bills in an envelope while she ate breakfast in a drugstore, was followed into a side street, hit over the head, relieved of the envelope and left dead.

Of the 2,664 robberies listed in the city's police records for 1949, the largest single category of victims was pedestrians—a total of 886. In about a third of all the robberies the weapon used was "bodily force."

As I toured Los Angeles night after night in police cars I noted an unusually large number of "prowler" calls—"prowler in the back yard," "prowler on the porch," "prowler in the neighborhood." We went in on many such calls but we never caught a prowler. Prowlers are hard to catch. They usually know when they've been seen and they're over the hill by the time police arrive. In any case, when a police car pulls up (and it's usually three or four police cars) no prowler keeps on prowling.

You might guess why prowling burglars are one of Los Angeles' crucial problems. It is a city of small houses—pastel-colored bungalows on long, wide, isolated streets. Easterners come out with their savings and move into these houses, often keeping a sockful of cash or jewelry on hand until they get organized. Many of the houses contain aged pensioners with a penchant for keeping a little bundle of money hidden in the trunk or in Grandpa's old shaving mug.

Prowlers, bold as Jesse James, will sneak into a house at high noon while the occupants are sunning beside the palm tree out front, or at night under cover of a loud radio or a canasta game in the parlor. Mrs. Frances Hausherr, wife of a policeman, finally took a shot at one prowler after others had snooped around her house four times—once looting it while she was working in another room.

Television Set Traps Thief

In San Pedro one burglar made so bold as to drive up with a truck and move out furniture while homeowners were at the movies. He perpetrated some 40 burglaries, furnishing an entire home of his own with part of the loot. As a finishing touch he drove up to one house and carted off a new television set. Then he called a serviceman to get it going. That was the end. The serviceman recognized a special "ghost" in this set—the ghost of the man who had bought it—and police completed the installation.

The discovery that someone has been prowling through your house, ransacking your dresser drawers, turning your desk inside out, can be a shattering experience. With police of the Harbor Division I went on a run one midnight to the home of a family who had just returned from a night out. They had come home to find a screen removed, curtains blowing by an open window, every drawer in the house rifled. Though only trinkets had been taken, the eyes of the family spelled out a strange emotion: Their home had been broken into, defiled; a stranger had moved freely among their private possessions. What would have happened if they had been home? How long before the house would rid itself of this strange new contamination of fear?

Although this is a tough problem for the police, there are others of more vital concern. During 1949, Los Angeles reported 199 forcible rapes, 471 indecent exposures, 29 "kidnapings for sex reasons," 164 "annoyances of women and children," and 293 sex crimes against children. The protection of women and children from sex savagery has become a major challenge.

"In my opinion," declared Harry A. Lawson, foreman of the 1949 grand jury, "it is a terrible situation—fearsome and appalling. My wife wouldn't go out alone at night for anything!" The grand jury's final report stated: *"Women and children are constantly placed in jeopardy and are not safe from attack."*

Mrs. Ernestine Cordova is a beautiful, dark-eyed woman of twenty-eight, living with her husband and three children in a little white house with potted flowers on the porch and a bright red border of double poinsettias. She went to a home-economics demonstration one evening in 1949 and started home at 9:00 P.M.

"I was waiting for a streetcar at Mott and First streets," she relates. "An automobile stopped at the curb. There was a driver, and two men were in the back seat. They grabbed me into the car, in the front seat, and the two in the back held my mouth and stretched my arms backward over the partition.

"They started debating where to take me. They talked of taking me to the hills. I fought as hard as I could, but they punched me with their fists and scratched and choked me. They ripped my blouse and shouted obscene words.

"As they drove me around, they passed Gage Street and Hammel Avenue—just a block from my home. They relaxed their grip for a moment and I saw my chance. I managed to open the door with my elbow. Then they jammed on the brakes so fast I was thrown against the windshield and my head was cut open. I fell out of the car and started running toward home as fast as I could, shouting for my husband, 'Bob! Bob!' at the top of my voice . . . The men drove away."

Mrs. Cordova was taken to Lincoln Heights Hospital. But she got off lucky compared to many another woman in the police and sheriff's records:

—The forty-five-year-old mother who was forced into a car by five men, disrobed, and raped at gun point by each of them.

—The thirty-four-year-old housewife who was grabbed by two men near her home, smothered with a towel saturated in ether, and raped while unconscious.

—The forty-eight-year-old woman who was brutally beaten in a rape attempt after her car was forced off the highway.

Brutal Slaying of a Child

Though somewhat inured to crimes of violence, Los Angeles received its jolt of a decade last November 15th. Linda Joyce Glucoft, a curly-haired little girl of six, was found murdered in the pleasant, residential Wilshire district of the city, a neighborhood of thriving families and romping children. Her body was found in a pile of cartons in a back yard diagonally across the street from her home. She had been strangled with a necktie, hit on the temple with a riveting hammer, stabbed in the chest and back with an icepick, hit on the side of the head with a woodsman's ax, and stabbed in the back of the neck with a kitchen knife.

I had a long talk with Fred Stroble, sixty-eight, the man who killed her. A baker most of his life, he was a mild little fellow who looked as though he wouldn't hurt a mosquito. It was a clear case of pedophilia. Stroble had regressed in his sexual behavior (as many old people regress in other areas) to a child level. His "love interest" was centered on little girls, a not unusual form of psychological maladjustment. When I asked him how he felt about Linda he wept and said, "I loved her. I loved her."

A superior court jury found Fred Stroble guilty of murder in the first degree—with a mandatory sentence of death in the gas chamber at San Quentin.

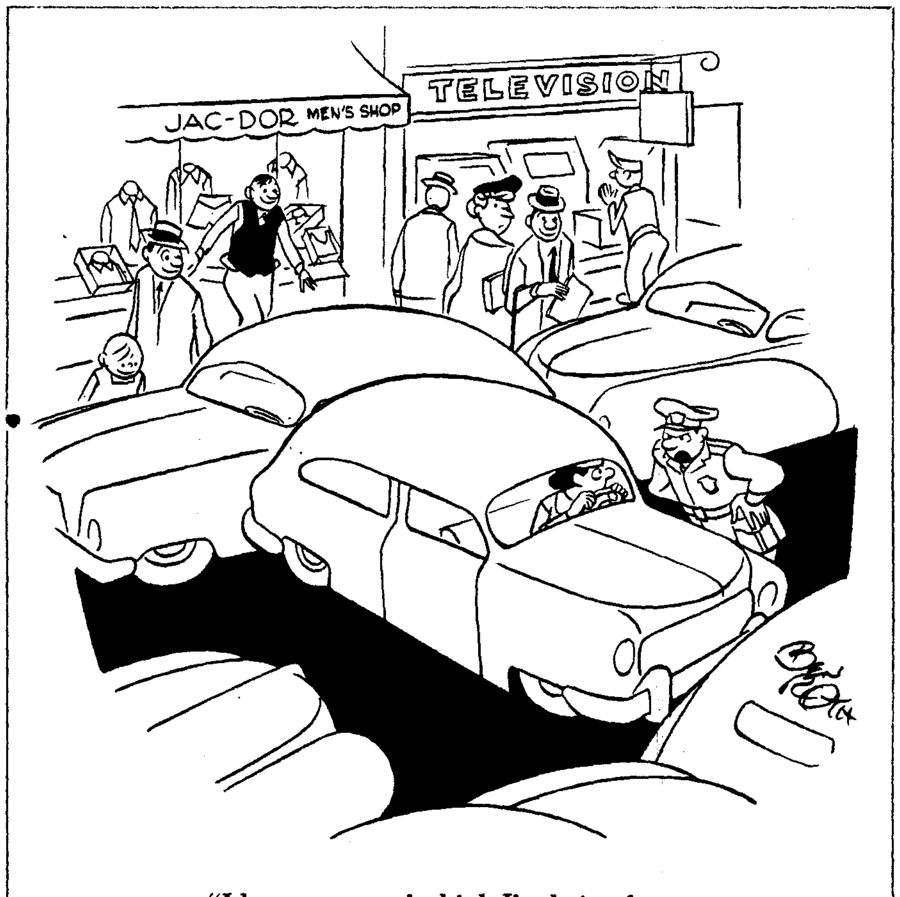
Should the D.A. Be Blamed?

The case plunged Los Angeles, and all California, into earnest consideration of sex crimes—their growing menace and our antiquated methods of dealing with them. *The same district attorney's office which demanded death for "Mad Dog" Stroble had refused to issue a felony complaint when Stroble had been arrested for a pedophilic offense just nine months before.* This pointed up the issue. Was the city failing to deal with sex offenders early? Was it failing to recognize their psychological distortions?

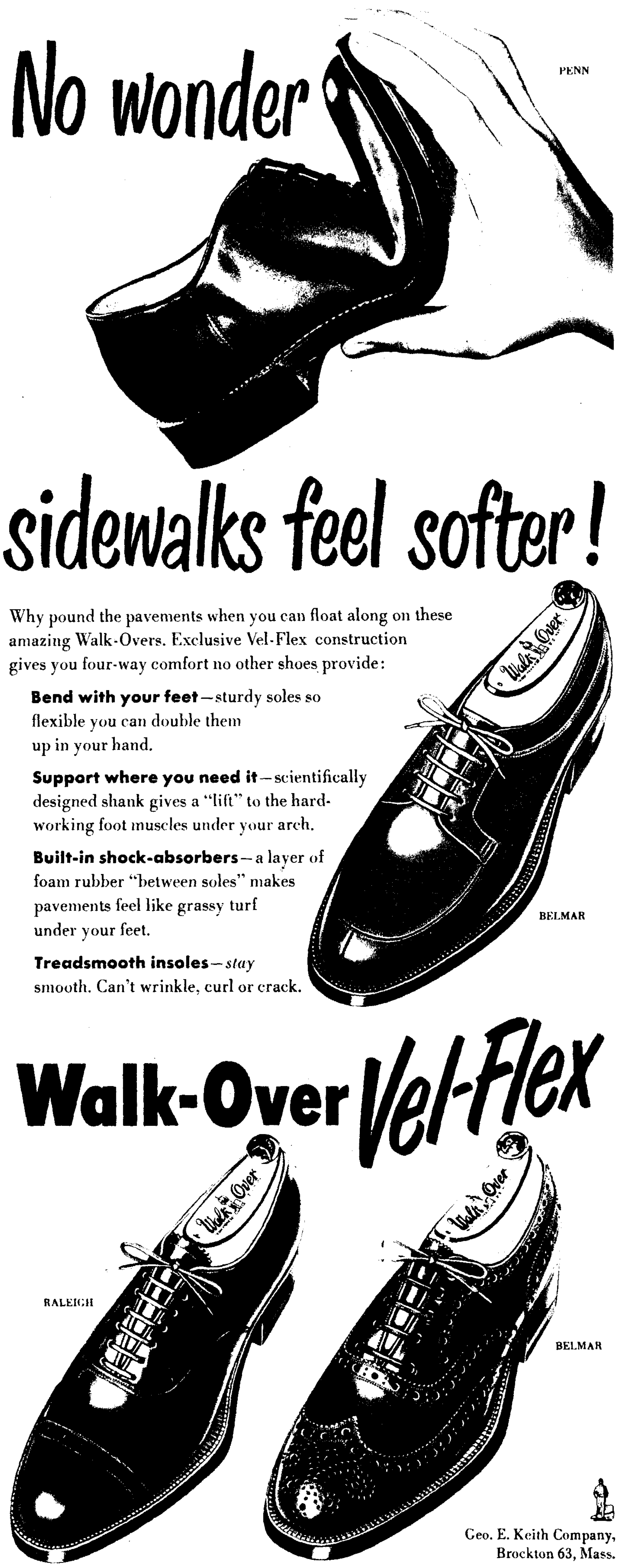
Deputy Public defender Al Matthews vainly pleaded that Stroble be kept alive for study and possible treatment, rather than executed. He spoke of using Stroble as a guinea pig, of developing a "Stroble serum" against sex offenses. But outraged public opinion would have none of it.

Governor Earl Warren called an extraordinary session of the legislature, but again the mood was fear and vengeance. The lawmakers toughened up the penalties for sex crimes (the time-honored crack-down technique) and then, as District Attorney Edmund G. Brown of San Francisco remarked, "went home and buried their heads in the sand." The matter of a comprehensive sex crime program they left up to an interim commission. The only tangible result of this action was the handing over of $100,000 on July 1st to the Department of Mental Hygiene for a research program at the Langley Porter Clinic, in San Francisco. Most Californians regarded this as a straw in a windstorm.

Meanwhile in the Los Angeles Police Department, a young lieutenant in command of the Juvenile Division had quietly spelled



COLLIER'S "I hope you won't think I'm being fussy, lady, but this is only a two-way street!" BEN ROTH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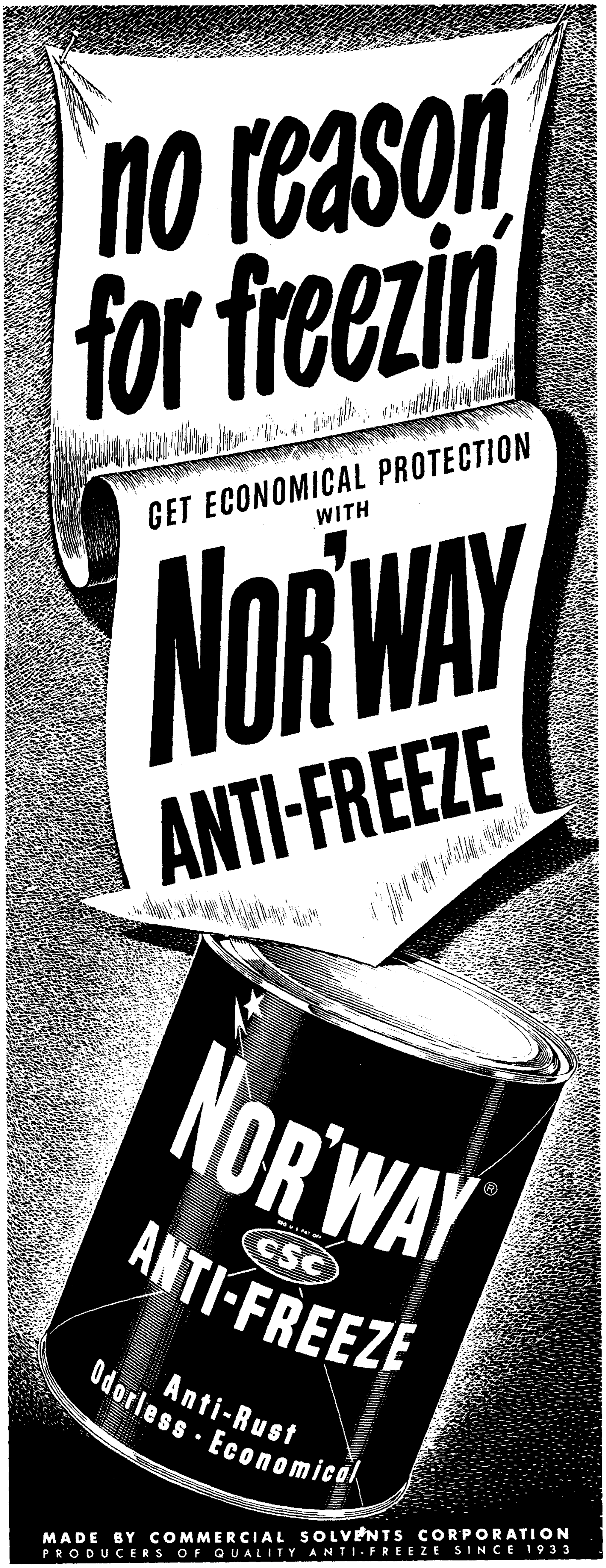
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out what many believed to be the answer. California has a Youth Authority for the handling of young criminals, an Adult Authority for the handling of grownups. Why not a Sex Offender Authority, suggested Lieutenant Herman J. Kunstling. His memorandum to the legislature's interim commission read in part:

"Nothing is done to eliminate the cause behind the sex offense and there is absolutely no treatment. We are familiar with many, many cases involving sex offenders in which the suspect was convicted two or three times and received probation and/or fines, and/or suspended jail sentences. . . . We believe that the offender should be detained in an institution until the cause for his commission of a sex offense is ascertained and until adequate treatment has been administered."

Whether it would all blow over until another little girl was murdered, or whether Los Angeles and the state would actually *do something* remained to be seen.

Lack of Protection Charged

Throughout the sprawling city, men and women are acutely conscious of the lack of neighborhood protection. "We never see a cop," one citizen complains. "The cops arrive after the crime has already been committed," says another. "The horse is gone; they lock the barn."

Actually, Los Angeles gets more cops out on foot beat than most big cities. While I have found it not unusual for our cities to leave huge precincts to the tender care of three, two, or *no* beat policemen, Los Angeles showed the following coverage on a spot check: University Division 32 beat men, Wilshire 7, Hollywood 12, Hollenbeck 6, Newton 20, and Central 48. For the entire sprawling city, a monthly average showed 157 beat men on the streets during the hours of darkness.

This is doing two or three times as well as some cities, but in spread-out Los Angeles it is inadequate. Chief Parker knows this. But he must educate the city fathers to the fact that police-per-thousand-population is not a sufficient measuring stick. You've got to take *territory* into account. While Los Angeles' authorized police strength of 4,493 gives it a ratio of 2.2 police per thousand population (roughly comparable to other cities of similar population), it has only 9.9 police per square mile. That is between one third and one sixth of the coverage in our four other top cities.

One remedy for the geographical headache had been developed by Sheriff Biscailuz for some areas he polices. "I know there is nothing better for a community than the patrolman on foot, circulating among the people," he remarks. "But the distances—" Biscailuz struck a compromise. He put patrolmen in jeeps.

I went on "jeep patrol" with Deputy Earl Joseph Cludy. We bounced through the side streets, maneuvered into the alleys, nosed around in deserted yards, swung our headlights into crannies and doorways. At intervals we'd ease out to a busy street, park the jeep, and patrol on foot for a while. Then off at a gasoline gallop to give another neighborhood the once-over.

It was an interesting hybrid operation between the intimate neighborhood contact of the beat man and the remoteness of the squad car. But the idea was in its infancy. Biscailuz had only 15 jeeps out on patrol. He was watching the results.

Another way out of the geographical quandary was suggested by a sober-faced young man who has given much thought to police protection—and for good reason. Jules Glucoft, father of the little girl Stroble killed, suggested:

"A strung-out neighborhood could at least have a 'community representative' to work with the police. He'd be a liaison officer. The neighbors would bring special problems and information to him—and the police could stop by his house now and then. It's just a check. The police ought to know what's going on in a neighborhood."

In its final rendering, the problem boils down to man power. How many men have you got—and how good are they? Marine General Worton, in his 13 months as emergency chief, was convinced that the shores of the City of Angels would be no tougher than the shores of Tripoli if he could whip the force into shape. He busily set about refurbishing the department. He did the shaking up that was necessary—"I wanted the members of the police force to realize that I was the boss." He tightened the discipline. Marinelike, he infused pride and loyalty. He insisted on grueling training, à la Parris Island, where Marine rookies train.

"I'd rather let them suffer for a while to get them better-trained," Worton remarked. As commander at the Police Academy he named Captain Frank E. Walton, also an ex-Marine. Today, as a member of the Los Angeles Police Commission, Worton still intends to see that recruits get what one of them described as "the most unpleasant training in the most pleasant surroundings." Amid the ferns, palms and hanging gardens of the palatial Los Angeles Police Academy—the most lavish, best-equipped police school in the country—rookies are put through 13 weeks of training—13 hours of it a day.

"I want them to be able to *take it,*" Worton says.

While emergency chief, Worton begged that police strength be raised to 5,000 (from 4,493) immediately, and he wanted the city to aim for an eventual ratio of three police per thousand population—which would bring the force to 6,000.

But instead of following the fighting Marine's prescription, the city council did precisely the reverse. It slashed $600,000 from the police salary budget, leaving new Chief Parker without even enough money to fill vacancies on his force. At last count, the police department stood at 4,306—187 short of its authorized strength because the city council had put an economy garrote around its neck.

A Career Cop's Viewpoint

Chief Parker, with whatever force he has at his command, is intent upon proving to the good Angelenos that they must have good police if they are to control crime. Parker is an earnest man of forty-seven years, 23 of which have been spent on the police force.

As a youth he worked his way through night law school driving a cab, studying his lawbooks between fares. He has rated phenomenally high in civil-service examinations as he has earned his way—the hard way—up through the ranks. He was not kidding when he said, on taking that top office of which every police rookie dreams, "It shall be my earnest endeavor as chief of police to provide the citizens of Los Angeles with an honest and efficient police force, dedicated to the service of the community . . . We shall continue in our attempts to eradicate from the community those parasites who prey upon us."

Mickey Cohen and company will have a hard time turning the propaganda tables on Chief Parker. For, as Parker himself put it in a few well-chosen words, "I've been in this department 23 years. They can call me anything they like—but they can't call me dishonest." He added, "I've visited San Quentin and I don't like the beds. I don't think I'd like to spend the rest of my days there."

In short, the mood may be changing in Los Angeles. The idea that cops ought to chase robbers, and not vice versa, is fast gaining ground. We may even see the end of the baiting of law-enforcement officers while the number one gangster stands by and points a prissy finger. For though there have been—and undoubtedly still are—a few crooks and dead beats in the police department, the vast rank and file are honest young men anxious to do a job. And while it's a whale of a big job they have to do, there is little doubt it can be done—once Los Angeles faces up to the fact that its real enemy is crime, not cops. THE END

They're Fixing Up over at the Trumans'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Plaster moldings from the walls and ceilings, damaged in removal or dimmed by repeated painting, are being duplicated. Furnishings, woodwork, doors and hardware, boxed and crated and temporarily stored in government warehouses, have been painstakingly tagged; stone fireplaces were disassembled and each stone marked and charted. Thick albums of photographs, blueprints and check lists have been compiled to guarantee that the jigsaw will be refitted with no pieces missing.

Complaints by Ten Presidents

At the same time the builders will do everything possible to satisfy the complaints of our last 10 Presidents about bad plumbing and ventilation, lack of closet and storage space, little privacy and the prospect of the second floor falling in. The scope of the current restoration will, according to Winslow, "give us the best chance we've had to modernize since the British set fire to the place in 1814."

Winslow predicts that the strange night sounds in the mansion will be gone for good. "Every President has heard them," he says. "All those old timbers, grunting and groaning, would send unearthly noises through the building. But the new steel beams and poured concrete floors will get rid of the ghosts. We won't leave a squeak in the house!"

Formerly, furniture on the first floor was removed on afternoons of state receptions, carted to Washington warehouses and returned the following morning. The new two-story basement will supply ample storage room as well as space for a staff office, barber's room, incinerator, valet's room, household laundry, vault, servants' dining room and 400-ton air-conditioning and heating plant.

In this city of clammy summers and short winters, Presidents have always complained about the building's patchwork heating and cooling systems. Andrew Jackson once observed: "Hell itself couldn't heat that corner," and Abraham Lincoln was repelled by the wet-dog odor of public gatherings in the East Room on humid August afternoons. A new temperate control system will keep the White House cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Presidential apartments on the second floor have long distressed first ladies because of the lack of closet space, the ancient bulky wardrobes in the bedrooms, the gloomy, high-ceilinged bathrooms.

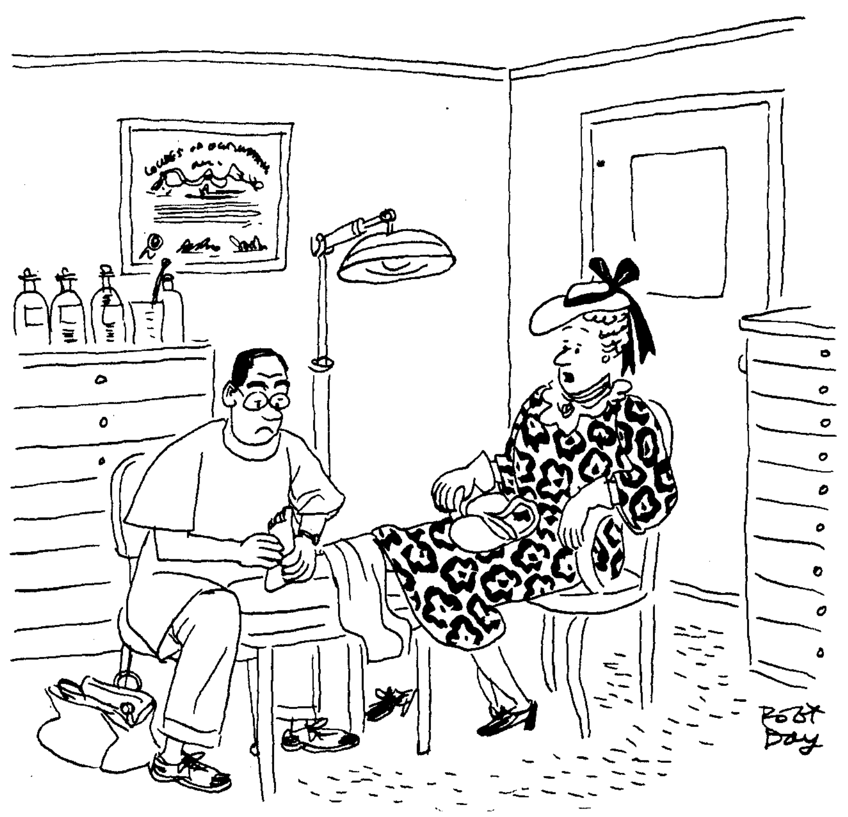
The nation's first home will now have plenty of closets and the best of modern plumbing. "We aren't carrying Georgian styles too far," Winslow observes. In the basement, a new powder room and men's lounge will serve guests at the huge White House receptions, replacing three woefully inadequate chambers. Second-floor bedrooms will have private baths with glass-doored showers and tubs. The President's bathroom, formerly an inside cubicle with a dreary skylight, will now have concealed lighting and air conditioning. The President chose blue-green glass walls for this room.

Since the White House kitchen was given a major overhaul in 1936, only a few units will be needed to bring it up to date—installation of a garbage-disposal unit in the sinks, a new power meat saw, equipment for barbecues, and automatic ice makers that chip, splinter or pulverize with the flick of a knob.

Intercom System in Bedrooms

From the tenants' viewpoint, the most spectacular contemplated improvement will be a master intercom system. Each bedroom will have a loud-speaker in the ceiling and a telephone on which the occupants—besides communicating with each other—will be able to get local radio broadcasts by dialing the station's call letters. A master radio-phonograph, equipped with AM, FM, three-speed record changer, wire recorder, tape recorder and microphones, will be installed in the basement.

To anticipate future miracles in plumbing, wiring and electronics, White House planners are installing brass conduits through the building's new walls. "When former Presidents wanted to install something new," Winslow explains, "the workmen would bore through the beams and



COLLIER'S "The place-kick specialist on my little boy's football team didn't show up yesterday" ROBERT DAY

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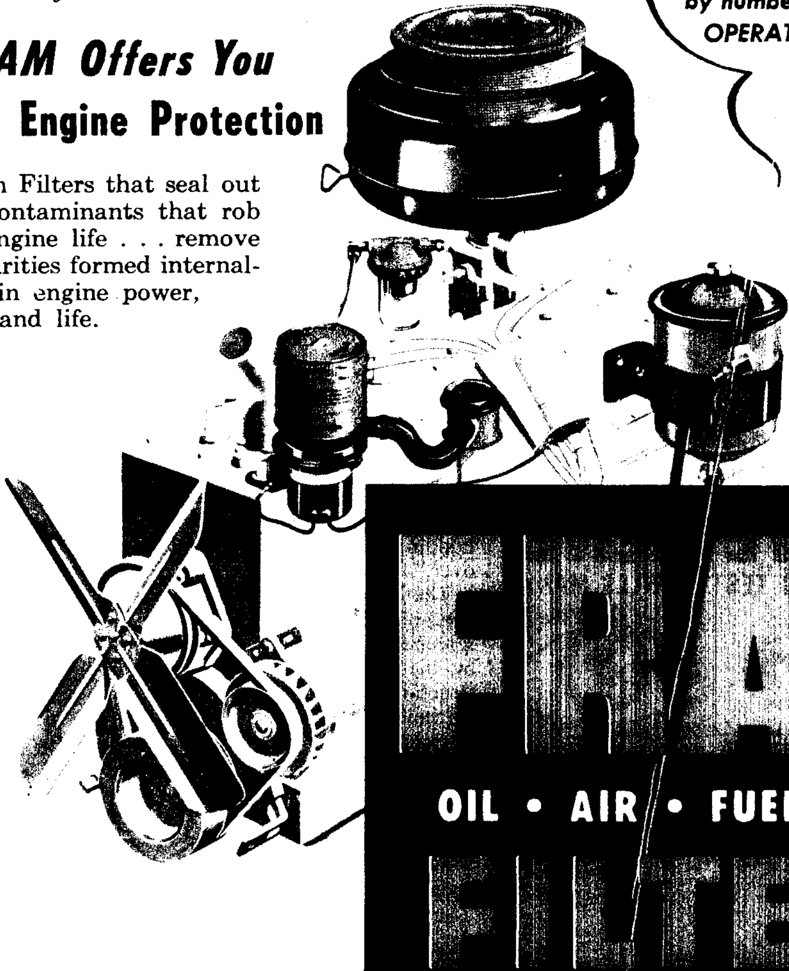

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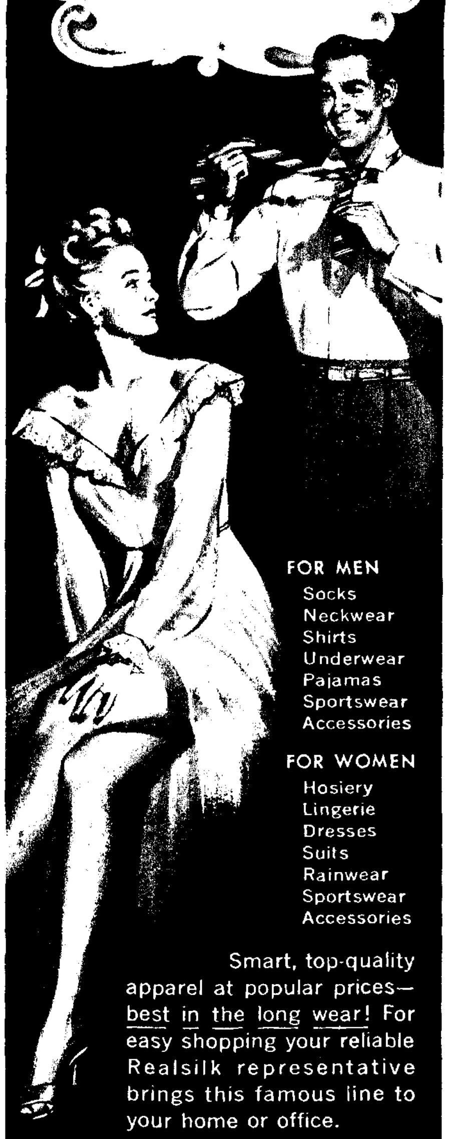

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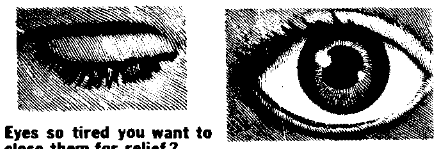

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weaken the building. Now they will find our conduits with a mine detector and not even soil the wallpaper."

The White House has been remodeled and altered many times since 1792, when James Hoban, an Irish architect from South Carolina, won a $500 prize from Congress for the original design. The construction, which cost $400,000, caused violent Congressional charges of extravagance. The last major structural change was made in 1927. Thrifty Calvin Coolidge found himself caught between opposing consultants. Most engineers agreed that a new roof and third floor were all the house needed. But one dissenter urged a thorough structural survey, suggesting that the second floor wasn't in much better shape than the third.

"Then why doesn't it fall down?" Coolidge demanded of him.

"I don't know, sir," said the engineer.

Coolidge sided with the conservatives and declared that $200,000 was quite enough to spend on the old house. The new steel roof and third floor were built—and became a prime factor in weakening the whole structure, for the interior brick walls and beams were unable to support the new load.

Winslow expects the restored White House to stand without major renovation for "500 years or more," and has so informed President Truman.

To oversee the job, Congress last year established the bipartisan Commission on Renovation of the Executive Mansion. From the Senate came Senators Kenneth D. McKellar (D., Tenn.) and Edward Martin (R., Pa.); from the House, Representatives Frank B. Keefe (R., Wis.) and Louis C. Rabaut (D., Mich.). The President appointed two consultants to the commission—Douglas W. Orr, then president of the American Institute of Architects, and Richard E. Dougherty, New York engineer. As its executive director, the commission hired General Edgerton, who laid out pioneer trails in Alaska 40 years ago and served as governor of the Panama Canal during World War II.

Has Built Many Public Works

Next, the commission asked for bids by selected general contractors. The low bidder was John McShain of Philadelphia, who has put up more public works in Washington than anyone else in the business, among them the Pentagon, the National Airport Terminal, the new State Department Building and the Jefferson Memorial.

McShain won the White House contract after bidding $100,000 as his fee on a cost-plus-fixed-fee basis. Out of this fee, he must pay for his office overhead and small tools used on the job. He cheerfully declares he will be lucky if he breaks even on the White House project. "I figured nobody would go as low as I did," McShain says. "But I'd rather have this contract than make a million on a warehouse."

The crucial job of underpinning the building, shoring up its walls and excavating the basements, subcontracted to the New York firm of Spencer, White & Prentis, was completed this spring, somewhat ahead of schedule. "It was a fairly routine job," says Robert White, son of a senior member. "We had to build a whole new foundation and brace up the walls at the same time. But people got excited, and one engineer went around saying we were collapsing the building. We were pretty glad when it was over."

The workmen in the White House were hand-picked by their employers, and screened, photographed and fingerprinted by the Secret Service. Probably no construction job in the country boasts quieter workmen. A few months ago a brief jurisdictional labor dispute was resolved so quickly that reporters covering the President's office in the building's west wing scarcely heard of it. The carpenters and the ironworkers had a brief flurry over who should handle the steel shoring pillars, designed to hold up the building while its insides were being demolished. The National Joint Board for the settlement of Jurisdictional Disputes awarded the job to the ironworkers, who relieved the carpenters with barely the loss of a man-hour.

The work of rebuilding was delayed for several months by the nerve-racking job of demolition. "The idea was to wreck the White House gently," explains Murray (Murph) Bonham, the carpenters' foreman. "The boys were all accustomed to using TNT, letting her blast and waiting for the dust to clear. But there was no blasting on this job, and we tried to save everything. Whenever the men on the walls got too rough, I'd make them come down and put them to work on wheelbarrows. I'd explain that we weren't wrecking a tenement, and they'd get the idea."

During the demolition, names of workmen on earlier remodelings appeared on concealed timbers, beneath electrical outlets, beside plumbing connections. Under each layer of wallpaper peeled away in the East Room were signatures of past paper hangers, dating back to 1873. Original White House bricks, which were dried in outdoor frames and baked in a kiln on the building site, turned up bearing the marks of chickens, pigs and children who had made their prints in the soft clay in 1792.

A marble box, apparently made by workmen during a previous renovation, was discovered under the first floor. It contained two 1902 Washington newspapers, seven Indian-head pennies, two nickels, a dime, four two-cent stamps and a bottle of rye whisky. President Truman ordered the box buried under the building again.

Workmen at the White House are invited to take a professional interest in souvenirs, but firmly discouraged from acquiring them personally. Guards at the southeast gate see that no one leaves with bulging pockets. They say no one has walked off with a single unauthorized brick, although they won't commit themselves on the possible disappearance of old handmade nails.

Perhaps the most reverently souvenir-minded of the workmen is Clifton Nelson, a young Negro labor foreman. Nelson and his men were assigned to haul the old beams and floor boards to a storage shed on the south lawn. Nelson takes particular pride in the Lincoln room timbers stored in the shed, carefully covered by a tarpaulin. "We wanted to keep this material in a *special* place," Nelson told me. "You know, he used to pace up and down on these boards."

The Commission on Renovation is not yet ready to distribute the souvenirs, a problem looming like the Washington Monument. Thus far, the commission has drawn up a tentative policy which calls for "an equitable, nation-wide, nonpartisan, nonsectarian and noncommercial distribution based upon national population quotas."

"At first we didn't realize how serious the souvenir problem was," General Edgerton says. "A while ago, Douglas Orr humorously remarked that it looked like everybody was out to get President Grant's bathtub. A few days later, we started getting letters asking us to please send the bathtub, express collect."

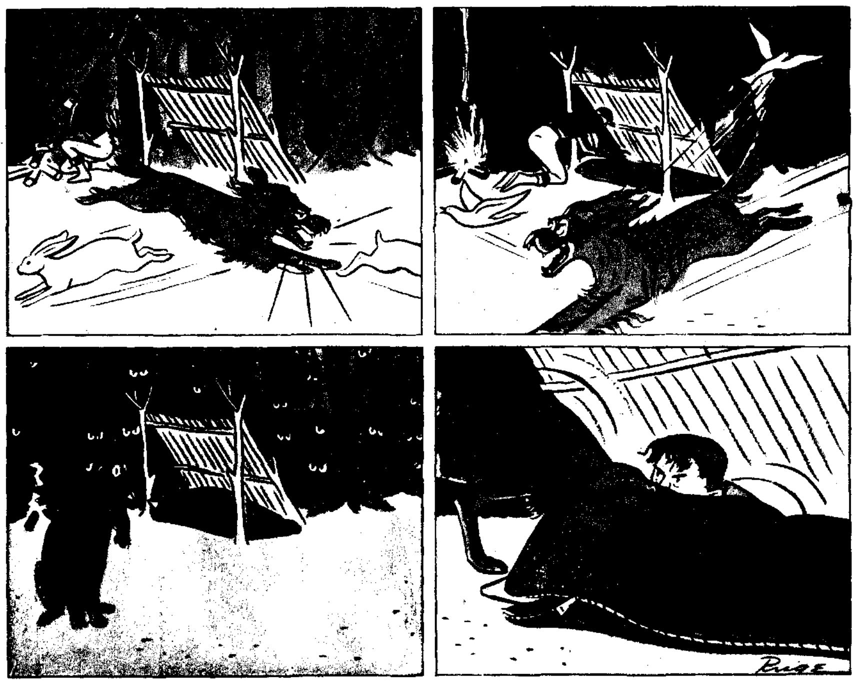
Souvenir Plans Rejected

The commission has considered and turned down numerous offers to solve the souvenir problem. One private firm wanted to buy all the debris for $1,000,000, with no questions asked. Another requested a mile of timber to convert into gavels. The commission has also rejected schemes for selling souvenirs to benefit patriotic, historic and charitable institutions. It has held in abeyance a request by the First Baptist Church in Washington for timber to build a pew for the President and has declined the plea of engineers at Fort Myer, Virginia, for seven truckloads of brick and stone to make a terrace for the enlisted men's club.

Thousands of letters from private citizens are on file with the commission, providing a tip-off to what the average American wants from the White House. A Pennsylvania minister desires an original nail or splinter of wood. A Mississippi lady would be most grateful for a pair of doorknobs. A disabled veteran in Massachusetts wants a piece of good stout timber for a cane. A Montana justice of the peace would be happy with wood for a gavel. A bride in California wonders if she couldn't get enough lumber to floor the living room of her new rambler.

Meanwhile, General Edgerton and the commission are working out the souvenir distribution plan like a problem in logistics. "We've got about a quarter of a million bricks," the general figures, "and 30,000 hand-hewn laths and more handmade nails than we like to think about. But everything must be processed first, and authenticated. On each souvenir we may attach a metal plate, stamped out by the U.S. Mint, that says where it came from. If we don't do that, our great-grandchildren will never know for sure that the chunk of wood they find among Grandpa's effects actually came from the White House." THE END

CLANCY



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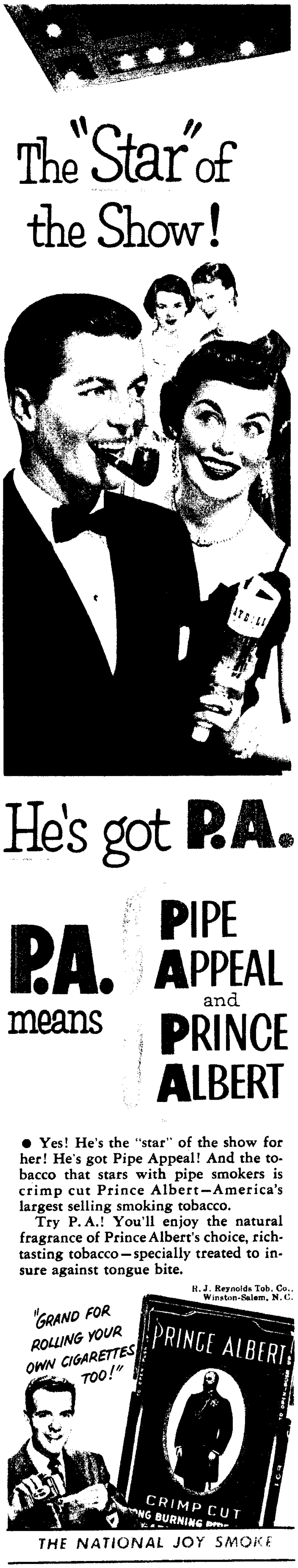
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PRINCE ALBERT

CRIMP CUT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Hunt Hard, Hunt Long

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

found himself after graduation working in one of the company's experimental laboratories.

Sometimes, when the heat in the laboratory was especially high, the young engineers stripped to their shorts. But Clark always wore a T-shirt as well. The vice-president in charge of the work was a rather stuffy character and he was impressed by what he thought was Clark's concern for the amenities. The fact that Clark wore a shirt in the heat made him a disciplined young man, the vice-president thought.

When Clark learned this reason for his first promotion, he began to develop the sardonic humor that in time served as a buffer between himself and the special reality he had to face: the way the shoulder—its appearance, its recurrent pain in damp weather—affected his relation with others. Particularly women. Sooner or later the shoulder always made a difference—one which in time turned various inner drives toward his work.

Two or three of the girls he had loved brought the lion out of the forests of memory where it lurked, making him wonder what his life might have been without it. Yet the process by which it began to seem necessary to kill the beast was so involved that he never saw it whole, but rather as scenes of a long movie in the projection room of his mind.

NOW, looking at the Kansas prairie under the spears of rain, he knew clearly for the first time that he had come this far expecting to kill not a cat, but the same scarred and ancient cat which had marked him. And not entirely for revenge. It had taken him a while to understand that in killing the lion he hoped to kill the hurt it had done to him, to destroy the power it still held. And he had to kill it with a Mannlicher. Before his father's death the old man had offered the gun to Clark but he had thought that he would never hunt big game again, and the old man had sold it.

Luther English, Jake's son, met Clark at the station. Luther, now county sheriff, had been in school with Clark. He was a chunky, barrel-chested, square-shouldered man. His smooth brown face perpetually wore a half-smile which might have come from some old, unremembered joy. "Kid," he said and squeezed Clark's proffered hand.

"How goes it?" Clark said. Almost ten years had passed since he had last been here, that time for his mother's burial.

"Good, good," Luther said. "You're a big shot now, they tell me. The whole town wants to see you. The Rotary is going to give a banquet for you."

"No," Clark said. "I want to go right to the camp."

Luther looked at him. "All right. There's no one there but the dogs, though."

"Your father?"

Luther shrugged. "Dead. Last year. Didn't I write you? I keep the dogs for sentimental reasons. I use them so little myself, though, that I would have sold them last month if I hadn't got your letter."

Clark nodded. As they loaded his luggage into the car, Luther said, "No shotgun. You don't want any ducks this year?"

"Not this year," Clark said.

The camp was an adobe cabin seven miles north of the village. Four hounds belled from a wire run in front of a tar-papered kennel. They were part bloodhound, part coon hound, with heads too big for their bodies. "They want running," Luther said. "I have Tommy Yanno, the Indian, feed them when I can't get up here. Any day I can't hunt with you, Tommy will go along to handle the dogs."

"I'd hoped to go alone," Clark said.

Luther opened the cabin door. Then he said, without looking at Clark, "All right. I was only thinking that the dogs don't know you. They mightn't handle well for a stranger."

"I never thought of that. I am a stranger to them."

Luther moved around the cabin, lighting kerosene lamps. Then he touched off the split piñon wood that stood on end in the fireplace. Clark stood watching him. The walls, softly white with a fresh coating of *tierra blanca* and smelling of fresh earth, quieted him.

Luther made no more offers. There was an old pickup truck under the shed, he said. He left Clark, saying he would see him in a day or two.

The first day was a failure. He got the dogs loaded into the truck and drove toward town, to that very spot, less than a mile out on the canyon road, where the thing had occurred twenty-two years before. The place looked strange, for although he had traveled the road perhaps a thousand times in his life, he remembered it as banked by heavy snow, seen under a gathering darkness. After releasing the dogs he remembered that since there was no snow, the lions would be higher in the mountains, miles from here. He felt a little foolish, understanding clearly for the first time the unreasonable element in the motivation that had sent him here. When he tried to call in the dogs, only the old bitch, Beller, came. Her three sons were out of sight.

Luther, pleasantly amused, brought them back to the cabin two hours later; the three young dogs had turned up at the sheriff's office. He said that Clark had been hunting too near to town. Luther brought two shotguns with him. He and Clark drove south to grain fields near an Indian pueblo. There they flushed coveys of quail and bagged a day's limit each.

Clark was tired that night. He tried once or twice to talk to Luther about what he felt were his own failures but Luther did not encourage his confidences. After the sheriff left, Clark thought of calling Arlene Canby but that would have required going in to town. He slept so late the next day that he decided it was hardly worth taking the dogs out. The day after, he rose early and took the dogs up into the heights. Approaching the timber line the old car steamed and wheezed, and the dogs, who had been whimpering in the back, grew quiet as the air became thinner. When he stopped the car on the narrow clay road, they milled quietly around after being released, waiting for direction.

Clark stood there, feeling as though, like the dogs, he too waited for direction. The sun was strong and yellow, but the air was below freezing. A quarter of a mile above he could see where the trees ended and the gray mountain stone warned that no life but that of lichen and moss existed above the level it marked.

The dogs seemed to have picked up a trail far into the pines. There seemed to be no real urgency in their tone and as they worked gradually lower, he decided they merely wanted to get into less thin air. He turned the truck and drove slowly down the mountain about a quarter of a mile. There he got out and, carrying the Mannlicher, worked in to where he could hear the dogs, who were suddenly more urgent.

They had treed a bobcat. Sixty pounds of fury, it snarled at its enemies from the middle branches of a large aspen which swayed with its weight. Clark's reaction was curious—a mixture of excitement and disappointment. He realized that it was not *the* cat, not even the species of cat he wanted. He even decided not to shoot this one but he could not get the dogs to leave. The animal was a predator, though, as much as its greater cousin. He aimed at the snarling mask. For an instant he thought it was about to jump, then, as the sweat broke cold along his arms, he squeezed the trigger. The cat's head jerked upward, its body quivered, then slid limply part way down the trunk, struck a branch and fell clear. Quiet now, the dogs nosed at it.

LUTHER was waiting at the cabin when Clark returned at dusk with the stiffened carcass of the bobcat. The sheriff admired the pelt. "Pretty high up for this kind," he said. "But it ought to satisfy you."

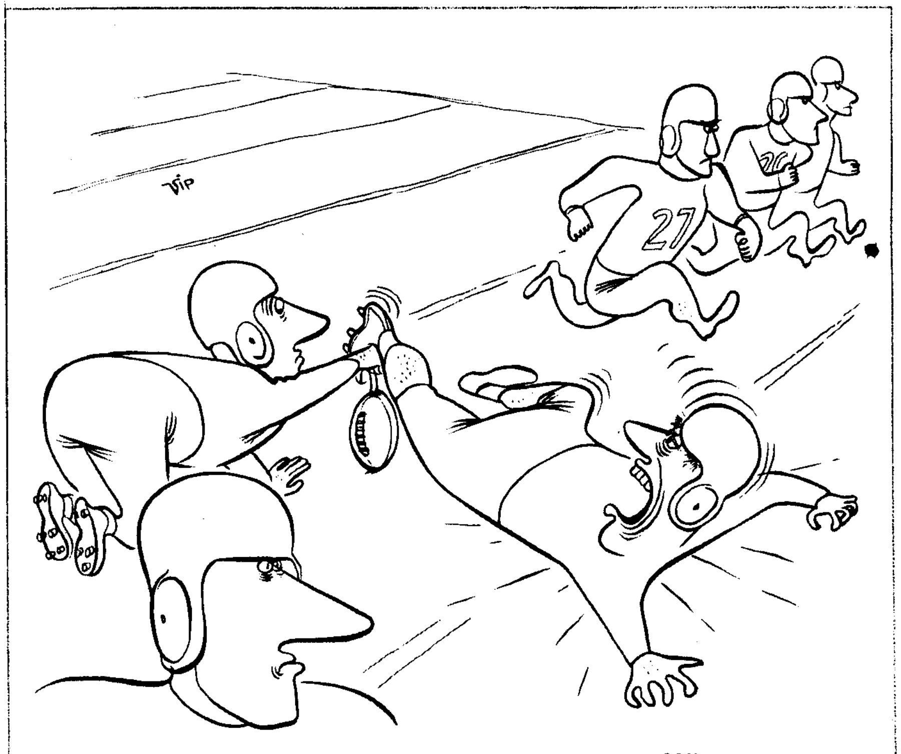
Clark shook his head in a little tense gesture, as though to tell Luther he should know better.

"Anyhow," Luther said, "I'll take the carcass into town and have the pelt skinned off and cured." He had brought a bottle of bourbon with him. After they had had two drinks, the sheriff said, "It's getting into December. We can expect heavy snow almost any time. I wouldn't want you to get caught up there."

"I guess I can take care of myself," Clark said.

Luther didn't look at Clark. "There aren't as many cats as there were twenty years ago. The state employs professional hunters, you know, because the things are predators. There just aren't too many left."

Clark nodded. Encouraged, Luther went



COLLIER'S "Must you put so much pressure on it, stupid?" VIRGIL PARTCH

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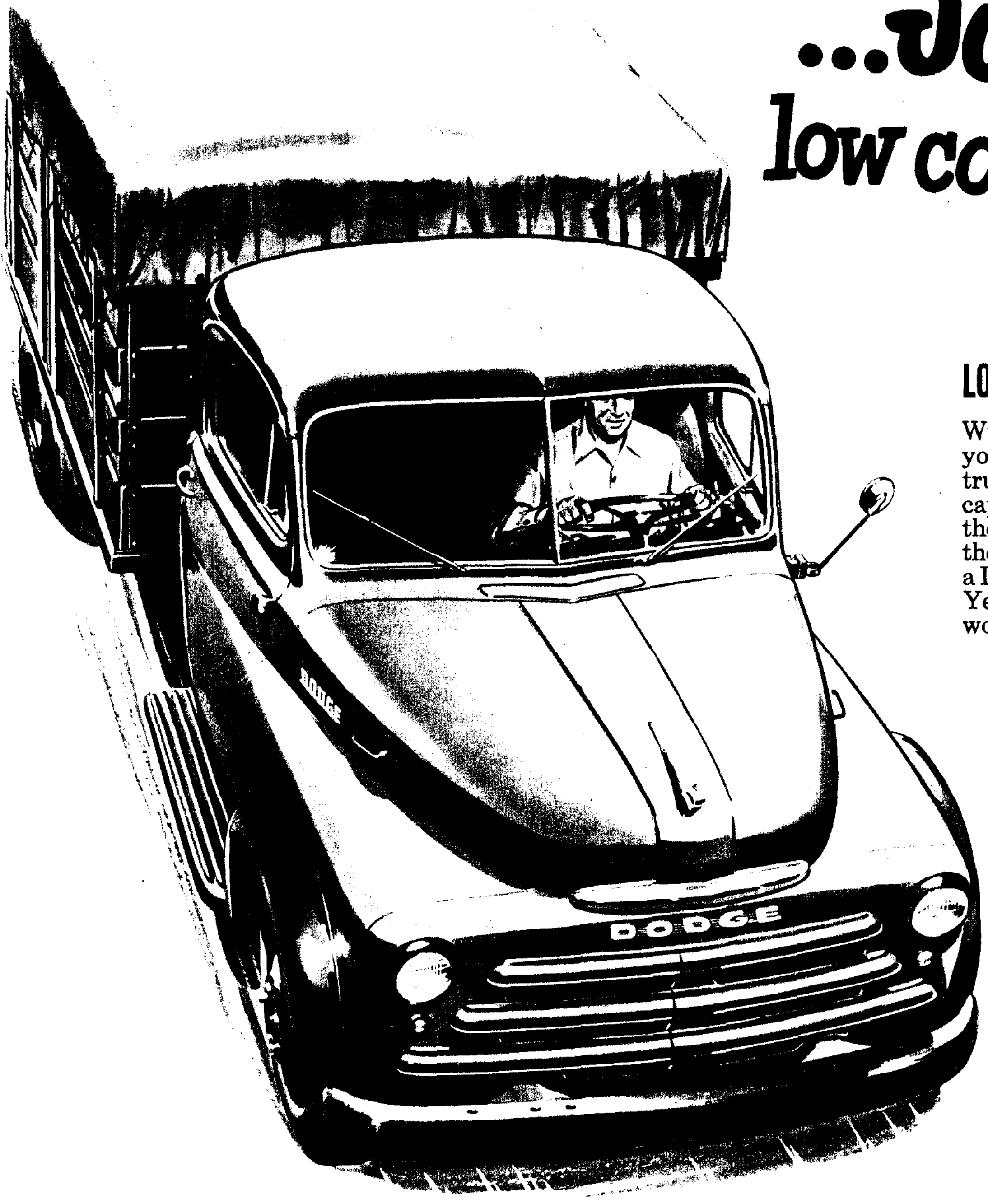

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on. "I'm not going to be so coy as to say I don't know why you're here. It's only—"

"You tell me why," Clark said. His voice was sharp.

"I suppose," the sheriff said, tentatively, "because you want sort of a revenge, to get out from under whatever you might feel is the effect of that cat on your life. The bad effect."

"Wonderful," Clark said. "Do they give all the sheriffs a course in psychology these days?"

"Well, why else would you be here?"

Clark said nothing. His anger was near the surface, and Luther seemed to know it.

"All right." He raised a hand. "Don't get sore. I'm trying to say something and you're making it hard to say. I don't mind your wanting to shoot a mountain lion. Of course I don't like the way you're going about it and I don't think you're going to succeed, because it's a more complicated business than you seem to realize. What I'm trying to tell you is that you want to shoot that lion for the wrong reason."

"Tell me," Clark said. "I can hardly wait to know."

Luther shook his head. "I'll say just one thing more and then I have to go. You are a success—as a lot of the rest of us aren't. What you might think about is how much that cat had to do with your being what you are."

Clark felt hard and tense, but no longer angry. Luther stood up. "If you want Tommy Yanno, you can find him in town. I'll be away for a few days in the south of the county."

Clark spent a bad night. He felt a need to escape from something or to something. Someone. In the night he could remember Arlene's warmth and gentleness.

LONG before dawn he rose, packed food for three days, roused the dogs and went off, still in darkness, up the narrow road. It was bitterly cold when, above the timber line, the sun struck him. At the crest of the mountain he stopped the truck. To the east, great pine forests stretched almost out of sight. Nearer, huge crags pushed through the deep green-blue of the pines and long narrow valleys led northeast.

There had always been lions on the far side of the mountains. There were always things, remote and mysterious, to be cherished or dreaded, on the other side of any high mountains. Clark began the descent, feeling he was going into the country of discovery. It was warmer on this slope. The sun struck it fully and the northwest wind was cut off. The little mountain rills ran freely, unhampered by the ice that choked them on the other side.

Clark made a camp by one of these. He put the nose of the truck against a jutting of rock and made a windbreak for evening. He cooked and ate a large meal of bacon, biscuits, sirup and coffee, made some sandwiches and, releasing the dogs, moved off along the little stream. The weather alone might have kept or sent the beasts over on this side of the range.

The clean pine needle floor made walking easy. The dogs ranged quietly, returning often to him—they had begun to recognize and more or less obey him. It was not difficult to think of this level pocket on the slope as a kind of ballroom emptied of people. There was an illusion of endless vistas. The shapes of the trees, the openings, were repeated so often that he could have been in some incredibly cunning hall of mirrors. Clark broke its spell by telling himself this was not hunting, that this was no place for a cat. He bore eastward where there had been a promise of rockier country. The dogs picked up no scent and the going became rough and difficult as rock began to come up between the trees.

Now at noon he began to sweat. He rested by another small stream and ate his sandwiches. The young dogs roved around and began to bark not far away. Clark strolled over and found they had treed a pair of squirrels. The tufted ears of the little animals quivered as they lay flattened out along an aspen trunk. Clark felt happier at this evidence of novel and harmless life in a region that had come to seem sinister and unreal. It pleased him that he could spare and reassure the little animals by calling the dogs away. Then in a moment of silence he heard it, incredible by daylight, the dry, echoing cough of a lion.

The dogs heard it, too, and for a moment their silence and stillness indicated a kind of bewilderment at the fact that a lion, any lion who had heard dogs, should thus reveal his presence. The cough wasn't repeated and Clark might have thought he imagined it, but the dogs remained fixed, frozen. He could tell they were puzzled now over the direction from which the sound had come, for their eyes and heads moved.

THE young dogs broke and came closer to him. Beller held quiet a moment longer. Something continued to trouble her and Clark wondered if the lion might not be wounded. His mouth had gone dry and under his excitement grew something he thought might be fear. Because it might be, he rallied the dogs, urging them northeastward where the nearest large outcroppings of rock showed. The hounds ran about, like pups worrying over the day-old scent of game birds. Without realizing it, Clark had worked ahead of the dogs and, as though to guard him, Beller came closer and worked near him. Her three sons were off farther to the northwest than a more experienced hunter would like.

Clark called to them, and when he thought they were closer he resumed his progress northeast. A long, blunt finger of rock pushed out into the pines. By climbing it, he would have as good a view as possible of the terrain. As he started up it, Beller brushed by him and went ahead. Pausing once, she growled. Clark raised the carbine as though it were a shotgun and Beller were a bird dog about to go into a point. But she worried on ahead, her claws scratching unrhythmically on the rock.

On the narrow top of the rocky finger Clark paused. Sweat bathed his face and Beller still trembled but she made no sound. Although he was sure they had struck no really good trail, he felt the excitement continue to mount. He would hunt the cat down even if it meant not going back to the little camp tonight. Luther's words had stayed with him and rather than really think about them he preferred to remain angry over them.

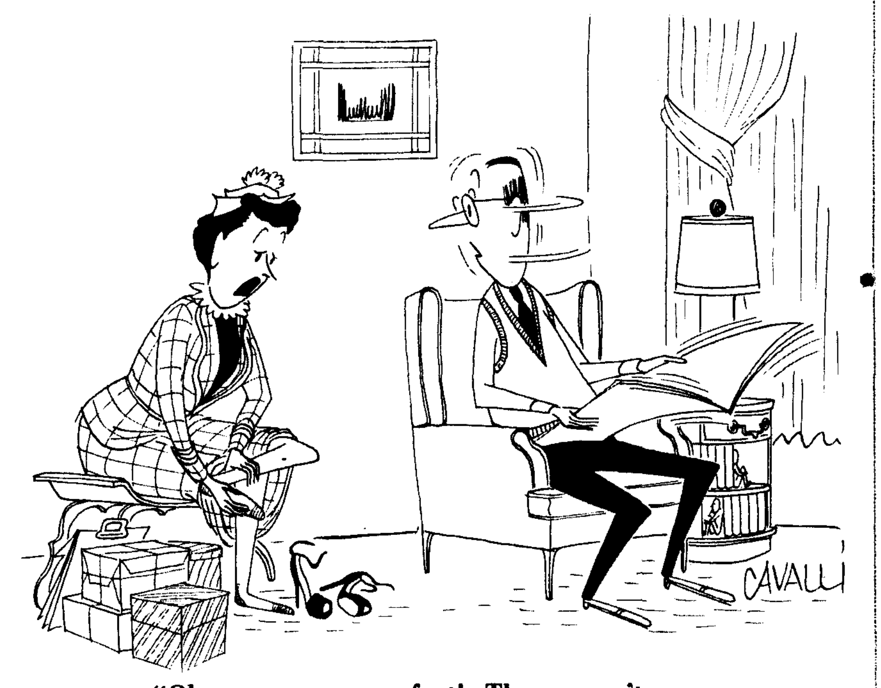
But it was troubling to think that there was no real reason for his being what and where he was that did not take him back to the wound the cat had made. It occurred to him that in a way Arlene had already helped to heal the inner wound. It was a strange time, an even stranger place to decide he loved her. Later—when he had killed the cat—he would go to Denver.

Beller screamed. It was so unlike a dog sound that Clark was not sure it was she. He heard the other dogs reply. Then a shadow passed over him and he glanced up to see the cat-shape black against the sun. Thinking it was coming at him, he raised the all but useless gun. But the lion had leaped from a crag well above him and now crashed into the upper branches of a tall pine. They could not hold it and it fell ten or twelve feet before catching hold of a heavier branch. It turned as the yapping of the young dogs sounded closer, and for an instant man and beast stared at each other. Beller rose on her hind legs, barking furiously but she stayed near Clark. The young dogs charged up the rock. Well, what are you waiting for? Clark asked himself and raised the Mannlicher.

It had gone well, he thought exultantly; it had gone very well. Along one of the cat's flanks lay a pale scar. But that the cat, *his* cat, should have lived twenty-two years was too much for belief. Clark trembled at the thought that it had been preserved for this moment—for his killing and freedom. He could not steady the sights. Suddenly, the cat raised itself along the branch. As it moved, the scar changed color and dimension. It was not a scar at all but a bar of light filtering through the boughs.

CLARK stopped trembling. He could aim now, but he could not squeeze the trigger off. He had had to come here to know that Luther was right. Whatever he was—and he was at last satisfied he was somebody—the cat, a cat had helped shape him. The inner scarring could go the way the scar of light on the beast had disappeared. Clark thought it might have vanished a few moments back when he had decided to go to Denver.

The young dogs raged at the foot of the tree. They were going to be disappointed, he knew. Only Beller stood by Clark, still trembling but quiet. The cat watched him as if it had forgotten about the dogs. Clark nodded once. It was as though he acknowledged a debt. Backing slowly down the rock, he watched the treed animal. He persuaded Beller to come with him, knowing that the young dogs would follow. Going back through the pine ballroom it seemed less a place of mirrors than a natural corridor toward freedom and light. THE END



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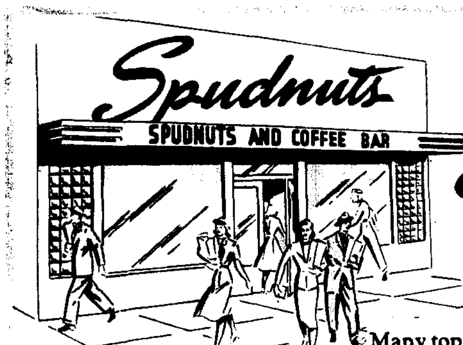

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A Time for Innocence

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

him dislike me so much that he shouldn't want me to kiss him, or to touch him even when we sat together in the car. Sally wouldn't have said anything: we always got along well, and it wouldn't be like her.

Laura went upstairs slowly, hearing the murmur from the room where Hugh was helping Donald undress, and she paused uncertainly in the doorway to watch them. At last she whispered, "Everything all right, Donnie?" Hugh answered cheerfully for him. "See you in the morning, Donnie," she said, without a glance at the pine chest open now for Donald's things, or at the corner where the bed stood again, replacing the crib. . . .

In the morning she almost forgot her last night's depression, in the face of Carol's delight. Donald seemed relaxed and more at ease with Carol; fortunately they had the whole week end together for play before he would be registered in Carol's school. In the afternoon the Turner twins from next door joined them in the back yard; she called across to him as she went into the garage for her hand rake, "Having a good time, Donnie darling?"

"Okay," he said, pedaling furiously on Carol's bike, his head down.

Laura knelt in front of the flower bed near the hedge and began to rake the earth. She did not hear his approach across the grass, but involuntarily she glanced behind her and saw him, his brown eyes confronting hers. He said, "I don't want you to call me 'Donnie darling.' "

It had slipped so naturally from her tongue, perhaps because some memory lingered of Sally calling him that, as she called everyone else, Laura darling, Kennie darling, Donnie darling. His eyes were hard and fierce beneath his reddening lids. She said, her heart heavy as a stone, "I won't if you don't want me to but Donald sounds so grown-up and far away, and we want you close to us, like Carol is."

"My name is Donald," he said.

She swung around on her knees and put her arms around his waist; he stiffened his back so as not to let her draw him any nearer. "It'll be just Donald then, from now on. You remind me if I forget. But you must do something for me, too. You have to call me by my name. I'm Aunt Laura. Or just plain Laura, as if we were friends. Would you like that? I think I would."

He broke out of her clasp. "I'll call you Aunt Laura," he said, "because that's who you are."

Bending over her flats of little seedlings, she was close to tears. It was a terrible, terrible thing to be disliked by a child, especially when she was prepared and eager to give him such a wealth of love. It hardly helped that she was beginning to understand his dislike, and that it might have nothing to do with her at all.

AND then little things began to happen, inconclusive and trifling in themselves, perhaps, but frightening her with their import of purposeful mischief. There was the mud tracked across the terrace that she had scarcely finished hosing. "Did you do that, Carol?" she asked, knowing it was not Carol, feeling Donald's brown eyes watching her almost triumphantly. "You, Donald?"

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Try to be careful next time, Donald. It took me so long to get the stones cleaned. Okay?" she said, touching his shoulder.

But when she saw the marking of bicycle wheels crisscrossing her bed of newly set-out asters, she said nothing.

Nor did she say anything when she opened her closet door and found her dresses on the floor. She hung up the dresses again; one fallen dress might have been an accident, not four or five, not the way they were scrambled together in a heap.

And then there was the business of the perfume.

The children were already in bed and she and Hugh were going for a walk down to the woods; she went to find a scarf for her hair, and just as she started up the stairs she heard a rapid, muffled padding, as if from bare feet. She looked up over the railing into the quiet hall, and saw nobody, and yet the door to Donald's room still swung, as if someone had rapidly brushed past it. She glanced into his room; in the light from the hall he was lying rigid, his eyes tight shut. His breathing was short and irregular, not the easy breathing of a sleeping child, not the way Carol breathed, her arm flung upward in abandonment, when Laura looked in. Disquieted, she went back to her own room for the scarf.

THE smell of perfume was everywhere. She snapped on the light and opened the drawer. The empty perfume bottle lay across a sodden handkerchief, the tan leather jewel box was stained brown. Her shoe struck the stopper on the rug, contradicting her instant wish that she had left the bottle unstoppered by accident. At first, she felt weak to the point of sickness; she struggled for control, and went downstairs.

Hugh was waiting on the porch. "Phew!" he said. "Did you take a bath in that stuff? I was wondering what was keeping you."

She said, "The bottle was spilled over everything. That big bottle you gave me for our anniversary."

"I better not waste a sniff then," he said.

"Hugh," she said, "promise you won't say anything to Donald when I tell you this."

"Tell me what?"

"Promise?"

"I promise," he said, grinning.

"I don't know what to do about Donald," she said. "I don't think he likes me at all."

He stopped short. "You're crazy, Laura."

"You noticed it yourself right away," she said, "that first night when he didn't want to say my name."

"Laura," he said, taking her hand and putting it under his arm as they walked, "you had enough psychology courses in school to understand what's happened. He's nervous, and disturbed. Give him a chance and he'll snap out of it. He'll be friendlier."

"He's friendly enough to you," she said.

"Well," he said, "maybe—" He hesitated, and went on quickly, "Maybe I'm easier in my manner than you. I play with him, same as I do with Carol, kid him around."

"He won't *let* me, don't you see?" she said, trying to speak calmly. "I feel his antagonism in so many ways. I've never told you. But like the perfume: he spilled it out, Hugh, and don't say it was an accident because I know it wasn't. I don't care one bit about the perfume. What frightens me is that he did it to hurt me." They had reached the edge of the woods—as far as they intended to walk so late in the day—and sat on a fallen scarred tree trunk. He pulled her to him.

"I wish I understood it myself," she said slowly, "so I could help him. He needs help, Hugh. He's not only hurting me: he's hurting Sally, through me. She's the one that made him so unhappy, not only by her neglect, but by leaving him. He doesn't know any difference, yet, and so I'm as bad as she is." She looked at Hugh.

He said, "I don't know what to say."

"Just say whether you think I'm right or not."

"I'd rather not," he said. He tightened his mouth, and then he said suddenly, "I don't want to say the fault may be in you. I know how tough it is for you now. You're not completely yourself yet, and you have to cope with a mixed-up kid like Donald. And the other things, his sleeping in what was to have been the baby's room—I feel it myself, sometimes."

She listened in sharp dismay. "But that isn't so!"

"I didn't want to say it, Laura," he said unhappily. "You don't think it's so. But maybe it's inside of you where you don't know it yourself. A kid in Donnie's state might sense it. And if it's there, you should try to find out about it, for your own sake."

She said in a low voice, "I love Donnie, and I want to help him. I know that I'm upset about him, but that's because I'm unable to help him. It's like seeing a child sick, and not knowing what to do for him."

"Laura, sweetheart—"

"Don't you see?" she said. "His whole life may be ruined, and we're doing nothing about it. A child shouldn't feel hate; it's bad for him. We ought to call in a psychologist, to explain things and show us how to treat him."

He said quietly, "I don't want to call in a psychologist. I don't want the child made a case of, if only because of Ken. I don't think it's that serious, anyway. I think we ought to wait a while, and see what happens. I think he'll probably snap out of it."

She started to reply, and then caught herself. "Of course I won't insist," she said in a flat voice.

IT WAS while she was waiting for the children to come home from school that she realized Donald had been with them exactly a month that day. I must make an occasion of it, for his sake, she thought; let him see that we're glad he's with us. I have ice cream in the freezer, and Hilda's cookies, but what can I buy for him? It's so late already. And then she remembered the holsters—the Turner twins had holsters, and Donald had spoken of them. The children weren't due for another twenty minutes; she would just have time to run down to Lorber's and bring back the holsters, one for Donald and one for Carol.

She drove to the village and back in half an hour; she would have made it sooner if it hadn't been for the school traffic. The children must be here already, she thought, leaving the car in the driveway and running toward the rear of the house, the two holsters, brass-studded and handsome, dangling unwrapped from her hand.

The children were sitting on the kitchen steps. When they saw her she was instantly struck by the change in their expressions, Carol's face clearing and growing bright at the sight of the holsters, Donald's eyes dropping in what seemed almost to be confusion.

"Mama, it's as nice as the twins'," Carol cried, instantly buckling her holster over her jeans. "Look at me, Mama," she said, swaggering. "Try yours on, Donnie!"

He took the holster from Laura's hand. "Thanks, Aunt Laura," he said, averting his face, fumbling at the clasps.

"See?" Carol said triumphantly. "Mama went to get us presents, not what you said at all."

"You be quiet," he said, flushing.

"My mother never went away at all, did you, Mama?" Carol said, looking up into Laura's face. "When you weren't here when we came home Donnie said you went out with your boy friend."

She felt her smile freeze stiff about her mouth. Don't show anything, don't let them see anything at all, she told herself fearfully; when she spoke her voice was steady. "Of course I just went to the village for the holsters. You know why? Because we're celebrating today. Donald's been with us exactly a month. We're going to have ice cream, too." She did not look at Donald. "The only boy friend I have is Papa, and you know he's working, so I couldn't be out with him, could I?"

"Donald's mother went out with boy friends."

"No, she didn't, Carol," Laura said, still steadily. "Donald's mother has many friends, because she's sweet and pretty and everyone likes her. But you mustn't call them boy friends. Only young girls have boy friends. But when a girl marries, then she has only her husband to take her out, no one else."

But he didn't wait for her to finish; he pushed open the kitchen door and darted inside. Laura held back Carol, who started to follow him. "You understand that, don't you, Carol?"

"Sure I do," Carol said in surprise.

"You tell Donnie to wash up for ice cream," she said, and watched Carol as she ran up the steps. There must be a way to explain things to a child, there *had* to be: he was not the first child in such a situation, who reacted with bitterness and suspicion. If I tell Hugh what happened he'll want to handle him himself, and maybe make things worse. I *must* insist on the psychologist. I can't let him put me off any longer.

She spoke to Hugh that night, and he answered her wearily. "We went over this before. You know how I feel about it."

"Hugh, believe me, things aren't at all better. I thought of a way, Hugh," she said, speaking rapidly and eagerly before he could interrupt. "We might bring the psychologist down here, pretend he was a friend of ours, and let him see Donald and talk to him. This way no one would be hurt, and it might accomplish wonders. Please, Hugh. I'm sure it's the right thing to do."

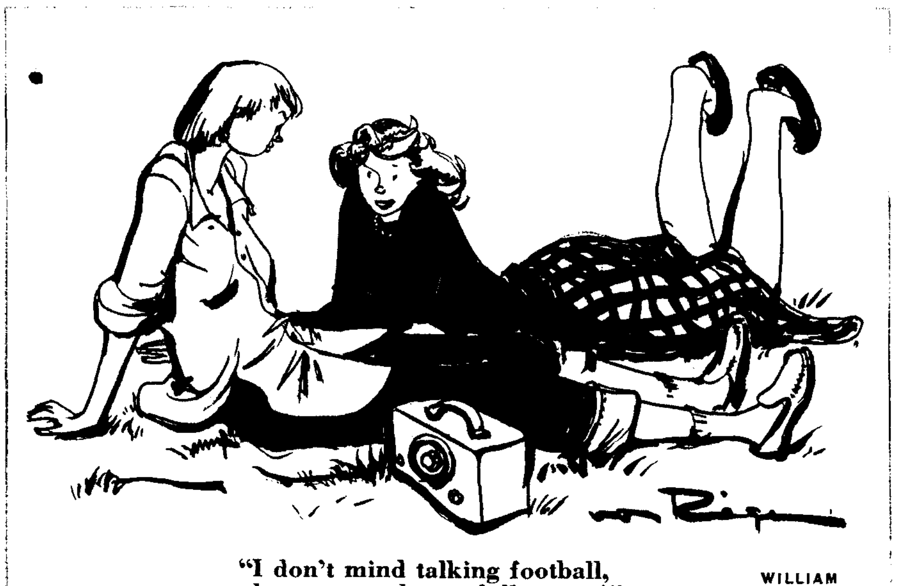
He said guardedly, "And suppose he says it's—our fault?"

"You mean my fault," she said. "I won't care, Hugh. I'll be glad. And relieved."

He telephoned her the next afternoon. "I've been in touch with a Dr. Rowland. People have told me he's an able guy. He said he could be out Saturday afternoon, around two, and I told him that would be fine. Laura," he said, "are you sure you want him? You know, it's your happiness that's most important."

"I want him, Hugh," she said.

On Saturday, Hilda served lunch at one



"I don't mind talking football, but not under a full moon!"

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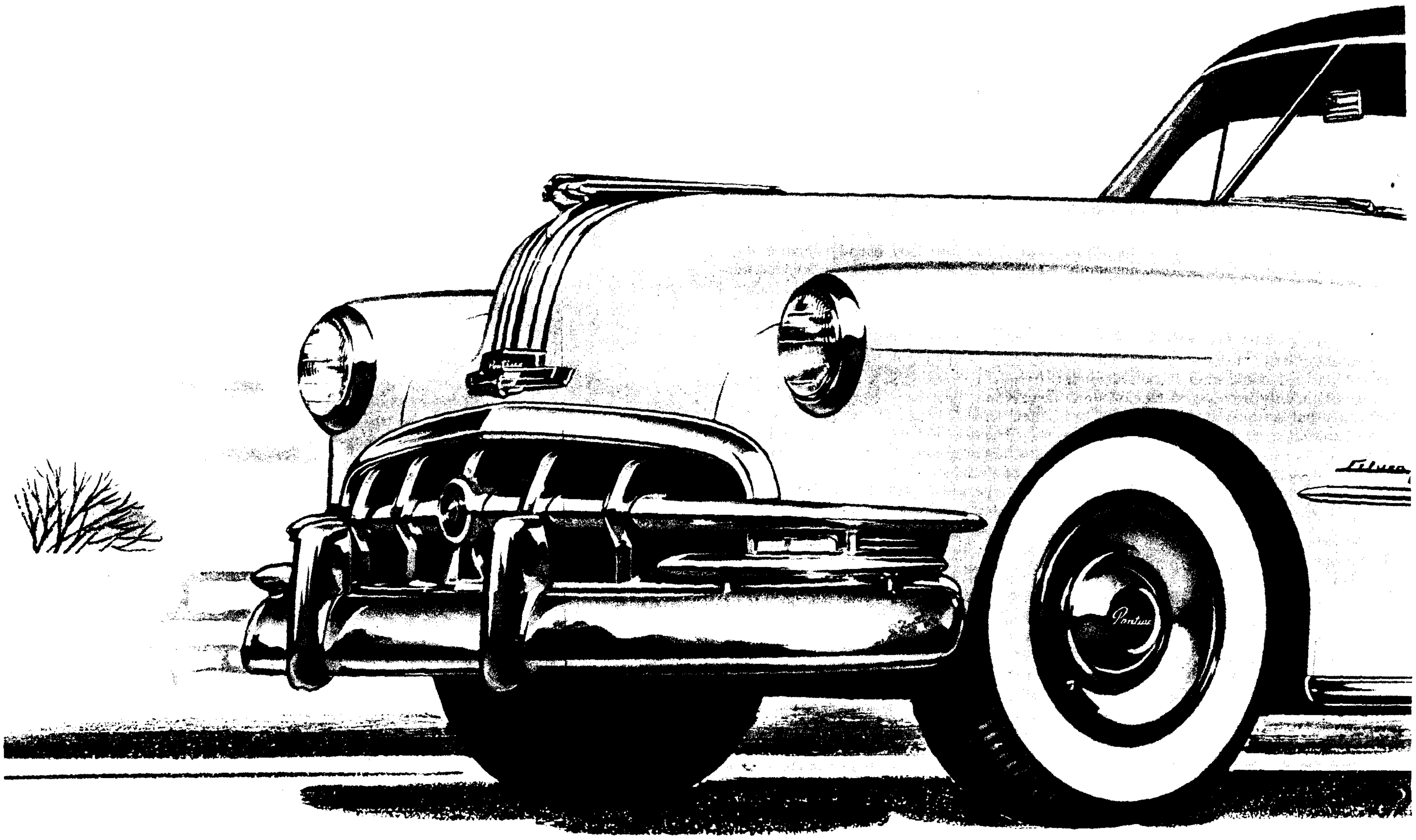

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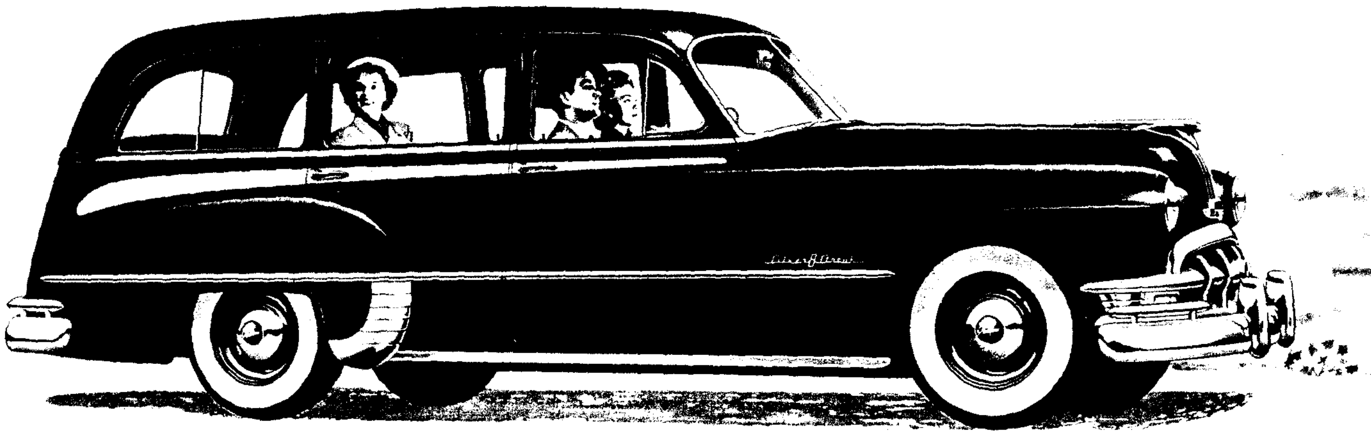

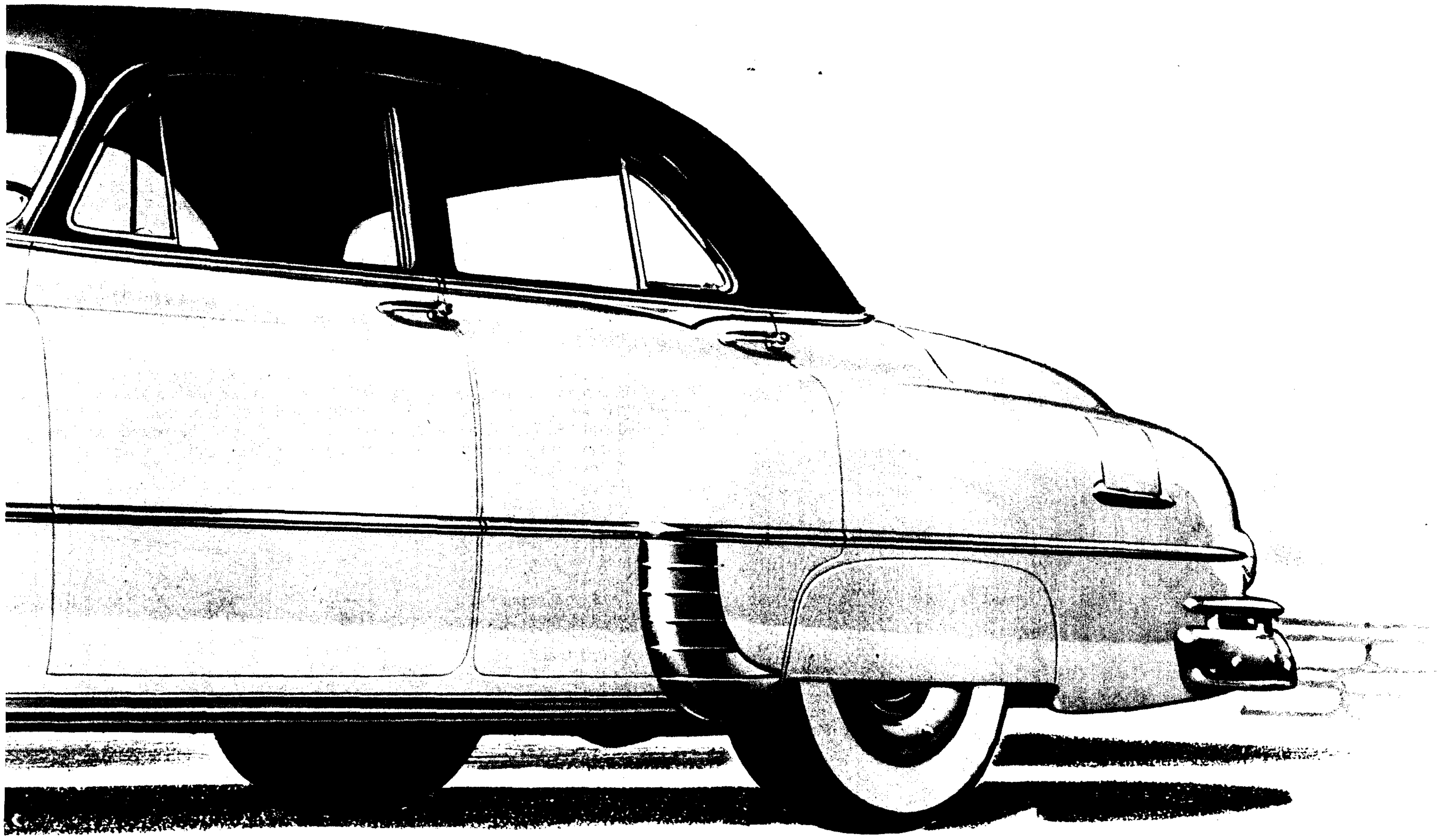

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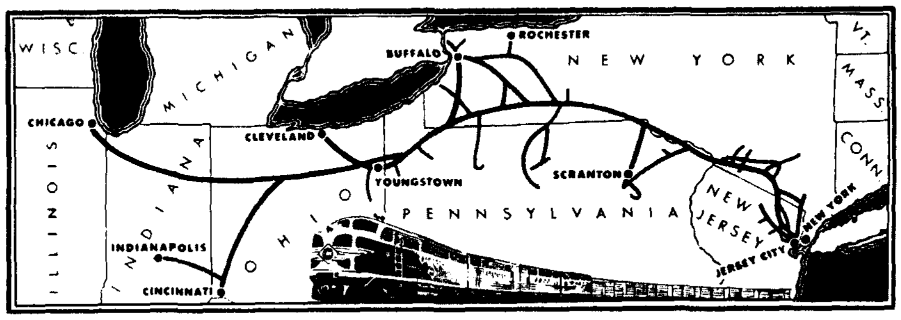


o'clock before she left for her afternoon off. The day was warm and sunny and the children went out to play as soon as they had finished. "Don't leave the yard," Laura called after them, "except if you want to play in the twins' yard." She spoke absently and automatically; the children knew within what boundaries they could play. She waited somewhat tensely for Dr. Rowland; she saw him on the walk and opened the door even before he rang.

She took him into the living room. "Did you notice the children?" she said.

"I saw them, and they saw me," he said. He was a pleasant, heavy-set man in a tweed suit, and now he looked at her sharply. "You didn't change your mind and tell the boy I was coming to talk to him?"

"Of course not," she said, surprised. "Why do you ask that?"

"Because he stopped to look me over so thoroughly," he said.

She closed the French doors behind them. "I wouldn't want the children to overhear, if they should come into the house," she said, and went to sit down beside him. A little hesitantly she began, "I must explain something to you, in fairness to Donnie."

He said, "Are you going to tell me about the baby? I know, Mrs. Mitchell. Your husband explained that."

She said evenly, "Then you know what he thinks. But let me tell you about Donald."

She told him everything, about Sally, about the first moments when the child had stepped from the train in New Harbor; Dr. Rowland listened intently. She said at last, "I want to help him, but I can't reach him. It's because he won't let me, and not for any reason in me. I feel sure of that. I think I would know if it were my fault."

"I think you would know it, too," the doctor said, watching her. "No," he said, "this is a long-term proposition. There's no quick cure."

"He'll be leaving in a month," she said.

"A month," he said. "Well, we'll see. I'll have to talk to him. You realize the way we'll have to work it," he said. "Winning his confidence, fighting his distrust and suspicion and hurt every minute of the time. You'll have to build up a brand-new picture of a mother-and-father relationship, and a picture of the mother, especially—someone who's there when he needs her, a shelter, good and kind and dependable, everything he used to believe a mother was, before his mother shattered his belief. Let me talk to him now," he said. "Can you find a pretext to bring him in here?"

"I'll give them their milk now," she said. "Will you take coffee?" He nodded, and she stood up. "I'll go and call them."

SHE walked to the back and looked out through the kitchen door. Carol was alone, with her doll carriage. "Where's Donald?"

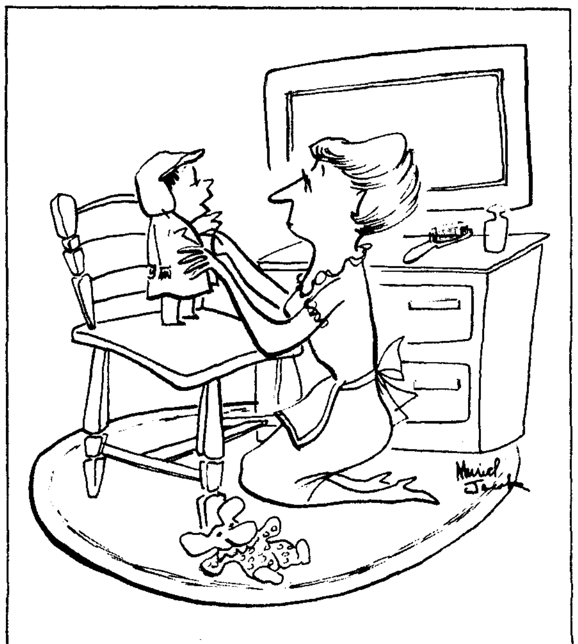
Carol said, "I don't know. I guess he's in the house."

Laura went back through the hall and upstairs to look for him. "Donald?" she called, opening his door, Carol's door, her own door. He was not there. She went downstairs again and stood on the front porch; he was nowhere in sight. She paused in bewilderment, and then she ran across the lawn to the separation in the privet hedge that the children used as a passage between their house and the Turners'. She could see the twins in their cowboy suits and wearing their holsters, but Donald wasn't with them. "Have you seen Donnie?" she asked.

"He went back to the house, Mrs. Mitchell," one of the twins said.

She returned to the living room. Dr. Rowland was at the window when she came in. "I can't imagine where he can be," she said, her breathing quick and shallow. "I don't understand it, because he can't have suspected who you were. He couldn't comprehend—" she thought she heard a sound, and she stopped, and opened the doors again, and looked out into the empty hall. "Donald?" she called, her voice high and ragged. "Donald!"

DR. ROWLAND took her firmly by the arm and drew her back into the room and shut the door. "Look here, Mrs. Mitchell," he said in a low voice, "you mustn't let this get the better of you. I imagine he *is* hiding. I don't know why, but it actually doesn't matter. We'll deal with all of that. I'll come out again, maybe Monday afternoon, and I'll see him then. It can wait another few days." She bowed her head, trying to regain control.



"You know, I'd probably be completely helpless without you"

COLLIER'S MURIEL JACOBS

Almost at the instant he opened the door she heard the sound again, the faint, rapid scuffling, going toward the closet under the stairs where the rubbers and raincoats were kept; by the time they were out in the hall there was no one to be seen. She lifted her eyes questioningly to Dr. Rowland; he had heard the sounds too, but he shook his head in quick warning.

At the door he took her hand. "Get hold of yourself before you speak to him," he said in an undertone, and then, aloud, "Till Monday."

She stood on the threshold and watched him drive away, her back to the hall so that Donald should have time to come out of the closet safely, undetected. She heard the door creak, and the first tentative steps growing bolder as the boy saw she wasn't looking; when she did turn around he was already at the foot of the stairs.

"Donald!" she said. "Where were you? I've been looking for you."

"I was here," he said. He lifted his eyes. "I saw you with him," he said, and then his features were convulsed, and he turned and ran up the stairs.

She was rooted there, staring after him. He can't think that, a *child*, she thought; how can he think such things? Appalled, she put her hands to her cheeks. But of course he *could* think such things: she knew that now only too well. How often had Sally closed the door after herself and her caller, how often had she lingered at the door with her caller while her son watched, her son who was, Sally thought, too young to notice? What shall I do now? What can I do? No use to follow him, because he would not believe any story she told him, and the truth was impossible. Hugh. Hugh would have to help her. Together they must think of something.

But Donald did not wait.

When Hugh came home that night he stopped in the dining room to kiss her, and say under his breath, "Well?"

Carol was beside Laura, helping her set the table. She said quietly, "I'll tell you later."

Hugh went upstairs to wash. Donald had been watching a television program; she saw him get up swiftly and follow Hugh, and she almost called out to stop him, but she caught herself. That would do no good. She dropped the napkins on the cloth. "Carol," she said, "you finish the table for me, will you, sweetie? You know how—the napkins, and the silver, nicely." She left the dining room.

ON THE steps she could hear Hugh's cheerful greeting over the splashing water, and the child's voice, inaudible. She heard Hugh say, "Wait, Donnie. I can't hear you," and then the water was turned off, and their voices moved off to the bedroom. And then Hugh said sharply, and distinctly, "What are you talking about?"

She stood at the top of the landing, transfixed, staring into the bedroom through the open door. Hugh was in front of the bureau, arrested in the act of putting on his shirt, looking down at Donald in queer, uncomprehending astonishment. "What are you talking about?" he repeated.

Donnie was whispering, his face drawn and a little frightened now. "Aunt Laura's boy friend came today to see her. Is she going away with him on Monday?"

Hugh's mouth fell open.

"Is she going to leave Carol alone?" Donald said miserably.

Hugh bent down and grasped Donnie's arms. "Don't you ever let me hear you say anything like that again, *ever*, you hear me, Donald?" he said furiously. "Your Aunt Laura has no boy friend, you understand that? If I thought for a moment you knew what you were saying, you'd be thoroughly punished, understand?"

Donald's eyes were wide and stricken, fixed on Hugh in hypnotic consternation.

Hugh said, "I can guess how you picked up ideas like that, I know who's to blame for it—"

"Hugh, no!" Laura cried out, running to him.

He dropped his grip on Donnie's arms, and turned to her, and his expression was sick. "—putting such ideas into a kid's head, letting him learn about rottenness so young, at an age when ideas like that shouldn't exist for him—"

"I know, Hugh," she said. "I *know*."

Donald said, "But I saw the man." His voice was choked and thin. "I saw them go into the living room and shut the door. And he said he'd come back Monday."

Hugh started; she held him, her arm tight through his. "It's a nightmare," he said. "I never imagined . . . It's a nightmare, Laura, hearing stuff like that from a child. A child!"

She pressed his arm against her side. "He doesn't understand, darling. Just as you said before, he doesn't understand what he's saying."

They stood together, their arms clasped, and then suddenly she looked down at Donald. He was staring at them, and he was stunned and incredulous; he stared at Hugh, and then at Laura, and then at Hugh again. The boy could tell that Hugh did not believe him, and Laura was not angry, and they had their arms around each other, and their voices were low and concerned. A strangely lost look came over Donald's face. If he were older it could be called a look of realization; now it was as if he had stepped on unknown ground, and he was confused, but perhaps on the threshold of knowledge. To Laura he looked inexpressibly forlorn.

He met her eyes. Uncertainly he began to back away from them to the door, moving blindly. She slipped from Hugh, and intercepted him in the doorway; she stooped, and caught him in her arms.

"Donald just made a mistake about today, Hugh," she said, speaking quietly. "Donald's only eight years old, and at eight a boy doesn't understand all the things he sees. He'll understand them when he gets older. He'll understand everything then. And there's plenty of time for that." She took a paper handkerchief from her pocket and put it into his hand because he was crying now, burrowing against her breast. "You made a mistake, Donnie, see, and we've cleared it all up and now we're going to forget about it right this minute." She stopped; he was using the handkerchief still leaning a little against her. She said gently. "I've practically forgotten it already. How about you, Hugh?"

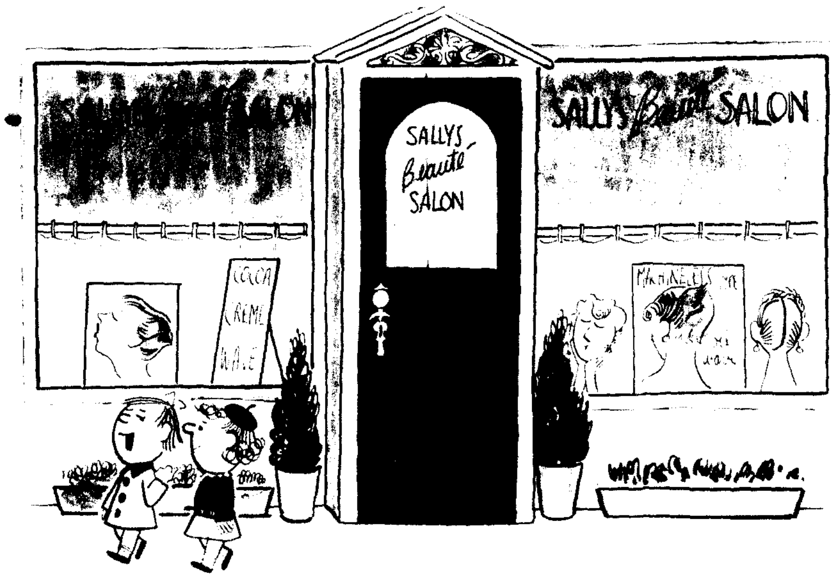
Hugh came over to them, and awkwardly mussed Donnie's hair. *"I've* forgotten it. How about you, Donnie?"

They waited. Donald said hesitantly, "I've forgotten it."

"Then we'll go down and have our dinner," Laura said briskly.

They watched him going slowly down the stairs to the dining room where Carol was. There was silence for a moment, and Laura looked at Hugh uncertainly. Then, from downstairs they heard Carol's laugh, and an instant afterward an answering laugh from Donald—the loud, carefree laugh of a child. Again Laura looked at Hugh, not so uncertainly now. The puzzled frown on Hugh's face was gone, and he laughed too.

THE END



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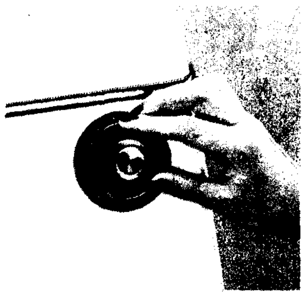

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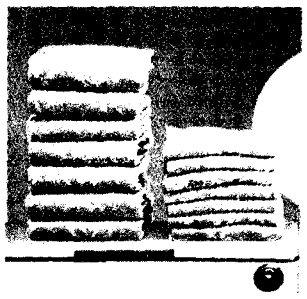

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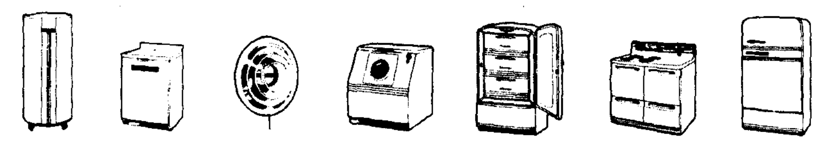

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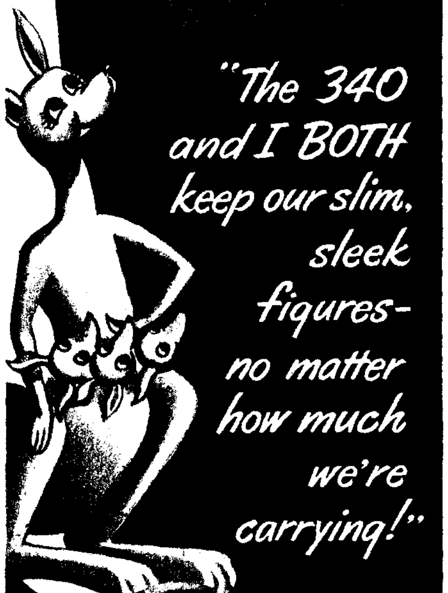

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

would be better if I went. I've flown more up here than you have."

He just wanted the glory and I knew it.

Major Cooley came in looking tired and worn and said, "You wanted me, Colonel?"

"Can I have five-oh-eight?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he said. "You want tip tanks?"

"Yes. How soon can you have it ready?"

"Thirty minutes."

"All right. I'll take off then."

"The weather stinks."

"I know."

"Well, I'll get right on it." Cooley went out.

THE big problem of the flight was one of time. Fuel was limited, therefore time was limited. The chart that Franklin had left with me indicated four previous crashes where enough wreckage remained to show on a radarscope. One was on the pack ice offshore of Ellesmere Island, another on Devon Island, a third on Somerset Island close to the magnetic pole on Prince of Wales Island. The fourth was farther off on Ellef Ringnes Island, which is in the Sverdrup Islands, and although it sounds like a gag Sverdrup is an honest-to-God name.

I wanted to check all those points in one flight. Time was running out; Schroeder had been down too long. The thaw was upon us, too, and the Lord knew what that would do to his situation. More than that, the weather predictions for the afternoon were uncertain—I knew I could make one flight, but I wasn't sure about making two.

But one flight could not include all four of those points: an F-86 could not stay airborne that long. Two hours would be all the time I would have from the moment the turbine wheel began to spin until the last of the hot gases went out the tail pipe. The Sverdrup Islands were out. I could only go to Ellesmere, Devon and Somerset on that first flight. Ellesmere was the farthest, and flying either to or from it would give me a chance to attain altitude where fuel consumption would be the most efficient. Dennis calculated that operating at peak efficiency I could fly from Ellesmere to Baffin in twenty-seven minutes.

I thought that it would be better to go to Somerset first, then to Devon and save the long hop to Ellesmere for the last leg of the flight. I would not be able to gain as much altitude flying from Baffin to Somerset, or from Somerset to Devon, as I would flying from Devon to Ellesmere and back to Baffin, and that meant that on the shorter legs of the flight I would be consuming a greater amount of fuel in a miles-to-gallon ratio. In a jet it isn't possible to arrive at a destination at altitude and dive down to it as you can do in a propeller-driven aircraft. An idling prop acts to a certain degree as an air brake but a jet turbine that is turning over slowly is still generating thrust. A letdown in a jet has to be started while you are about a hundred miles from your destination.

The distance from the point I wanted to pass over on Devon to the one on Ellesmere was two hundred and seventy-five miles. Flying from Devon to Ellesmere I could attain the efficient 30,000 feet.

The distance from Somerset to Devon was only a hundred and fifty miles; I could gain little altitude in that distance and the use of fuel would be greater in a gallons-to-mile ratio than it would be on any other leg of the flight. Flying from Baffin to Somerset the distance would be about three hundred and twenty-five miles and that would allow me to get up and down again.

Dennis and I calculated everything as closely as it was possible to do on the ground. We decided that if I flew from Baffin to Somerset to Devon to Ellesmere and return that I would hit the field with about ten minutes of flying time left in the fuel tanks.

When I first mentioned my scheme to Dennis he had not really gone for it. Not in a big all-out way. But when we began to plan the flight he rolled up his sleeves, loosened his tie and dug right in. He became interested in planning the flight, he began to think about it and feel for it. When we discovered that I would have only a ten-minute reserve he threw down his pencil and said, "You can't do it! It's impossible."

"I don't think so," I said.

He sighed and dug up a cigarette and said, "Well, I know how you feel."

I wasn't sure how he meant that.

He kept rubbing his face with his hands and taking deep drags from the cigarette. At last he said, "Look. I'll go."

"No," I said.

He looked back at the chart lying on his desk and at the sheet of paper he had been scribbling on. "There's a chance, and I'm willing to take it."

"So am I," I said.

"Why?" he said. "What can you possibly get out of it?"

"Get out of it?" I said, horrified.

"Sure. Oh, you know you've got that buck general's star in the bag. Howe told me you have. I've heard it other places too. You can't get anything out of this."

I didn't look at him.

"Look. Don't get me wrong. I'm not trying to take the credit for the *idea* away from you," he said. "It's your idea. It's a damn' good one, too. I didn't think so at first. All right. But I think so now. I know he's there, at one place or another. It's a brilliant idea. You'll get another cluster for your Air Medal, or something."

My ninth.

"But, look. You can't get any more than that out of it," he said. "You had the idea. You can't expect any more than that. But maybe I can get something. If I find him and you give me a commendation I know I'll get what I want."

"Now, look," I said, feeling uncomfortable.

"I'll make colonel. They'll have to give it to me then," he said. "I'll get a command. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

"I can't," I said.

"But I deserve it!" he said. "It isn't as if I didn't deserve it. Look. I'm afraid of getting passed up. I've seen men get passed up before. I should have made colonel before this. I should've made it a full year ago. But I didn't. I should have had this command—" He had stood up and was leaning toward me.

I pushed him back down in his chair as gently as possible. "You listen to me. A lot of this flight is going to depend on the man on the ground. Somebody's got to watch the weather and stick on the radio. Somebody's got to co-ordinate and plot the readings from the radar stations and give me a fix when I call for one. That somebody has got to be you. There isn't anyone else. There simply isn't anyone else."

He sat there a minute not looking up. "Make your flight," he said, staring at his desk. "Go ahead. Make it."

I didn't like the melodramatic way he sounded. "What're you thinking?" I said.

He laughed. "What's the matter? You afraid?"

"No," I said. But I was afraid of him. He was sounding like a road-company Iago.

"You ought to be," he said.

So that was it. He was going to give me the business while I was away from the base, if he could.

I turned and walked out of the hut. I was cold, but not because of the weather. My operations officer was a real creep. I plodded over to my quarters and tried to relax for a few minutes and not think.

I wasn't thinking about Schroeder so much any more. I was thinking about the flight and all the things that I would have to do. I got out all my gear and put it on and went back down to Operations carrying my chute. Dennis was still there. Major Cooley had joined him and was waiting for me. Several of the pilots were hanging around, too. "Is it ready?" I asked Cooley.

"Yes. All ready."

WE WENT outside together. It was a queer day. The fog was moving and the visibility conditions were constantly changing. I walked with Cooley following me, down the line of fighters to 508. Two ground crewmen were waiting.

"Good luck, Colonel," Cooley said.

I thanked him and strapped on the chute. The chief had the canopy open and he helped me climb up and get settled inside, adjusting the harness and fastening it. I plugged in the microphone and receiver set and the crew chief said, "Good luck, sir," and helped button down the canopy.

He got down from the step and brought the starter truck up. The other crewman had moved just beyond the tip of the wing and was standing there with his hands in his pockets and the fire extinguisher held between his legs. He looked bored. I signaled the chief and started the turbine. It began to turn over and my fuel and time began to tick away.

I pulled the fighter out of line, turned, and started down the taxi strip. We didn't have to waste time with warmup because the jet burned a mixture of kerosene, gasoline and Diesel oil. I reached the end of the strip and turned into position to take off. Visibility was restricted to about half the length of the strip.

"Tower, this is five-oh-eight. Request clearance to take off."

"Five-oh-eight. You are clear for take-off."

I checked the tail pipe and bearing

Beginning Next Week

Collier's Presents a Hard-hitting New Western Novel By

LUKE SHORT

PLAY A LONE HAND is the story of a tough, lonely drifter named Giff Dixon, who showed up in the town of Corazon—mysteriously wounded—looking for work. He got work, all right, when he discovered a land swindle being operated by a man who had bought the allegiance of half the town—and who had frightened the other half into silence.

At first, Giff Dixon's loyalty might have been for sale, but it came high; the swindler underestimated him. And so did Mary Kincheon, the pretty girl with the mocking voice, who was loyal to no one but herself.

Begin This Gripping Western Story in Next Week's Collier's

"Things are a lot better now in Kansas"

"My ranch is ten miles west of Hiattville, Kansas, on Route 39. You can't miss it. The house sets in the middle of a section and the name on the mail box is Joe O'Bryan.

"These 20,000 acres have been in the family for over sixty years. I was born here in 1907, twenty-five years after Kansas went dry.

"Kansas under prohibition and Kansas today, more than a year after prohibition was repealed, is what I want to talk to you about.

★ ★ ★

"Maybe you've wondered why folks here in Kansas didn't go along with most of the country when repeal came. Well, my dad before me and I had fought for it ever since '33. So had lots of other farmers and ranchers all over the state.

"Why did it take us so long to win?

"It's just that there was an honest difference of opinion out here, even among some of my own good friends. They didn't seem to realize that there's no such thing as a dry county or a dry state in this country today. They couldn't understand that any 'local option prohibition' simply takes the sale of liquor out of legally licensed and taxed channels and puts it right into the bootlegger's hands. They seemed blind to the graft and dirty politics that went along with prohibition.

"For years here in Hiattville, or in any other town or city in Kansas, you could buy all the liquor you wanted. Anybody could buy it, any time! We had back-alley 'dives', street-corner sales with no questions asked, and bootleggers who could always get it. What's more, the state didn't collect a cent of revenue. There was only one answer that made sense . . . to profit by the experience of the rest of the country and vote all this out.

★ ★ ★

"We did, and things sure are different now in Kansas!

"Today, clean, respectable stores have replaced the bootlegger. Controls have been set up. Drinking in Kansas is saner than I've ever seen it in any lifetime, and we plan to keep it that way. And besides, our state is collecting millions in taxes that benefit all Kansans in many ways.

"I'm glad my family was one of those who fought to bring Kansas over on the legal liquor side. I figure we did our state a service by wiping out the hypocrisy of prohibition.

"The record shows it . . . *things are a lot better now in Kansas!*"

Joe O'Bryan's message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

• • • *the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.*

• • • *the licensing of only orderly places of business.*

• • • *the strict observance and enforcement of the law.*

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We do not want the patronage of the few who abuse the right to drink

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

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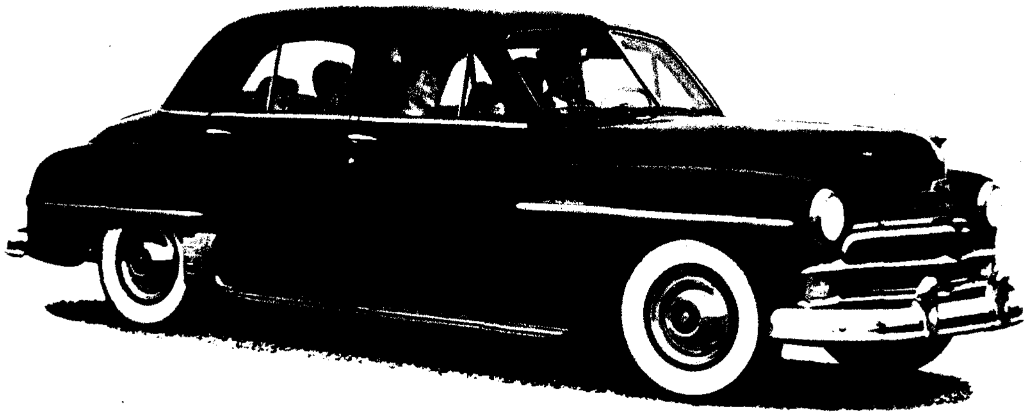


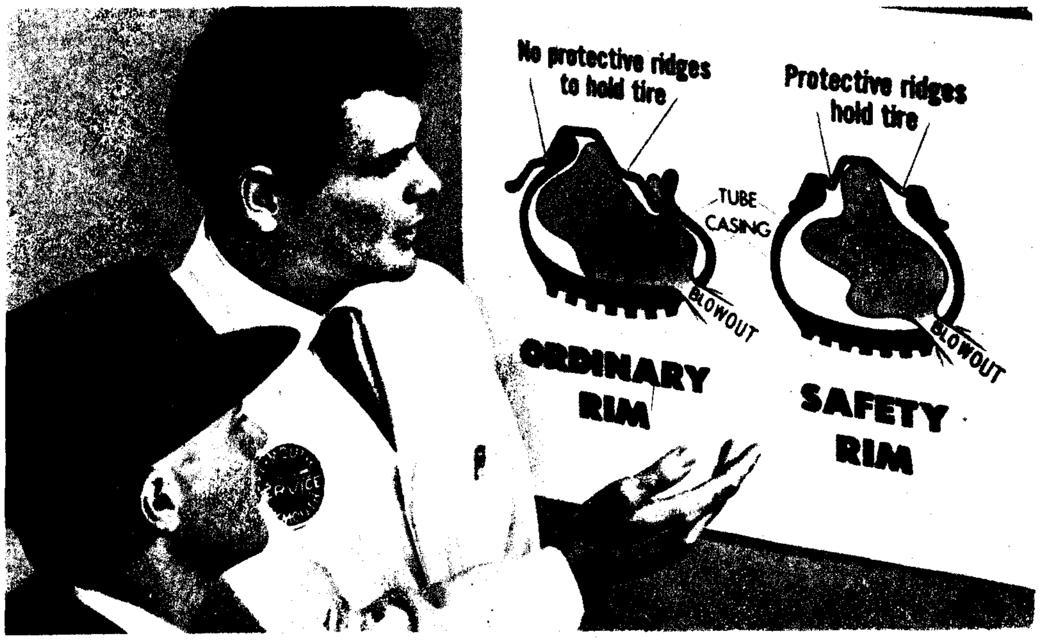
How to select a good family car

New cars, like growing families, come in many different types and sizes. So when you buy a new car — regardless of make — one of the things you'll want to do is count noses and see which model best suits the needs and nature of *your* family.

But there's a lot more to choosing a good family car than deciding between, let's say, a three-passenger coupe and a four-door sedan. For, while all new cars are good today, they still vary widely in *value* — in features that can bring more benefits to you and your family for many thousands of miles to come.

It pays to check each make of new car in your price range as closely as you can. Talk to new-car dealers and owners. Ask questions. Take notes. List features. Above all, compare the *benefits* you get for the amount of money you are asked to put out.

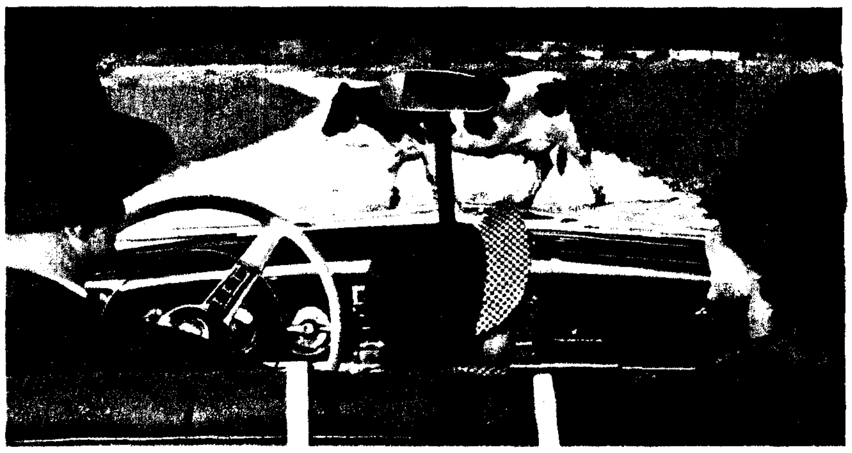
On this basis, we think you'll find a great number of reasons why you should select Plymouth as your family car. But that, of course, is for you to decide. Perhaps the facts and suggestions on these pages will help.


No protective ridges to hold tire
Protective ridges hold tire
TUBE
CASING
BLOWOUT
BLOWOUT
ORDINARY RIM
SAFETY RIM

MEMBERS OF YOUR FAMILY are, to you, the world's most important passengers. For positive protection in case of a blowout, Plymouth offers Safety-Rim Wheels. Patented retaining ridges hold the deflated tire firmly to the rim so you can come to a safe, controlled stop. For your family's safety, and your own peace of mind, don't you want this protection? Plymouth is the only car in the lowest-priced field that has it.

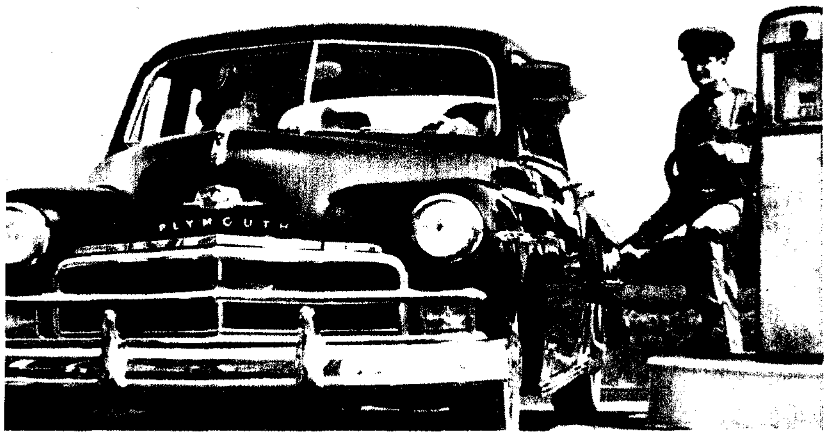
ROOM FOR COMFORT is especially important in a family car. Besides plenty of legroom and headroom, seats should be wide and deep to provide restful support and freedom from fatigue. In the lowest-priced field, *only*

SEE HOW WIDE the doors open. Watch for any awkwardness while you're getting in and out. If you compare dimensions, you'll find that a Plymouth rear door opens 10 inches wider than the rear door of one of the other leading low-priced cars, 12 inches wider than the other. Door openings are higher, too, for easy entrance even with a feather in your wife's hat.



BE SURE ABOUT THE BRAKES on your family car. While all new cars stop quickly, you'll discover differences in smoothness and sureness. With Plymouth Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes, you get predictable, straight-line stops with easy foot pressure. Plymouth has 6 hydraulic cylinders actuating the brakes (the other two leading low-priced cars have only 4).

Plymouth has chair-height, natural-posture seats. You sit erect and relaxed — *not* tilted back on your spine with knees high. Extra seat springs can be added for heavier-than-average people, if desired. In order to suit the shorter members of your family, Plymouth's front seat *rises* as it is adjusted forward to give greater comfort and better vision. And all Plymouth passengers enjoy a smooth ride well forward of the rear axle.



YOU WANT TROUBLE-FREE performance from the engine in your family car. And, from the standpoint of the family budget, you certainly want it to operate as efficiently and economically as possible. Because it has a compression ratio of 7.0 to 1—highest of "all three" leading low-priced cars —the Plymouth engine squeezes extra power out of every drop of gasoline.

SEE HOW MUCH SPACE there is in the luggage compartment. You'll need a lot when you take your family on a long trip. See how easy this space is to get at. Unlike the "other two," Plymouth has a sill-level compartment. You don't have to lift luggage over a ledge. The counterbalanced lid lifts at the touch of a finger, stays up without support, can't fall on your head.

YOU DON'T WANT TO WORRY about the children accidentally opening rear doors. Plymouth provides door lock buttons that lock the *inside* door handles as well as those on the outside. Even if the door is *unlocked,* the inside handle must be pulled *upward* to open the door. These are but two of many thoughtful details you should expect, and demand, in a good family car.

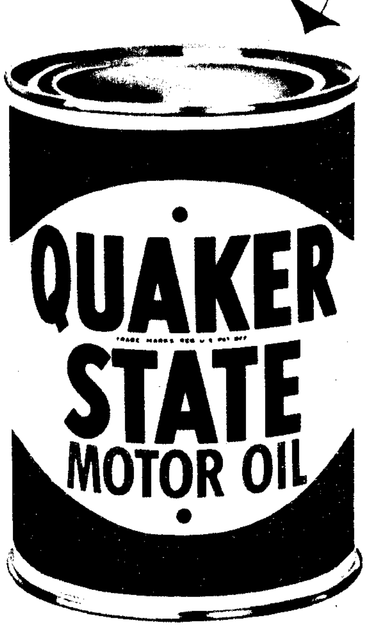
■

A new Plymouth is built to give you and your family many thousands of miles of enjoyable driving. Plymouth dealers across the country have highly skilled service men who are ready to help you get *all* the long life from your car. Most of these specialists are enrolled in the Master Technicians Service Conference, an intensified training course unique in the automotive industry. In fact, whether you are looking for a new car — a used car — or for expert service — your nearby Plymouth dealer is a good man to know.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

Plymouth

TRIM DOWN YOUR COST PER MILE WITH



THE long-lasting lubricating qualities of winter-tailored Quaker State Cold Test Motor Oil will definitely help cut down your cost per mile. It assures easy starting and perfect lubrication. Made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil and refined with exacting skill and equipment, it is the finest motor oil, we believe, produced anywhere in the world.

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temperatures and released the brakes and opened the throttle. The take-off run was slow and built up gradually. I had gone beyond the operations hut before I felt it lift. I kept it in a shallow climb and it was sluggish until the air speed reached three hundred mph. I was on top of the clouds at 1,500 feet and the sun was hanging low in the sky just above the horizon.

The higher I climbed the faster I went and the more I could retard the throttle and still retain top cruising speed. At 30,000 feet I leveled off and reported back to the field. I had been airborne about twelve minutes. The air was rough enough so that the big plastic helmet I was wearing kept banging into the canopy. I remained at altitude for seven minutes and then began to let down; I called the base and requested a fix. It came through fast and I corrected my heading. Eight minutes later I was down to a few hundred feet. The snow-covered terrain of the shores of Somerset Island was beneath me. I was lined up perfectly with the crash I was looking for—a C-46. Or what had once been a C-46.

Schroeder was not there. I turned, heading north, regaining altitude. I reported to the base, again they got me a fix, and I corrected my heading for the spot I wanted to hit on Devon Island. It was only a hundred miles away. I went up as high as I could before I had to start coming down again. The leg from Somerset to Devon required only eighteen minutes of flying time. I passed over the spot where the wreckage should have been; there was nothing there.

I continued north, regaining altitude. If I was going to turn back it had to be immediately, but there had been no excessive use of fuel and I thought that I could make it to Ellesmere if I did not run into trouble. I continued to climb.

WHEN I leveled off at 30,000 I got a much smoother ride. I checked with the base and they got me a fix and I corrected. I continued at altitude for thirty minutes and then began to let down. According to Franklin's chart the wreckage on Ellesmere was that of a C-47 which had made a forced landing and come down on the pack ice covering Smith Sound, offshore of Ellesmere.

I broke through an overcast around 1,700 feet, descending in a very flat shallow dive, passing along the coast line and heading out into the bay. It was gray and dreary beneath me. I leveled off around 1,200 feet. The pack ice below was buckling, piling up, cracking. I thought that it was hopeless—there was much more movement in the ice than I had expected. I was afraid the C-47 wreckage had gone into the water through an open lead.

I had given up when I saw it dead ahead. It was resting on a large pan of ice that had been forced up on the rest of the pack ice at an angle. The C-47 was tilted about thirty degrees. Ahead of it, just off the farthest edge of the pan, upside down with its tail in the air, was the wreckage of an F-86. I saw the markings. It was ours.

I made one wide turn—that was all I had time for—and the small black figure of a man crawled out of the F-86 on his hands and knees and still on his knees he waved to me and then fell on his face. I could not tell, of course, whether he had collapsed from sheer joy or from exhaustion and injury. I buzzed him once to let him know for damn' sure that I had seen him and then headed south, climbing.

The flight from Ellesmere back to the base consumed twenty-seven minutes of time and about two gallons of sweat. The fuel gauge was screaming-empty when I saw the landing strip ahead and below. I came in flat, made the nicest landing I ever made in my life and began to apply the brakes, exercising the usual amount of caution. When the aircraft stopped rolling the turbine stopped turning over; I had used the last drop of fuel and the boys had to come out and tow me to the parking area.

I hobbled toward Operations carrying my chute pack over my shoulder. I was tired all right—the strain was beginning to tell me that I was thirty-six. I went into the hut and there was a mob there. Dennis, Cooley, Dad Howe, Suzy, Cole, Anderson, Jacobs and a lot of the other pilots.

I sat down at Dennis' desk. Someone gave me a cigarette and someone struck a match. I had to clear my throat before I could speak. They were all waiting. It was my big moment.

"Well, he's alive," I said. "I passed over him like this, see. I made a turn and came around this way. His ship was here—the old wreck was here. He crawled out of his ship and waved to me. Then he fell on his face. I don't know whether he moved after that or not. I couldn't stick around to see."

"He must be in a pretty bad way," Thomas said. "He ought to be gotten out of there immediately."

No one spoke. They were all watching me. Suddenly Thomas said, "Well, I'll make a jump, sir."

I didn't answer him. I looked at Howe. "Where are our Russians?"

"Still under guard."

I looked at Thomas. "Have you inspected that Russian transport, Captain?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Can we use it?"

"Yes, sir. It will be simple to rig up a static line for a drop. I mean, equipment can be dropped that way, too."

"I know," I said. "You get Major Cooley to give you the men you need to get that done. And get it done immediately. Cooley, fuel that ship."

"Yes, sir," they both said.

"Do you know what supplies you'll need, Captain?" I asked him.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Sir, there's one thing. It would be better if I could take some men with me—if I don't jump alone. We have two men qualified to jump—"

"Yes," I said. "You can have them. They will go. Now get on it, hurry it up."

Thomas and Cooley hurried out.

"Dad," I said to Howe. "Take Cole here and both of you arm yourselves. Go get those Russians."

Howe said, "Yes, Bartholomew," and left the hut with Cole.

I saw Jacobs and Anderson standing there with their big mouths open. "You are going along on the transport," I said to them. "You'll help with the drop. Go get ready."

"Yes, sir," Anderson said. They hurried out.

I lighted another cigarette. I was tired. I noticed that Dennis was still standing there. He was the only one of the group left except Suzy. She was back against the wall, staring at me.

Dennis said, "Colonel, how are you going to get the Russians to fly that aircraft?"

"Have you ever heard of the .45-caliber automatic? It's an item of issue."

"Dead Russians don't fly."

"That's a beautiful thought. But I don't think we'll have any trouble getting them to take off from here and fly north, do you?"

"And when it comes time to turn and fly south this way and not toward Siberia and they refuse to do it, then what?"

"Why, then the cockpit will become a smoke-filled shambles littered with Russian dead," I said.

"And who flies the Tupolev-70 then?"

I SAT there a moment, staring at my hands. Then I looked up at him and said, "I thought you might like to."

And he looked back at me and he laughed and after he had finished laughing he said, "Uh-uh."

"You won't?"

"No, sir."

"Are you afraid?" I said.

"Uh-uh."

"You were with the 29s for a while," I said. "It seems to me that if you stand behind that joker on the way north and watch him, he can check you out on the beast on the way up there—I mean he'll do it unintentionally."

"No," he said.

"Why?" I asked him.

But he did not answer. He grinned and said, "You going to fly it yourself? Have you ever been in a 29?"

"No, and I don't want you to check me out," I said. That was a lie. I had been in them and I had flown them, unofficially.

"Do you think you can learn how just by watching the pilot on the way north?" He was laughing.

Well, it looked like I would have to. I got up and walked out. I guess I hadn't gone five yards before Suzy caught up with me. She put her hand on my arm.

"Bart," she said.

"Well, what is it?" I said. I was a little short with her but my mind was full of details and worries.

"Bart, I'm afraid," she said. "Don't go."

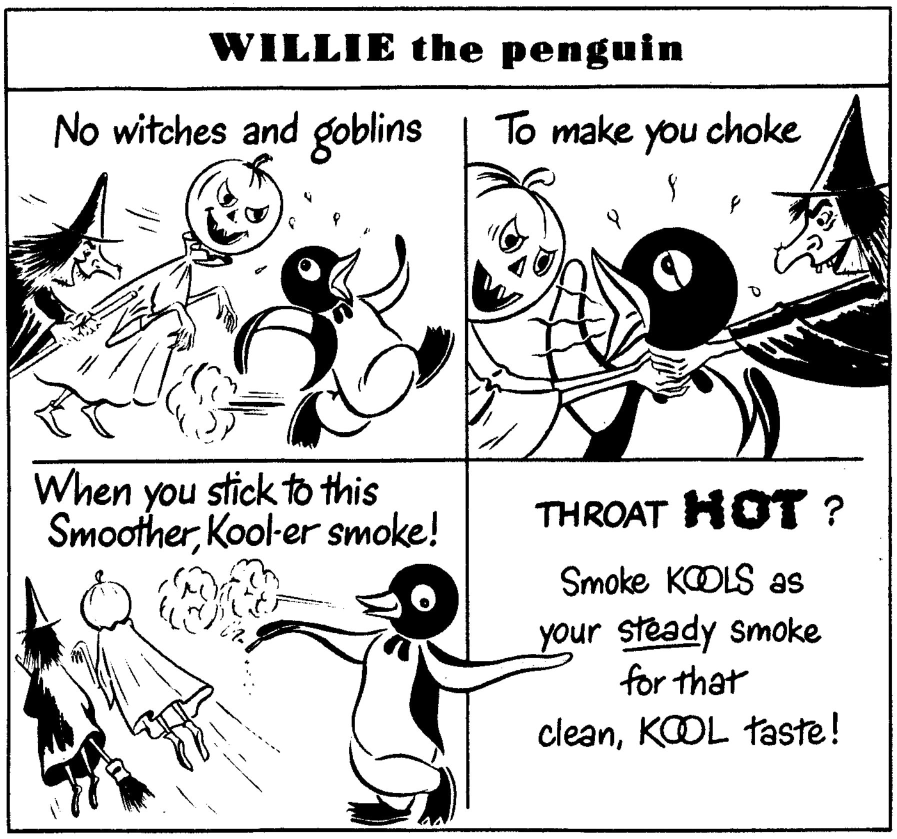
"There isn't anyone else."

Her face was pale. "Well. Wait until tomorrow. Wait until you've had some rest."

"Tomorrow may be too late," I said. "And I'm feeling very fit."

She closed her eyes. I thought she was going to faint and fall down. I grabbed her arm. She was trembling, but with anger. "Oh, that fool, that fool," she said.

WILLIE the penguin


No witches and goblins
To make you choke
When you stick to this Smoother, Kool-er smoke!
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"Dennis?" I said.

"No. Ben. That big fool, causing you all to risk your lives. Some of you may get hurt and it's for no reason, no reason at all."

"Now wait a minute," I said. "It may not be his fault he's down. We don't know. Maybe he got in a jam."

"But it's not fair to you, making you risk your life—"

"Yeah, I have it tough all right," I said. "Look. I've been in worse deals than this. It's Schroeder you should feel sorry for."

"Well, I don't," she said.

She was so angry she was kind of cute. I laughed at her. "Go sleep it off. You'll feel better about everything tomorrow. So long." I started off.

She caught my arm. "Be careful, Bart. I don't want to lose you."

"Me neither," I said.

She kissed me. "Good luck." She walked away.

I walked toward the mess hall.

I was hungrier than hell when I got there. I cajoled briefly with the mess sergeant but all I got for my pains was peanut-butter sandwiches and coffee. I ate enough peanut butter to glue my intestines together for six months and then went back to Operations.

When I got there Howe and Cole were waiting with all four of the Russians, who were looking pretty dispirited and glum. As soon as the tall lank Red saw me he burst into immediate and violent speech.

"Now you listen to me," I told him, when he finally stopped talking, and that produced a pretty blank look on his face. I gave him a cigarette and got the chart that Franklin had given me and unfolded it. I had folded it and unfolded it so many times that it was coming apart at the folds. I made like an airplane and pointed to the route I wanted the Russian to fly. Immediately he got it —the airplane part at least if not all of it—and he began to go like an airplane himself. For a second the din of both of us going *brrrt* was terrific.

"Take them out and get them on board," I said to Cole. "I want you along on the flight. Take them out and let them assume their stations. When we're ready we'll jerk off all of them but the pilot and copilot."

"Yes, sir," Cole said.

He took the Russians outside.

I picked up my chute and said to Howe, "Walk to my quarters with me, Dad."

We went outside. He gave me a couple of worried looks but kept his thoughts to himself. We went into my hut and he sat down and I began taking off my equipment.

"Who's going to fly the Russian ship, Bartholomew?" he asked.

"I am."

"What about Dennis?"

"He won't go," I said.

"He won't?" Dad said. "But I thought he was so eager—"

"Yes, he was eager," I said. "But he's not now. Something happened while I was away. Something that changed his mind about finding Schroeder. What was it? What did he do?"

"Why, I have no idea, Bartholomew." Dad sat staring at me.

I put on my heavy clothing and opened my foot locker and got out the .45. I left the safety on and put it in my pocket along with the extra clip. "Come on," I said to Howe.

WE WALKED down to the line where the Russian transport was parked. It was the shank of the afternoon and the field was still clear. The supplies we would drop were being loaded on the Tupolev-70. Captain Thomas was inside with four of Cooley's enlisted men.

Howe and I climbed up and went inside through the port door. A static line of sorts had been rigged up.

I went forward to the radio operator's station. One of the Russians was sitting in front of the radio panel. Anderson and Jacobs were standing there beside him. Cole was with the pilot and copilot. I said, pointing at the radio operator, "All right. We won't need him. Take him back to the hut, Dad, and lock him up."

The two Russians who were in the pilot and copilot seats turned around when I spoke. The tall, lank one was the pilot and the one with no front teeth was the copilot. The toothless one saw the cargo back in the passenger section, pointed at it, and said something to the pilot who looked surprised, and answered him in Russian.

Howe tapped the radio operator on the shoulder and gestured for him to get up. Howe led him out of the plane, holding him by the arm.

"Where's the navigator?" I asked.

"Down in the nose," Jacobs said. "Want me to get him, Colonel?"

I handed him my .45. "Yes. Lock him up with the one Howe has." I turned around and saw both the pilot and copilot standing up and Cole holding his gun on them.

I WENT to them and leaning between the seats I pointed out the window at the engines and described several rapid circles in the air with the tip of my finger. The pilot looked at me. I repeated the gesture. I wanted him to run up the engines. He got it then, I think, because he said something to the copilot and the copilot answered back, seeming to disagree; they got involved in a rather long argument.

I tried to break it up by repeating the gesture, but they didn't pay any attention to me. Then the pilot grabbed the copilot by the shoulder and hissed something in his ear and the copilot said something that sounded like, "Oh, I get you," in Russian. I took it all to mean that they were plotting against me and I could have been wrong, but I didn't think so, especially when the pilot turned and smiled at me and nodded his head vigorously and then proceeded to turn the engines over. After he had them ticking he looked at me, perhaps for approval, and I nodded.

Jacobs came back on board and came forward. "They're locked up," he said. "They don't like it though."

"All right," I said. "Sit down there and see if you can operate the radio. You've got to raise the tower. Did you get any of the maintenance men to look at it?"

"Major Cooley's sending a couple."

"See what you can do with it." I turned back to Cole. "We may have to fly this thing before we're through."

"Yes, sir."

"Did you watch him start the engines?"

"Yes, sir."

I was nervous as a cat. We'd be taking off in a few minutes. I didn't feel so hot. I was tired, and I felt a little bit sick.

Howe came back. "I posted guards on them," he said.

"I'm going to Operations, Dad," I said. I got out of the transport through the nose-wheel well, and Howe followed me across to the operations hut and we went inside. Dennis was sitting at his desk, smoking a cigarette and cleaning his nails.

"We're taking off in a minute," I said. "We'll contact you every fifteen minutes. If you don't hear from us you'll know something has happened and you can try to do something about it. And when I request a fix, don't waste any time giving it to me."

"Naturally not," he said.

"I don't know how long we'll have to stay over the drop area," I said. "I want to stick there until Thomas is down and has found out how Schroeder is and has reported back to me. I think we can make the flight and return in five hours at the outside. But you'll hear from us every fifteen minutes, of course."

"Good luck, Bartholomew," Howe said.

Dennis did not say anything. I went back outside and across to the Tupolev-70. The cargo door was still open and the engines were idling. I climbed into the passenger section. Thomas and two men in their jump equipment were sitting on the seats. One of the men was big and blond and sleepy-looking. The other man looked unhappy. He was my adjutant, Lieutenant Price.

"Hell," I said. "What're you doing here?"

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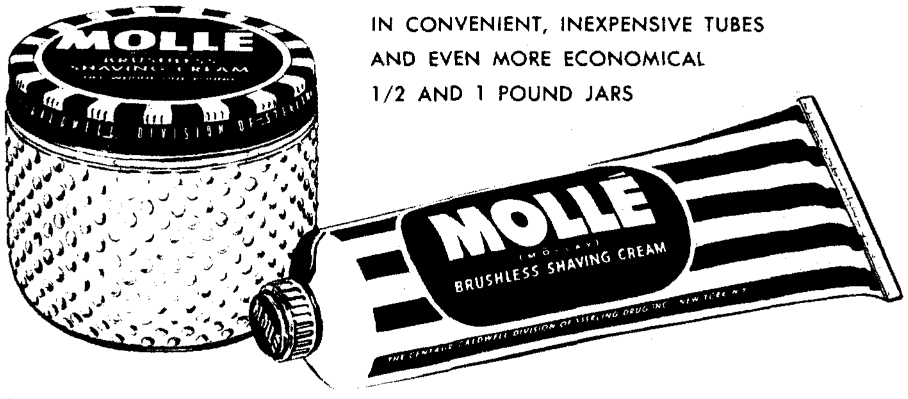

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"Why, I'm—"

"Is something wrong, sir?" Thomas asked.

"He can't jump," I said.

"He's qualified," Thomas said. "He and Sergeant Philips are the only two men other than myself in the outfit who have had jump training."

"Yes, sir," Price said. He was certainly not happy though. "I was sent to survival school, too, sir. Some orders got mixed up, and I was sent by mistake."

"You should have told somebody then," I said. "It's too late now. I can't do anything now."

I DIDN'T like it but there was nothing I could do. If Thomas had to have Price he simply had to have him. I closed the door and went forward to the radio operator's station. Jacobs and Anderson were there. I went into the pilot's compartment. Cole was still standing behind the Russians. "You haven't had any trouble?"

"Not so far."

"Don't be so optimistic." I said. "Jake. Tell them we're going to taxi now to take off."

"Yes, sir," Jake said.

I leaned over between the pilot and copilot and pointed to the left. I put my hand on the control column and turned it slightly. They did not hesitate. They jabbered at each other and released the brakes and goosed the starboard engines. We turned to the left and taxied too fast.

We were approaching the end of the taxi strip. I pointed to the right, to the runway. The Russian pilot turned and stopped the transport on the edge of the runway and looked back at me.

I looked at the Russian and nodded my head vigorously and shot my hand forward. He turned and muttered something to his copilot, who muttered back. The take-off run began with a blast of the engines and a sudden and violent lurch forward. Cole and I were standing behind the pilot and copilot, gripping the seats. We had not gained sufficient air speed when the pilot hauled the ship into the air. It staggered up and the props beat and for an instant we seemed to hang; then the nose dropped and the props began to get a better bite and we went thundering over the end of the runway without gaining any altitude. The pilot turned his head around and looked at me. I hastily pointed my finger up. Only then did he begin to climb it.

"What a hot pilot," Cole said in disgust.

I had made the flight south from Ellesmere Island in twenty-seven minutes in the F-86. The same trip north in the transport took an hour.

We'd been airborne about an hour when Thomas came forward and shut the door in the bulkhead between the passenger section and the radio operator's station.

"Anything wrong?" I said.

"I wanted to get straight on the drop."

"All right. What's your idea?"

"We'll, I'd like to make a suggestion," he said. "Let's drop some of the equipment first and see how it drifts."

"At what altitude do you want to jump?"

"Two hundred feet. I want to get down quick."

"Whatever you say," I said.

He stood there, hesitating.

"Is there something else?" I asked.

He glanced at Jacobs and Anderson and then lowered his voice: "Listen. Price isn't feeling so well."

"He's sick?"

"No. I mean about the jump."

I stood there. "Is he afraid?"

"Yes. I think he is," Thomas said.

Well, that was not unusual. Who wouldn't be?

"Stay here," I said. "Smoke a cigarette or something. I'll go talk to him."

I opened the door and walked into the passenger section. The sergeant was lying flat on his back on the floor asleep. Price was sitting in one of the seats with his head back and his eyes closed; his hands were in his lap and his fingers were moving. When I sat down beside him he opened his eyes.

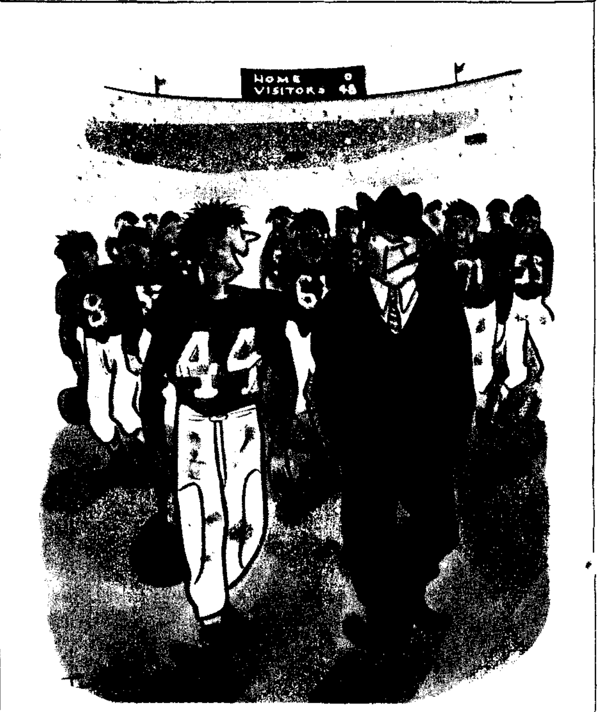
"How's it going?" I said. "You worried?"

"Yes, sir," he said. "Some."

I got out my cigarettes. "Cigarette?"

"Thank you."

"I don't think there's anything to worry about," I said in what I hope was the tone of a patient kindly family physician. "Thomas has had a lot of experience with this sort of thing. Not that I wouldn't be afraid myself when it came time to go out that door. Everyone is."



"As so oft you've said—it's not the winning that counts, but how you play the game"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

"Yes, sir," Price said.

I could see that nothing I said touched him. "What I'm afraid of is what will happen after you fellows jump—when I have to make this Russian turn around."

"I know what you mean, sir," Price said. "I know what you're trying to do." He hesitated. "Even though I have to make the jump because there isn't anyone else, I think I'd do it anyway because of Schroeder. I mean, even though I'm afraid."

Well, there was nothing I could say to that. I sat there a moment longer.

"This was the day the mail plane was supposed to come in," Price said.

I remembered that I had told him the next time it came in he could go to Goose on it. He had just missed it. "You'll go next week," I said. "We'll drop you and you'll spend the night on the ice and sometime tomorrow the 13th will get you out."

The sergeant lying asleep on the floor began to snore and I got up and went forward.

WE REACHED our destination at 1830 hours. I had indicated to the pilot that I had wanted him to go down in a very flat altitude and we were doing just that when we broke through some pretty meager clouds and made contact. The pack ice seventy-five miles offshore of Ellesmere Island was beneath us and the yellow sun was in the west making long slanting shadows. The ice pack was moving and buckling.

I saw the F-86 but the C-47 wreckage

was gone. I couldn't tell whether it had slid into the water or whether the ice it had been on had broken off from the main mass and drifted away. The ice was still moving, shifting, and it looked different to me than it had earlier in the day. Several large sections of it were breaking up. The F-86 was right on the edge of an open lead. I didn't see Schroeder or anything that looked like Schroeder.

Cole was looking out the window, too. "What the hell happened to him?"

"He must've taken shelter."

The Russian went on down, not once making any move to pull out of the shallow dive. When we were down to five hundred feet I reached forward and took the wheel and pulled it back gently to indicate I wanted him to level off. The Russian leveled off then and we passed over the wreckage. I tapped the pilot's shoulder and pointed west; he turned the plane slowly.

"Jake, open that bulkhead door. Keep it open."

"Yes, sir." Jake opened the door.

I called, "Captain Thomas!"

"Yes, sir?" he said, coming forward.

"We're going to fly north-south to the east of the wreckage. Get ready to drop that equipment."

THE pilot was still turning, holding the plane in a big lazy circle. I drew a diagram on the back of the chart to indicate how I wanted him to fly. I gave it to him and then leaning over him, my hand on the control column, I showed him how I wanted him to maneuver the plane into position. He did exactly as he was shown.

We were approaching the drop point. I called, "Thomas! Get ready!"

Thomas was back in the passenger section with Anderson and Jacobs. They had the door in the port side open. "Ready!" he called.

"Now!"

They shoved the box out the door. The rip cord on the chute on the box had been attached to the static line. As the box fell, the rip cord was jerked. I tried to look back but I couldn't see the chute. Thomas was hanging in the door, watching. Then he came forward.

"It drifted past," he said. "We're not far enough to the east. It drifted past by a couple of hundred yards."

"All right. We'll come around again," I said. "Do you want to drop something else, or do you want to jump this time?"

"Hell, I'll jump."

I got the pilot to turn the ship again and we got lined up and began the run. I looked back. Thomas was standing in the open door, holding to each side of it.

"Ready now! Get ready!" I called.

"Ready!" he called back.

I was staring out the window at the wreckage on our left as we approached it. "Jump!"

Thomas jumped out the door. Anderson and Jacobs stood there, looking down and back. I watched them. Jacobs looked at me and held up his hand, making a circle with his fingers. "Right on the button."

Cole had the Russians turning to get into position again. Price and the sergeant were getting up, snapping on their chute packs and getting ready. I called, "Anderson. See that they're hooked on. Check them."

"Yes, sir."

I stood watching Price and the sergeant. Both of them were weighted down with clothing and equipment. The sergeant was first and Price second. I had to turn to look out the window.

"Get them to the door now," I called.

I glanced back. The sergeant moved up to the door and put his hands on both sides of it as Thomas had done. Price stood behind him holding to the chute pack on his chest. I could not see his face.

"Ready!" I called.

"Ready!"

I kept looking out the window. We were coming into position. I kept watching. Then we were at the point and I turned and yelled, "Jump!"

The sergeant dropped through the door and out of sight. Price stepped up to the door. He caught the edges of it with both his hands, but he did not jump. He had to jump immediately if he was to get down close to the wreckage and I yelled, "Jump!" again.

Price did not move. I saw that he was clinging to the door. Jacobs stepped forward and put his foot in the middle of Price's back and pushed him through the door and out of sight.

"Oh! Look at that!" Anderson said. The pilot began to turn the ship. Anderson and Jacobs were staring down.

I was afraid something had gone wrong. I tried to see out the window, but I could not see. Jacobs and Anderson were staring down as if they couldn't move. Then Jacobs turned and ran forward and I said, "What's wrong?"

"He got his feet tangled in the shroud lines," Jacobs said. "The chute didn't fill out and by the time he got the second one open he was right down on the ice. I don't know whether he made it or not, Colonel."

"You mean Price?" I said.

"Yes, sir."

"He's hurt?"

"I'm not sure. It looked like it."

"Get ready to drop the equipment," I said.

We were coming into position again. The Russian pilot turned and grinned at me and said something in Russian.

"Yes, yes," I said. "Ready back there!"

"Ready!"

"Now! Drop it!"

Jacobs was lying on his back on the floor. Anderson had hooked the rip cords of the parachutes on the crates onto the static line. He slid them in front of the door and Jacobs shoved them out with his feet. They got all the equipment out very quickly and then came forward and shut the door between the passenger section and the pilot's compartment.

I indicated to the Russian that I wanted him to circle the spot. Then I sat down on the floor and had a cigarette. No one said anything. It would be some time before we would hear from Thomas. First they would have to gather the equipment together, the stuff we had dropped. They would have to be careful about moving over the ice pack. Then they'd set up the radio. It was low-powered, and we had to remain in the area so we could talk to them. We kept circling and now and then Anderson or Cole would look out the window. I didn't ask them what was going on.

"Anything coming through, Jake?" I said.

"Not a thing, sir."

GRADUALLY the Russian pilot had been regaining altitude. I made him go down again, and Anderson and I walked into the passenger section and looked out.

I could see them below on the ice. All the equipment had been collected. I could see one man erecting a shelter. Another man was lying some distance from the F-86 face down on the ice and was not moving. I could not tell if it was Schroeder or Price.

"What the hell's the matter?" Anderson said. "Why don't they get on that radio and tell us what's going on?"

"Colonel!" Jake called.

I ran forward. Jake had on the headset; he was listening. He said, "He says we've got to get him off. He's afraid the ice they're on now is going to break up."

"Tell him to move," I said. "Tell him to move farther back."

Jacobs was still listening. "He says—wait, I can't hear him."

"Call him. Keep calling him," I said.

Anderson and I stood there and Jake called and kept calling, but it wasn't any use. Something had gone wrong with Thomas' radio. We couldn't hear him, even if he could hear us.

"Colonel!" Cole yelled.

I looked up. Cole was leaning forward, staring out of the pilot's window at something below. I ran back to the passenger section to a window and looked down.

The ice that Thomas and the men were

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on had separated from the main pack. It was a large piece or several large pieces jammed together about a hundred yards wide at the widest part. It was surrounded by open water.

"Cole," I called.

"Yes sir?"

"How's the fuel?"

"We can't stick around much longer."

I went forward and looked at the gauge. We had about thirty minutes before we would have to start home.

So we hung there in the sky like a vulture, circling. Now and then the floe would jam against the ice pack and I kept hoping that it would stick. It didn't. Pieces of it kept breaking off; it kept getting smaller. All this time Jacobs was talking himself hoarse, trying to raise Thomas, but Thomas didn't answer. Below we could see the shelter they had built. They were all inside it. We didn't see any of them.

I kept the plane above them as long as I dared. No one was speaking. Jacobs and Anderson and Cole were standing there, waiting for me to decide what to do. "Get the hot rock to regain some altitude, Cole," I said.

Cole got the pilot's attention and gestured up and the pilot stopped circling and we began to climb. Cole looked at me. "This going to be it, sir?"

"Yes," I said.

"Let him get to about ten thousand before we start anything."

"How will we do it?" Cole asked.

"I'll do it," I said.

We all stood there and the ship kept climbing and no one said anything. Cole looked at the instrument bank and said, "We're over ten thousand now, sir."

I went forward to the Russians and leaned over them and took the chart from the copilot. I showed them the route I wanted them to fly, the one that would take us back to our base. The Russian pilot had the ship pointed north, still climbing. He did not look at the chart I tried to show him and he didn't look at me. I tried again. The Russian glanced at me and pointed north, in the direction we were headed. He knew how much gas we had, he knew he could never make it. I don't know what he was thinking. Maybe he was just that desperate. Well, I was desperate too.

I stepped back and took the .45 out of my pocket and lifted it and hit the pilot on the head; I hit him harder than I had meant to and it made a nasty sound. The copilot jumped clear out of his seat and I sat down in it. "Take care of the copilot, Cole," I said.

Cole stuck his .45 in the copilot's face and pushed him down. With no help from the copilot I turned the ship around and put it on the correct heading.

Anderson bent over the Russian on the floor. "You really hit him, sir. He doesn't look very good."

"It's cold. He'll keep," I said.

THE flight south was about as uneventful as a flight can be. We used the same procedure of calling the base every fifteen minutes and reporting we were all right. When we reached the base we made a landing that really stank and got the transport parked and cut the engines. I told Cole to stick with it and see that it got tied down and the wings covered. I told Jacobs and Anderson to take care of the Russians, lock one of them up and take the other one to our hospital hut. The one I had hit still wasn't moving; his head had been cut and the blood had dried.

Dad Howe was standing outside, hunched up in his parka against the wind, his hands in his pockets. He looked cold. "What happened, Bartholomew?" he asked when I climbed out of the plane.

"I'll tell you," I said. I began to walk toward Operations and he followed me. We went into the hut. Dennis was talking to one of the sergeants; he turned and saw me and came over.

"What happened?" he asked.

I sat down at his desk and unfastened my parka and took off my cap and lighted a cigarette. I took the .45 out of my pocket and took the clip out and ejected the cartridge from the chamber. I was pretty well shot, but I told them the gory details.

"Did it kill him?" Dennis asked. He meant did it kill Price.

"I don't know," I said. "Look. I'm getting a little sleep and then I'm going back up there with another radio. I've got to find them. They can't have drifted much farther and they won't be hard to find. That ice they're on can break up any time at all. Somebody's got to stick with them until the 13th can get them off. Tell Cole and Anderson and Jacobs I want them to make the flight, too. Tell them to sleep and we'll take off as soon as it's light."

Dennis nodded.

"Any word from the 13th?"

"Yes. I gave them Schroeder's position. Franklin radioed that he'll make the rescue tomorrow as early as he can get up there."

"Oh, Bartholomew," Dad Howe said suddenly. "We forgot to tell you. The intelligence team arrived shortly after you took off."

"A Colonel Aspern is in command," Dennis said. "He wants to see you."

"I think he's waiting in headquarters," Howe said.

"All right."

I WENT over to the headquarters hut; I didn't see anyone at first. Then I walked around the partition and found a colonel sitting at my desk smoking a cigar and reading some papers in a file folder. He was young; he had a small, neatly groomed head.

"Colonel Aspern?"

He looked up at me as if I were the man who had come for the garbage and said, "Yes?"

"I'm Rogers."

Well, did anyone ever smile then. He beamed and stood up and held out a perfectly manicured hand. So I shook it.

"Well, I'm damn' glad to meet you at last, Rogers," he said.

I had no doubt then that from that moment on, Aspern and I were going to get along like a pair of star-crossed lovers. Outwardly though we were worlds apart. His uniform and haircut and sun-lamp treatment were just beautiful. I was mangy and sunburned and peeling and dirty.

"Glad to see you, too, Colonel," I said. "Glad to see any man who speaks Russian like a native. You a Communist?"

Aspern laughed. "No, I don't speak Russian. I have a sergeant who can do that."

"Well, good," I said. I opened the safe and got out a bottle and poured us both a drink. I drank mine and poured another.

Aspern sat down and smiled sweetly at me. That was the only word for it: sweetly. He was obviously fond of me. "You know, I really have wanted to meet you for some time. You know, I've been sitting in Washington all winter avidly reading the reports you've been sending in."

I said, "Oh?"

"Yes. I've been requesting copies of them all winter, ever since I read the first one. They make fascinating reading, but more than that I think that they really show the importance of this experiment and the feasibility of tactical operations under such conditions. The weather and so on."

"Yes," I said, nodding sagely.

"And a good many of our own people in Washington feel the same way," he went on. "I mean our higher-ranking people. The important ones. They always read your reports first, before anything else."

"Well, well," I said, wondering why he was taking the trouble to oil me up.

"Of course, being in the field as you are you don't realize it. I know that," he said, with a fond glow in his warm cocker-spaniel brown eyes. "You've been out of touch with the latest intelligence, and the latest estimate of the situation."

That was true. It had been some time since I had sat down to a good gas. "How *is* everything?" I asked him.

He gestured with his hands. "We've waited too long, old man. We've already waited until it is too late." He twisted his mouth and looked at the ceiling. "The feeling among our people now is pretty much that 1946 was the best year for the war."

"It was?" I said.

"I believe so," he said. "We had the bomb then and they didn't and we could have started and finished the war within hours and brought them to terms. Now, it's too late for that. They have the bomb, too. We'll simply have to slug it out with them."

"Toe to toe?" I said, and I meant it sarcastically but it passed right over him. I knew his kind. He had been hanging around in Washington too long. It had been too long since he had got his hands dirty or the hell scared out of him.

"So, you see why so many of us feel as we do about your base here and your assignment. All winter long reading about you and what you've been doing has given many of our people hope. Because it's men like yourself—and they are extremely few, believe me—that we're counting on."

It was a grand old thing for a pig like him to say.

He smiled. "How are the Russians, by the way?"

"They're okay," I said. "I had to hit one of them on the head but he'll probably regain consciousness soon."

"You what?" Aspern said.

"I hit him on the head," I said.

"Why?"

I told him the whole long story.

"You mean you *flew* that Tupolev-70?"

"Oh, it wasn't anything," I said.

"Rogers, why did you deliberately disobey orders?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"You received an order by radio days ago to ground that Russian plane, to post guards on it, to leave it strictly alone. I've brought some technical people who want to look at it."

"Well, I didn't see the order," I said.

Aspern laughed. He had a nasty laugh, which was about what I'd expected.

"Colonel. Please," he said. "I can find the order filed away somewhere."

I said, "Now look here. Schroeder's condition was such that I had to get medical aid to him immediately. Otherwise he would've died."

"That is no excuse," Aspern said. "I shall have to report this, Colonel, and it pains me to do so. The aircraft was grounded. There is no way you can justify yourself."

I stood up. I was as angry as it's possible to get. "You would've let him die?"

"I would've followed orders."

"You would've let him die," I said and I added a few other words, none of them at all in line with military courtesy. "Report it and I'll kill you," I said. Maybe I didn't really mean it. I don't know. I was awfully mad.

"Keep your hands off me. I may only be a colonel, but—"

I grabbed him by the front of his shirt. I was going to hit him. He really was afraid of me; he was almost white. All of a sudden he made me sick. He made me feel like I'd picked up a handful of snails. I pushed him away. "Get out of here."

He managed to get himself together, zip up his attaché case, and prepare to go out into the arctic night. He made one last bluster. "I shall want you first thing in the morning, Colonel."

"Get out."

He got.

I sat down. I knew what I was in for now. I had fallen among thieves. When Aspern got back to Washington—if I let him get back and I would because I just couldn't knock him in the head and drop his body down a crevasse—he would fix me. It was like Dad Howe had said. I'd taken a chance and I'd lost. I'd won in some ways, but even so it was all over with me.

WHEN I looked up I saw Suzy standing beside the partition, holding onto it with one hand. I noticed immediately with my typical astuteness that she had been drinking. She walked toward me as if someone had slugged her. She was really loaded.

"Well, hello there," she said. She was standing next to a chair so she sat down. "Thought I'd drop by and pay my respects."

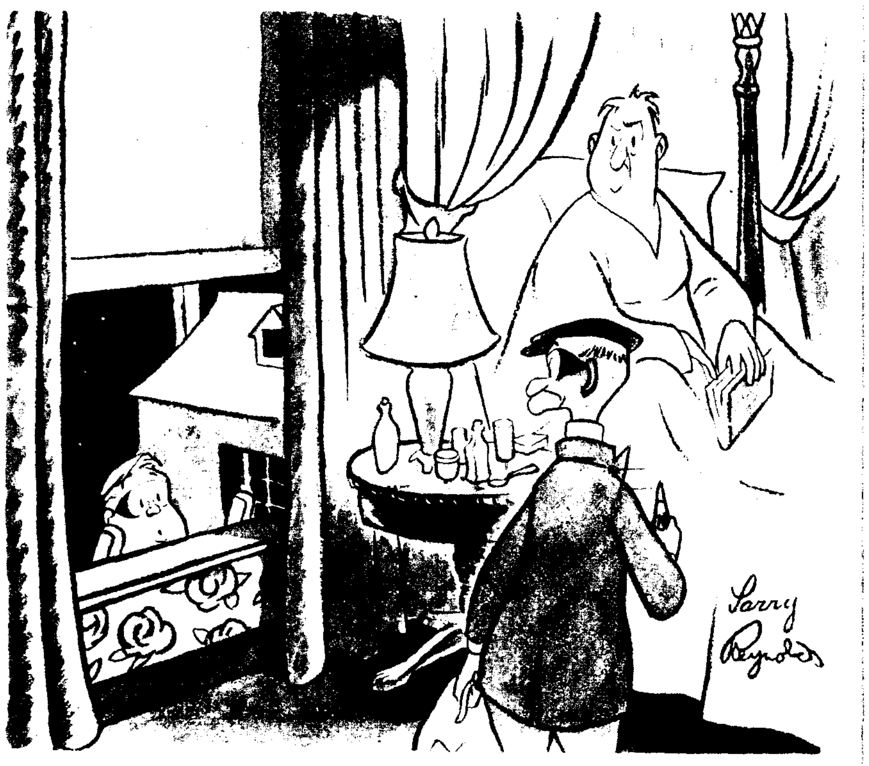
"What's the matter?" I said. I offered her a cigarette, which she accepted, broke in half, and then sat there slowly shredding the tobacco and letting it fall to the floor.

"I heard," she said, finally. "I just happened to be standing behind the partition. I heard everything that man said."

"I'm sorry, Suzy," I said. I knew what she was thinking. She was thinking that this was the end of the attempt to rescue Ben Schroeder.

(To be concluded next week.)

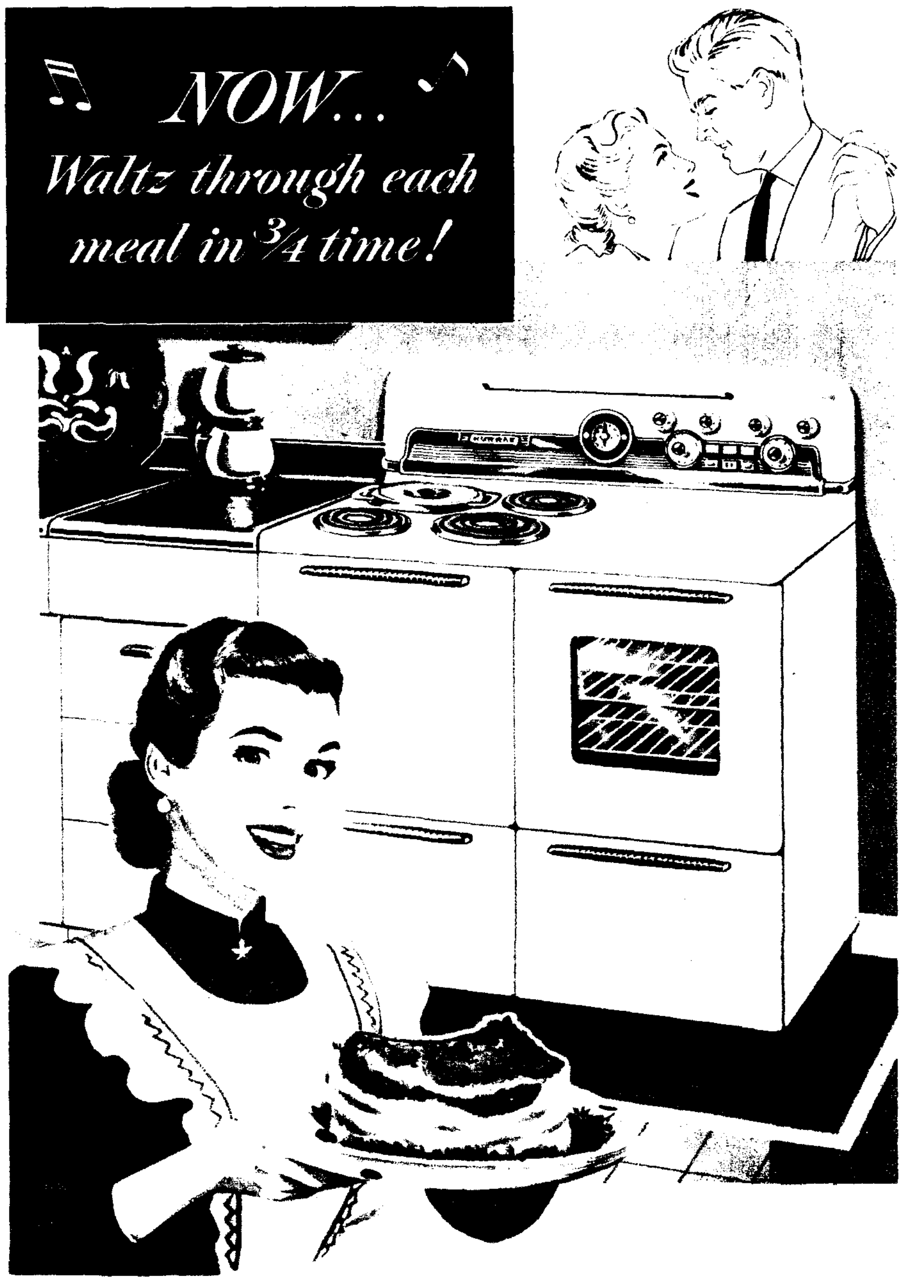
BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Before I come in, ask him if his illness is catching"

LARRY REYNOLDS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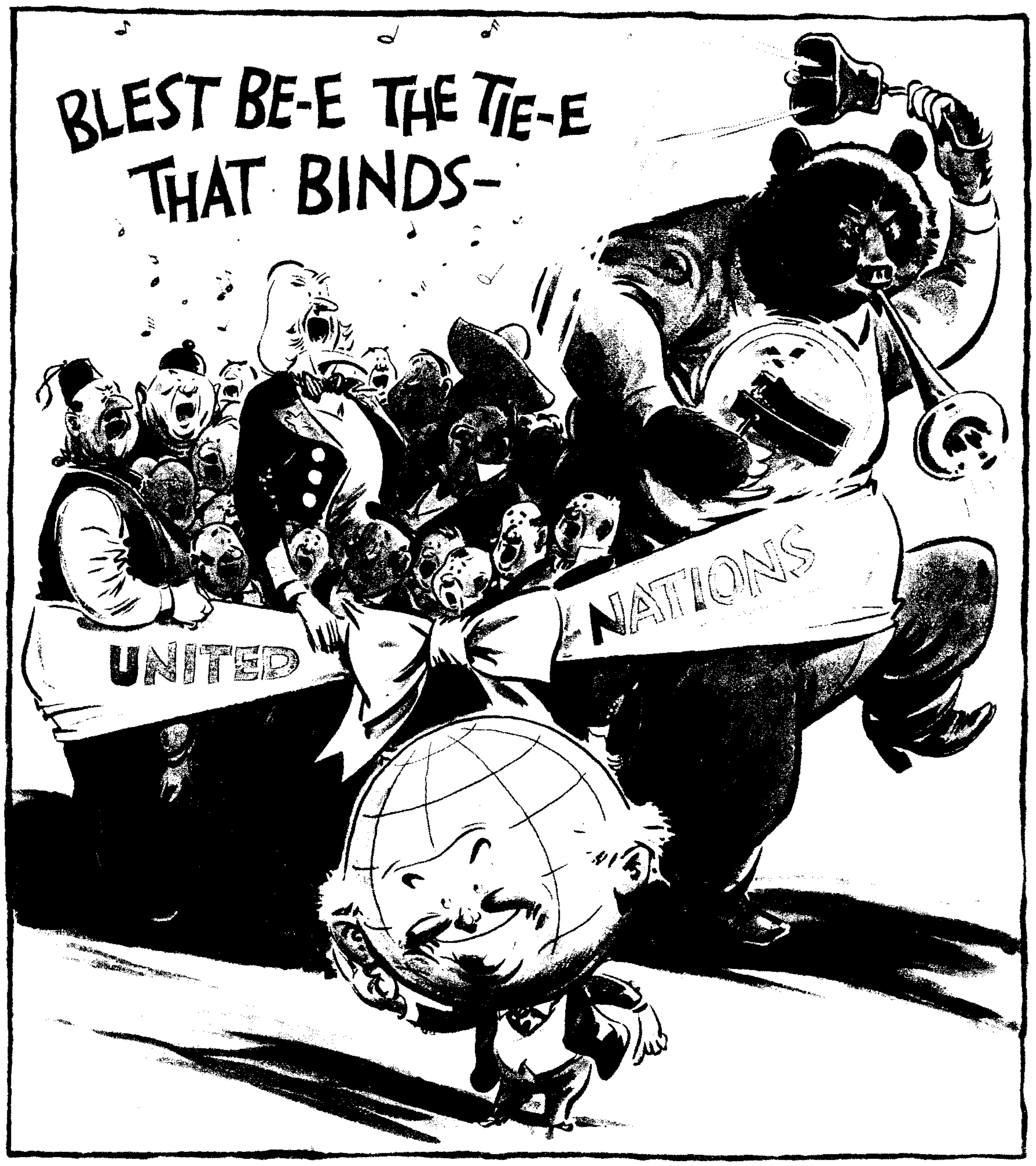

BLEST BE-E THE TIE-E THAT BINDS-
UNITED
NATIONS

H. DORMAN SMITH

He Huffed and He Puffed, But...

AS WE SAT DOWN TO WRITE something that might be appropriate to the United Nations' fourth birthday on October 24th, we got to thinking about all the sneering, sniping remarks we have heard directed at the organization in its short lifetime. We've heard a lot of them. But we still cannot understand the almost sadistic sense of futility that prompts people to gloat over the U.N.'s failures and hope for its extinction.

It is true that the United Nations, in the four years since the Charter was signed, has not yet done the two most important things it set out to do—secure international agreement on atomic energy control and world disarmament. But let us look at some of the things the organization has done, and then ask the detractors where the world would be without it.

First of all, the United Nations has survived. That is a considerable achievement, for Russia, since the very beginning, has tried by sheer noisemaking and truculence to drown out the U.N.'s harmonious efforts toward peace. Instead, we believe, its discordant solos have only added strength to the chorus of unity.

The United Nations has faced a number of crises and it has come through them with increased strength. Some of these crises carried the threat of general war. But the U.N. has checked the threat and in most cases has helped to resolve the cause of conflict. It brought peace to India, Palestine, Greece and Indonesia. It was instrumental in ending the Berlin blockade through the agreement of the American and Russian delegates to the U.N. It took swift and concerted action to condemn Communist aggression in Korea. Can the detractors say honestly that these crises could have been more speedily and safely solved by individual nations?

Outside the Security Council and the General Assembly, the United Nations has done a tremendous job which has been largely obscured by the fireworks of the delegates' debate. Its various agencies have done a world-wide job of improving health and diet. They have settled hundreds of thousands of war refugees in more than 70 countries. Such work as this may not make very exciting reading. But it helps to maintain the political stability on which lasting peace must be built. All these positive accomplishments are the result of united effort. The "failures" which the U.N.'s critics harp on are the failures of one member government to act in honesty and good faith.

A Collier's article last year pointed out that the United Nations was not really functioning as its organizers had thought it would. It had been supposed that the United States, Great Britain and Russia, as the three strongest nations, would co-operate in the Security Council to keep peace among the smaller powers. Instead, as everyone knows, Russia has co-operated with nobody and has blocked the ultimate effectiveness of the Security Council by the veto. As a result, the General Assembly has assumed an unplanned and unexpected importance as a world forum, even though technically it is only an advisory body.

It seems possible that this function of the Assembly may prove to be the key to the United Nations' greatest strength and to the world's best hope for peace. It may also prove to be the greatest threat to Communist imperialism and eventually, perhaps, to the continuation of the Communist system in Russia. And we are sure that the Kremlin is aware of that threat.

Stalin's mouthpieces in the U.N. have been fuming and fulminating ever since the organization was founded. They have tried, with decreasing prospects of success, to pervert the U.N. to their own uses. They have vetoed and they have walked out. But they have always come back. And, since June, they have tried desperately to sell the world their compound of lying propaganda which they are peddling as the "facts" in the Korean situation. Sales haven't been good, but they have kept on trying.

It seems to us that Russia's continuing membership in the U.N. is proof that the Kremlin realizes the U.N.'s importance and fears its power. Russia's purposes might be better suited by a permanent walkout. The United Nations represents the biggest remaining chink in the Iron Curtain. So long as Russia remains a member, the old-time secret diplomacy and the complete concealment of secret intentions are not possible. And so long as the United Nations' bright spotlight is focused on the Soviet spokesmen, there is still hope.

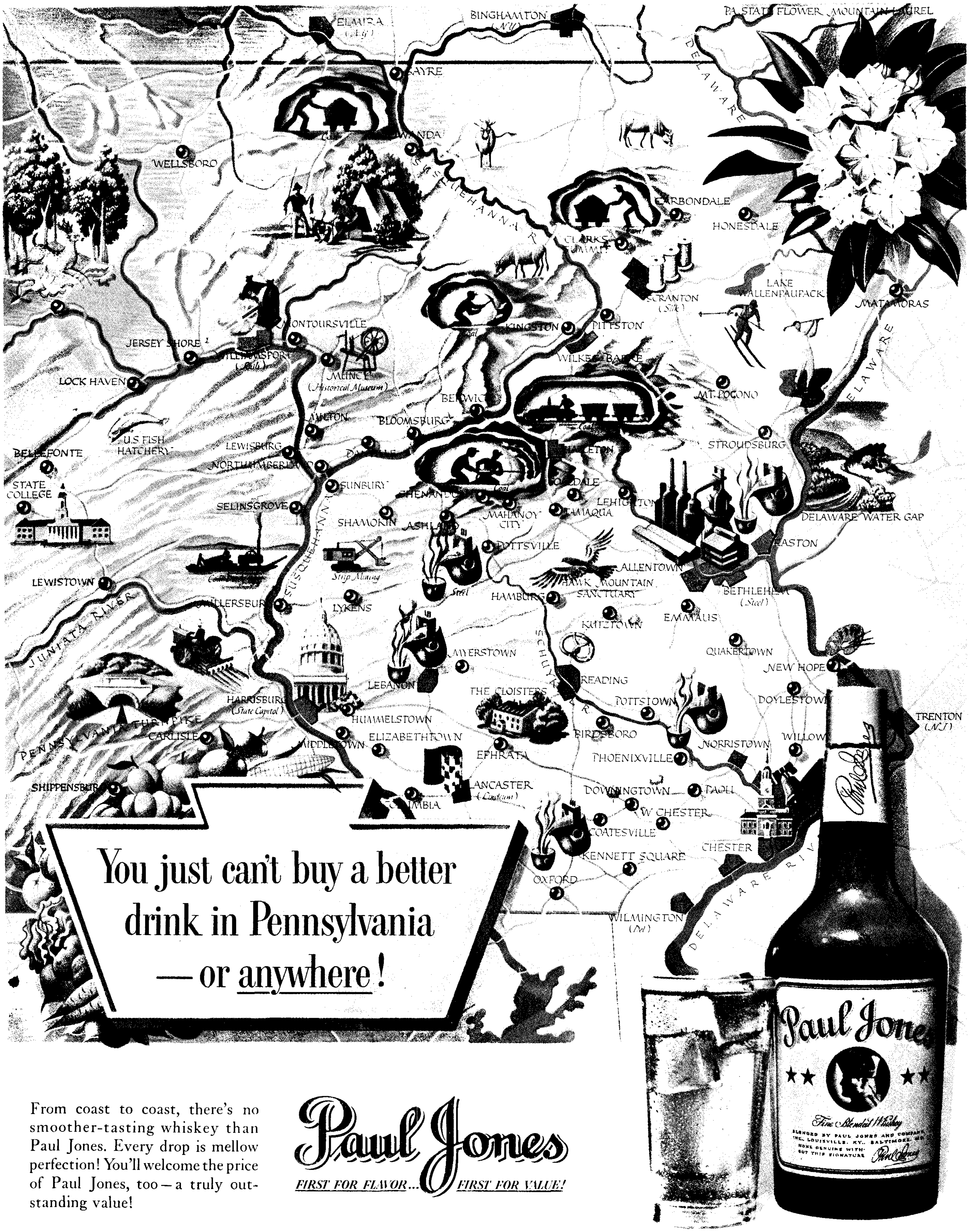
We believe that Stalin, for all his power, fears the weight of world opinion. We believe he realizes that world opinion is one thing he can't veto. For this the United Nations can be thanked. And its detractors might better thank God that it exists than seek to weaken it with little words and less understanding.

They Didn't Rally Round

PAUL ROBESON held a rally for "peace, freedom and jobs" not long ago on a street corner in New York's Harlem. He told his listeners that he planned to sue the State Department for revoking his passport because his projected trip abroad was "not in the interests of the United States."

We think that the department's decision, on the record of Mr. Robeson's past performances, was unassailably right. And we rather imagine that the majority of American Negroes, for whom he professes to speak, don't think his spoutings-off represent the country's best interests or their own. At least the turnout at his rally would indicate as much.

An acquaintance of ours happened to pass this Harlem street corner while Mr. Robeson was in the midst of his speech. He generously estimated the crowd at 200. Harlem's population is at least 350,000. We think the figures speak for themselves.



PA. STATE FLOWER, MOUNTAIN LAUREL
ELMIRA (N.Y.)
BINGHAMTON (N.Y.)
SAYRE
DELAWARE
WELLSBORO
SUSQUEHANNA R.
CARBONDALE
HONESDALE
CLARKS SUMMIT
LAKE WALLENPAUPACK
SCRANTON (Silk)
MATAMORAS
MONTOURSVILLE
KINGSTON
PITTSTON
JERSEY SHORE
WILLIAMSPORT (Silk)
MUNCY (Historical Museum)
WILKES-BARRE
LOCK HAVEN
BERWICK
MT. POCONO
MILTON
BLOOMSBURG
Coal
DELAWARE
U.S. FISH HATCHERY
BELLEFONTE
LEWISBURG
NORTHUMBERLAND
STROUDSBURG
STATE COLLEGE
SUNBURY
SHENANDOAH
LEHIGHTON
SELINSGROVE
SHAMOKIN
ASHLAND
MAHANOY CITY
TAMAQUA
DELAWARE WATER GAP
POTTSVILLE
EASTON
Strip Mining
LEWISTOWN
Steel
ALLENTOWN
HAWK MOUNTAIN SANCTUARY
BETHLEHEM (Steel)
MILLERSBURG
HAMBURG
LYKENS
EMMAUS
KUTZTOWN
JUNIATA RIVER
SCHUYLKILL R.
MYERSTOWN
QUAKERTOWN
NEW HOPE
READING
LEBANON
THE CLOISTERS
POTTSTOWN
DOYLESTOWN
HARRISBURG (State Capitol)
TRENTON (N.J.)
HUMMELSTOWN
BIRDSBORO
PENNSYLVANIA TURNPIKE
CARLISLE
ELIZABETHTOWN
NORRISTOWN
WILLOW GROVE
MIDDLETOWN
EPHRATA
PHOENIXVILLE
SHIPPENSBURG
LANCASTER (Linoleum)
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From coast to coast, there's no smoother-tasting whiskey than Paul Jones. Every drop is mellow perfection! You'll welcome the price of Paul Jones, too—a truly outstanding value!

Paul Jones

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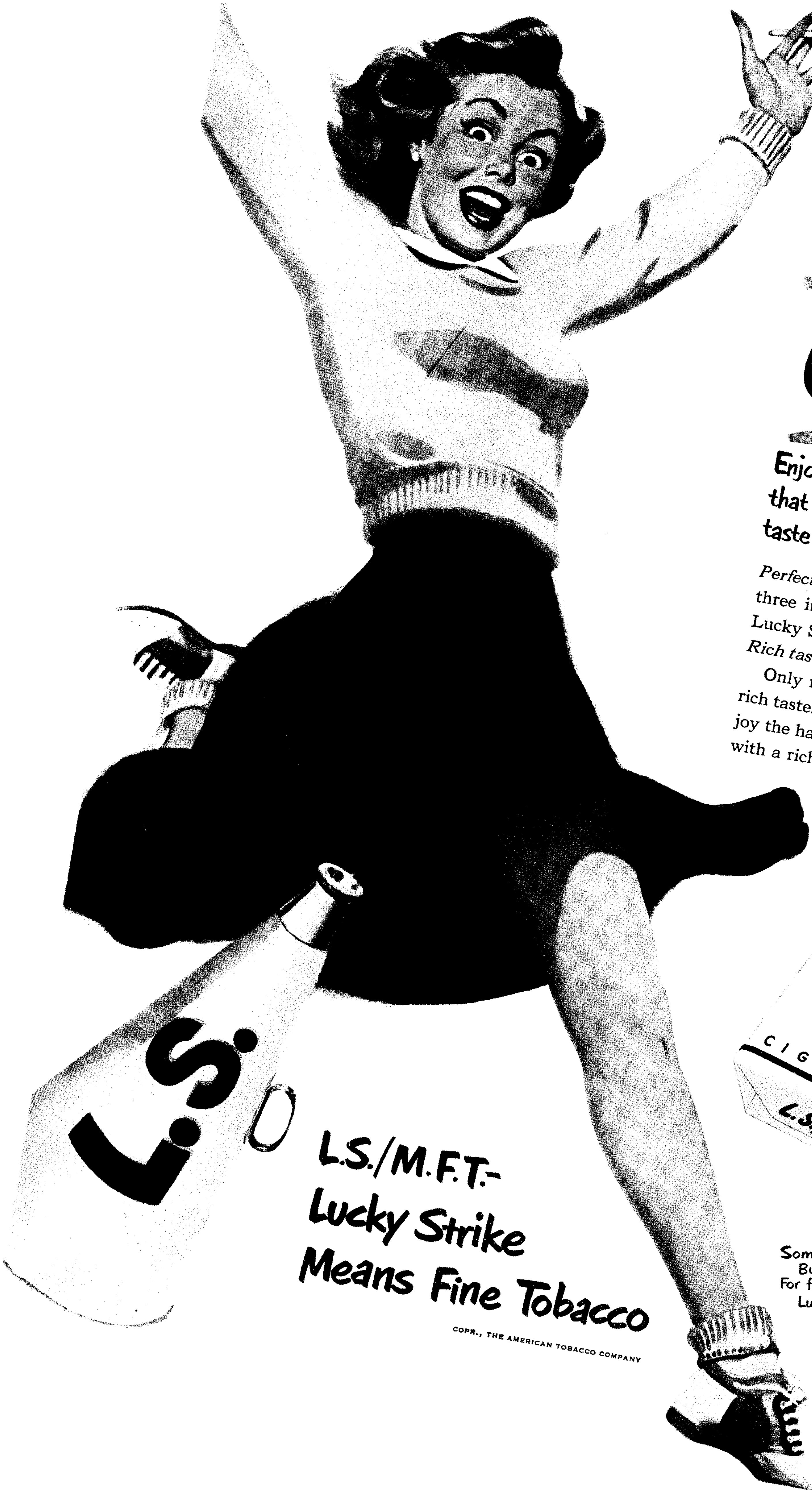
Paul Jones blended whiskey. 86 proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.

I lead the crowd in "Rah Rah Rah"
To cheer the team we like;
But when it comes to cigarettes,
I cheer for Lucky Strike!

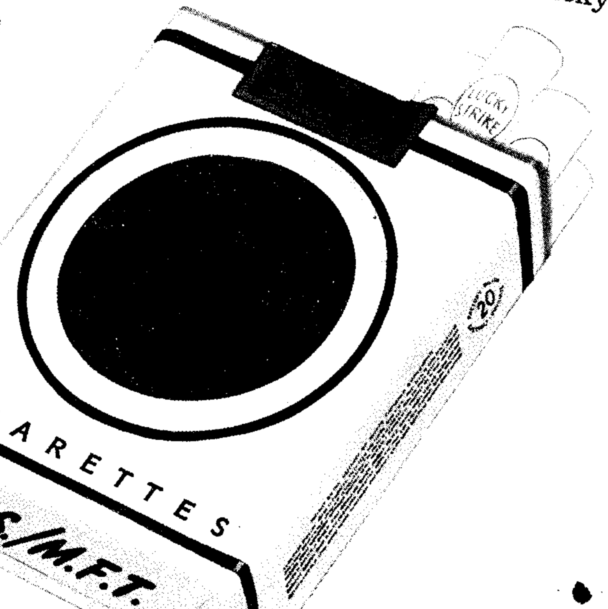


I really am a Lucky guy,
Just got my Ph. D.,
To prove to you how much I know,
L.S., sir, means F.T.

Be Happy-Go Lucky!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette – Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco. Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!



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